THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

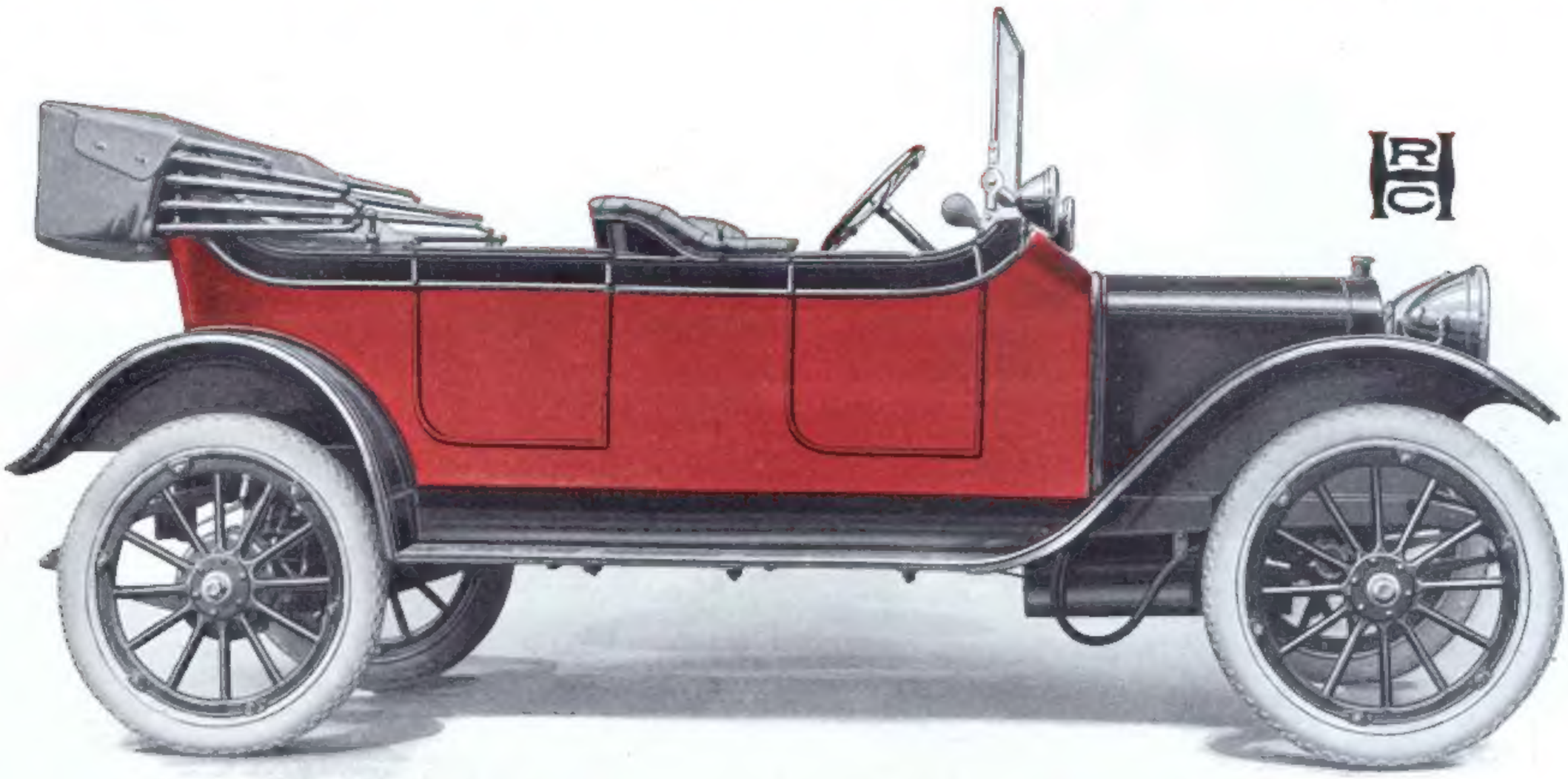
An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 13, 1912 — 5c. THE COPY

Anna Nordstrom Feind

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

R-C-H Announcement!



R-C-H

"Twenty-five"

$900

f. o. b. Detroit

HERE is a five-passenger touring car that is designed to satisfy every motoring need, not alone in the actual operation of the car itself, but in every accessory essential to motoring comfort and enjoyment.

A season of exceptional success has assured us that the R-C-H appeals to the average motorist in a way that more than justifies our highest hopes; and we make our 1913 announcement with full confidence in the continued favor of a discriminating public.

And now just a word as to accessories. Everyone knows that certain items of equipment are as essential to the complete enjoyment of a car as the gasoline itself. Heretofore the car-buyer has been left to purchase most of these himself, as extras, or go without. That meant, usually, the virtual addition of several hundred dollars to the price paid for the car. And sometimes equipment has been furnished on a basis of price alone, which did not tend to high quality.

We don't think that's fair to either buyer or manufacturer.

So we have equipped the R-C-H with every accessory the motorist requires. And we have tried to maintain in equipment the same high standard that distinguishes R-C-H construction. Every item has been selected because it has a known reputation for quality.

The nearest R-C-H dealer will be glad to afford you every facility for thorough test, inspection and comparison.

Descriptive folder free on request.

Responsible dealers in unallotted territory are invited to correspond with us at once.

Equipment

Non-skid tires—32 x 3½
12-inch Bullet electric head lights, double parabolic lens
6-inch Bullet electric side lights with parabolic lens
Bosch magneto
Warner Auto-meter
Demountable rims
Extra rim and holders
Tally-ho horn
Jiffy curtains—up or down instantaneously
Top, Top cover, Windshield
Rear view mirror
Tool-kit, Jack, Tire Repair kit, Pump
Robe rail

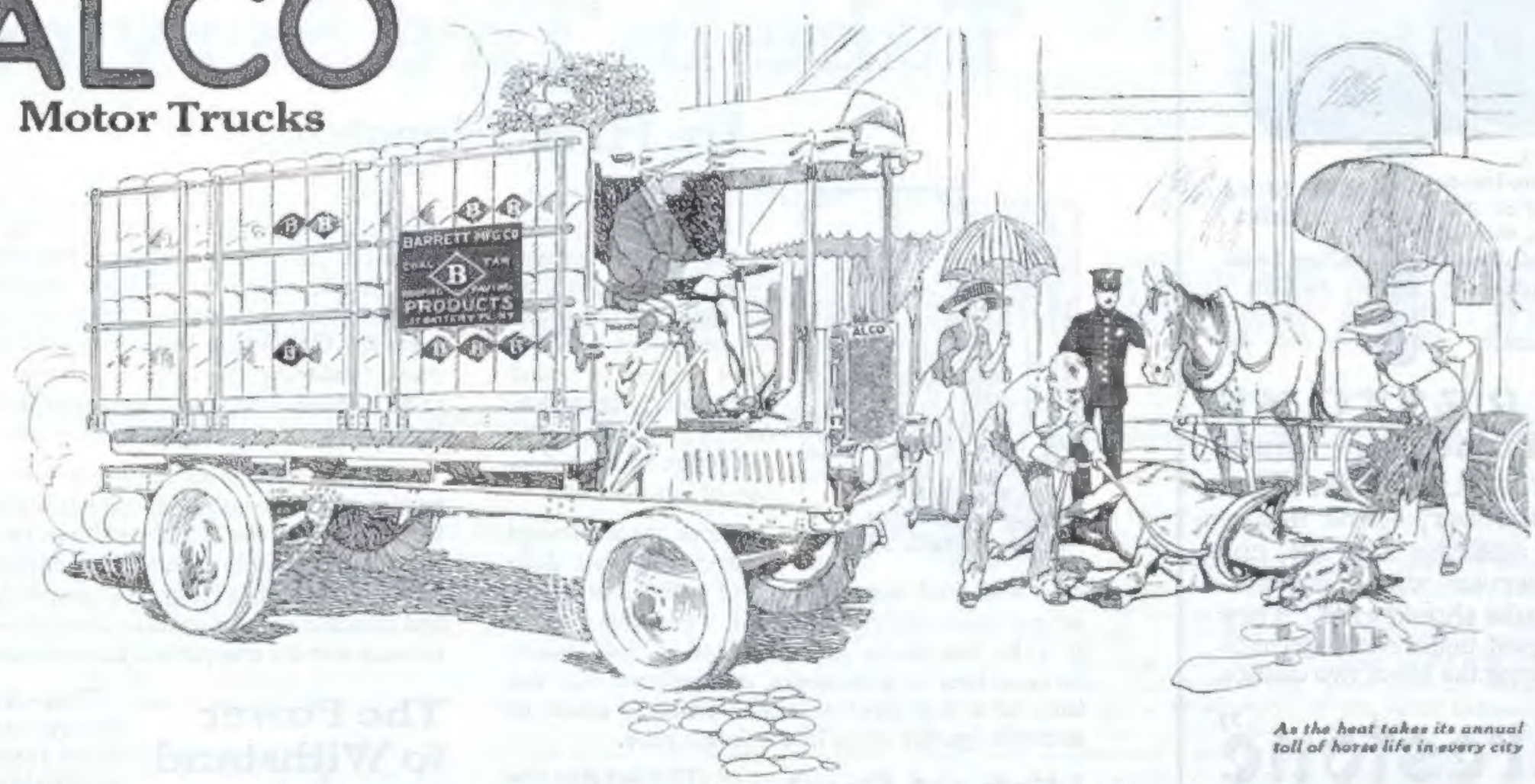
Specifications

Wheelbase—110 inches. **Motor**—Long stroke; 4 cylinders cast en bloc; 3¼-inch bore, 5-inch stroke. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. **Drive—Left side.**—Irreversible worm gear, 16-inch steering wheel. Spark and throttle control on steering column. **Control—center lever** operated through H-plate integral with universal joint housing just below. Hand-lever emergency brake at driver's right. Clutch pedal operated by left foot. Service brake operated by right foot. Foot accelerator in connection with hand throttle. **Springs**—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. **Frame**—Pressed steel channel. **Axles**—Front, I-beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. **Transmission**—3 speeds forward and reverse; sliding gear, selective type. **Construction**—Drop-forgings wherever practicable; chrome nickel steel used throughout all shafts and gears in the transmission and rear axle; high-carbon manganese steel in all parts requiring special stiffness. **Body**—Full 5-passenger English type; extra wide seats; 10-inch cushions specially upholstered. **Wheels**—Artillery type.

R-C-H CORPORATION, 111 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Michigan

Branches— ATLANTA, 548 Peachtree St.; BOSTON, 583 Boylston St.; BUFFALO, 1225 Main St.; CHICAGO, 2021 Michigan Ave.; CLEVELAND, 2122 Euclid Ave.; DENVER, 1520 Broadway; DETROIT, Woodward and Warren Aves.; KANSAS CITY, 3501 Main St.; LOS ANGELES, 1242 So. Flower St.; MINNEAPOLIS, 1206 Hennepin Ave.; NEW YORK, 1989 Broadway; PHILADELPHIA, 330 No. Broad St.; WALKERVILLE, ONT., CANADA

ALCO
Motor Trucks



As the heat takes its annual toll of horse life in every city

Horses Bend to the Heat Alco Trucks Never Falter

THIS is going to be a hot summer. Heat follows cold. Last winter was the coldest in years. This summer is to be the hottest. It's the swing back of the weather pendulum.

Particularly will this heat affect *horses.*

Ten thousand of them died in a few days from the blistering sun a year ago. In one week 1,200 alone perished in the streets of New York City—a sad sight and a serious business situation.

For the money loss in five days ran over $1,000,000—due to the death of the horses, veterinary bills, and business lost through inability to execute orders.

What the loss amounted to in other parts of the heat zone can only be guessed—a gigantic sum.

* * *

There is a way to prevent this loss.

Motor trucks are not affected by the sun's rays. They travel along as fast and as smoothly on a sizzling hot day as on a cool day.

They do not *bend* to the weather.

They beat horses *five to one* on a hot day.

It is the old story over again of the Animal and the Machine. The Machine almost always wins.

Alco motor trucks have saved the lives of untold numbers of horses, have prevented the loss of thousands of dollars by delivering the goods on time—have been a Godsend to humanity and animaldom.

Alco motor trucks flourish and succeed greatest where the test is most severe. And the test is nowhere more grueling than in the express service. For the haul is heavy and often long; the goods must be delivered on time and rush seasons are numerous.

Four express companies have over $275,000 invested in Alco trucks. The American Express Company has **41** Alcos. It has recently placed its tenth repeat order for five more. The Long Island Express Company has twenty. Ten of them were purchased on a re-order. They work eleven hours daily.

In the service of the United States Express Company an Alco truck a few months ago ran for 336 hours without the motor once stopping—two weeks of steady, night and day work.

But not alone in the express service is the value of Alco trucks measured. In almost every line of business they are performing unusual tasks and saving over their horse predecessors.

"We save over twenty cents a ton," writes the Seaconnet Coal Co. of Providence, R. I.

"Our Alco pays 16½ per cent on the investment," testifies the Los Angeles Pressed Brick Company of Los Angeles, California.

"It has replaced two two-horse teams, one one-horse team and has done away with a package car system—for less than the former cost," states the Atlanta Paper Company of Atlanta, Georgia.

"Promptness and the 'always ready' condition make the cost of delivering about one half that of three two-horse teams," adds the Cambria Steel Company of Johnstown, Pa.

Thus the story of Alco achievement runs.

* * *

Sales of Alco motor trucks increased 152 per cent last year. Number of agencies selling Alco trucks increased 364 per cent.

The American Locomotive Company *leads all other manufacturers* in number of trucks being built and sold. 62 per cent of its sales are re-orders. And a re-order means a satisfied user.

* * *

There is time to prevent the loss of your horses through death from the heat.

Before the next hot spell sets in write for the new 64 page book on the Alco. It is given over largely to what the Alco is accomplishing in many lines of business, perhaps in the very same line as yours.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY, 1880 Broadway, NEW YORK

Builders also of Alco 6-Cylinder and 4-Cylinder Motor Cars and Alco Taxicabs

Chicago Branch: 2501 Michigan Avenue
Boston Branch: 567 Boylston Street

Canadian Headquarters:
4280 St. Catherine Street, West, Montreal

Movers of the World's Goods since 1835

Capital, $50,000,000

Firestone Inner Tubes For All Types, Sizes and Makes of Casings

Cost More to Build

Cost Less to Use

FIRESTONE Tubes are made of purest Up-River Fine Para Rubber, extra heavy gauge, assuring long life, and every service which the perfected tube should give. They can be used under ordinary conditions, during the life of two casings.

"Firestone" TIRES

The Unhesitating Choice of Those Who Know

Firestone Fabric of extra strength, finest combed Sea Island Cotton, is thoroughly filled with Up-River Fine Para, and built into a body which will resist, beyond any other, the strain of the road.

Firestone Cushion Layer, of Up-River Fine Para, is exactly proportioned to absorb the shock and jar of road service.

Firestone Breaker Strip, of Combed Sea Island Cotton *cord,* thoroughly Filled with Up-River Fine Para, is of scientific strength, of scientific dimensions to evenly distribute the effect of the shock.

Firestone Side Walls, of high percentage Pure Para compound, give greatest protection from lateral jolt and jar.

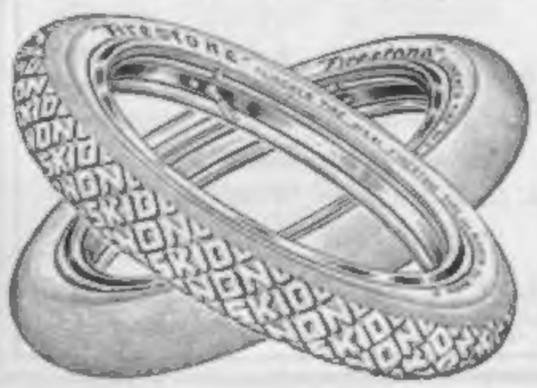
Firestone Tread, the lightest and yet the thickest tread made, gives unusual resiliency, assures of greatest wear. It is built to most perfectly satisfy demands for any road, in any climate, at any season.

These qualities built into Firestone Tires *at the factory,* assure the users of *Greatest Mileage On The Road.*

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

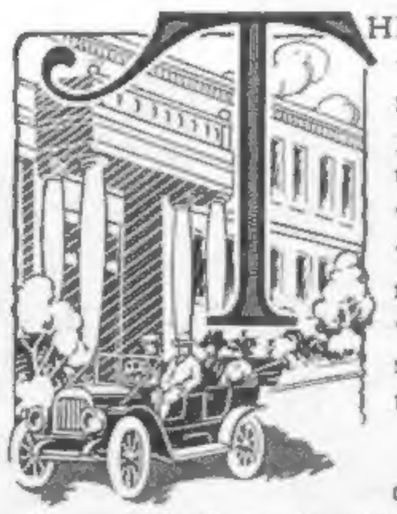
America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers

Akron, Ohio **All Principal Cities**



Importance of the Inner Tube in Tire Service

By H. S. Firestone



THE Inner Tube is the vital organ of the automobile tire, the "power plant," so to speak, as the engine is the life of the car itself. If this were borne in mind more clearly motorists would give more consideration to the selection of inner tubes.

There are few things of such essential delicate and frail construction of which so much is expected as the inner tube. For this reason it is the last factor in automobiling that should have to bear any skimping on quality. Yet the lure of a low *first* cost has tempted some to sacrifice quality even in the inner tube.

Highest Quality Possible Needed

The fact that the tire casing furnishes the strength to withstand the main force of the air pressure may be an excuse for cheapening the tube—but it isn't a logical reason.

Within the tube is a pressure of air representing about as much power as will run a locomotive. Let there be the slightest weakness in the rubber, the suggestion of an air bubble or imperfect joint, a tendency toward porousness in texture, and the tube is doomed.

Safest to Depend on the Name

Unfortunately the quality or character of an inner tube is not easily determined. The inexperienced buyer is safest who measures the responsibility, record and reputation of tire names and selects accordingly.

For instance, the weight, "body" or thickness of a tube is a poor basis upon which to choose. A heavy tube or a thick tube may be made of cheap rubber, overloaded with mineral substances in the compounding.

Any deviation from the use of the highest grade rubber, as pure as it is possible to use, is simply a compromise with quality and service for the sake of cost.

About the "Blooming" of a Tube

There is no occasion for the introduction of foreign matter other than the trace of sulphur needed for curing, or the bit of antimony, where a tube of red color is desired. But as compounded stock is much cheaper than pure stock and as it is easier to handle a tube with a good deal of body, there are tubes made that contain far too high a percentage of mineral substance.

The advantage of the finest pure rubber tube lies in its superior toughness, its greater expansive and contractive powers, its greater density of texture and its ability to withstand heat.

The compounded tube is likely to be slightly porous from the start, and this condition is certain to develop after a time, owing to the "Blooming" process.

The "bloom" of the tube, or any rubber material, is that filmy white coating which appears on the surface. If the rubber is not properly cured, or if it has been overloaded with compounding substance, the "blooming" process is rapid—the texture becomes porous and weakened, rendering the tube no longer impervious to air. Slow leaks are the result, elasticity is lost, and the tube soon goes to pieces.

There is only one material that *should* be used in an inner tube and that is Pure Up-River Fine Para Rubber. This rubber in the purest form it is possible to use, has demonstrated in "Firestone" tubes its greater power of expansion and contraction—its greater strength—its perfect density and its unequalled heat-resisting power.

The Power to Withstand Heat

This question of heat resistance is sufficient reason in itself for the use of finest and purest Para rather than any other rubber or any compound made.

If after a good speed in your car, particularly if pavements or roads are hot, you placed your hand on the inner tube of your tire, you would marvel at its ability to stand this test at all. A tube of cheap materials cannot stand it for any length of time. The pure Para of "Firestone" inner tubes has had much to do with "Firestone" victories—the greatest speed records in the world.

But, as in every other part of the complete tire, workmanship on the inner tube is as vital as materials used.

The Vital Element of Workmanship

The *quality* tube must be made of sheet rubber, built up layer by layer, of thin, almost transparent plies. The final sheet is not the thickness of the tube itself either, but the tube consists of three or four thicknesses of this sheet, according to size and the strain it is to receive.

It would be quicker and cheaper to roll out one sheet of rubber of the thickness desired, instead of rolling out five or six thin plies through the "calendering" machine. But the slow, laborious *building* method removes the possibility of air bubbles, insures an impervious texture and uniform thickness, retards the "blooming" process, adding miles and miles or months and months of service. Consequently this is the "Firestone" method.

The succeeding steps are the cutting into proper length, the joining of the ends, the inserting of the valve, and the uniting of the entire tube into one continuous air envelope. Each step must be according to expert know-how, made important by the actual requirements of the tube on the road. Anywhere throughout the making, a small detail slighted, while a short-cut to completion, would unquestionably mean a cutting short of the life of the tube.

The result of this care, from a financial standpoint of the user, is longer service, greater security from blow-outs, full security against a leaky tube.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 5, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1912,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 185 PHILADELPHIA, JULY 13, 1912 Number 2

THE GIRL WHO WAITED

A Romantic Adventure of a Palm Beach Dining Room

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN A. BAZANT

WHEN that nice old doctor put down his stethoscope and told me I'd better get out of New York for a year or two, I felt like a lifer who'd just been handed over to the head warden. Not that I loved Longacre Square and the Merry-Merry more than doing a Camille fade on a third-floor back! But for three years I'd been doing those thinking parts in musical comedy, and I suppose the freedom and the excitement and the music and make-up smells had got into my blood. I was wise enough to the fact that I'd never get out of the chorus, and I was tired enough of staving off wop managers and lobster-palace supper dates—but there I go again, slipping over cheap stage talk when I've said I was going to cut out the slang!

At any rate, when I packed my trunk for the last time I felt like a marooned sailor who'd eaten his last biscuit. It broke me up. And when I said goodby to Broadway and the sky signs and the wheat-cake counters, I felt as though I'd patted my last sawdust doll down in its nice little grave in Never-Never Land.

When Daisy Follette, who worked the switchboard for that Forty-second-Street hotel, told me about her younger sister being a dining-room girl down at the coast resorts, and the work being so nice and healthy, I felt so much like a down-and-outer that I could have turned on the weeps and the record for Tosti's Goodby.

"Excuse me, but no hashery for mine!" was the way I handed it back to Daisy.

"Dearie," said Daisy with the languid smile of wisdom, "they sure don't call 'em hasheries when they cost you eight bones a day up!"

And Daisy was dead right. It didn't take me all winter to harpoon that fact. I had a lot to learn. It began when I found out the Royal Poinciana wasn't really a mineral water. It continued through the next few weeks when I got busy trying to get my hooks into a hotel berth. I sent out applications, one to the Chalfonte at Atlantic City and one to the Hamilton in Bermuda, writing to both the house manager and the head waiter of both hotels and inclosing my saddest-eyed photograph. I got back no less than five reference blanks, with a request to fill them out and return them promptly. And it was no easy job digging out five perfectly respectable people who'd shame truth off her throne by saying I was all that could be desired, not only in character but in physical constitution and historical record, to say nothing of enough answers and descriptions to make a Bertillon blank look like a seat check!

Then my applications went back to "stay on the board" for two weeks, whatever that meant. But what frightened me half to death was that every one of my five references was investigated—and all to make sure I wouldn't fall down as a tray juggler! I've since found out that a hotel-girl reference has to be a six-cylinder self-starter to carry her through—no characters with burn carbureters need apply. Then I got my second jolt when contracts—actual contracts, mind you—were mailed up for me to sign. They looked like a last will and testament, with codicils about a guaranty of so many weeks, and railway fare one way and this and that, as though I'd been a theatrical star signing up for a road production.

I Climbed Into the Car With a "Sssssh!" to Keep From Speaking

I took the Hotel Hamilton part because I liked the idea of getting off to Bermuda. It sounded more classy than Atlantic City. But I paid for it by being seasick on the boat. I was just getting used to the idea of dropping out of winter right through into summer in one day, and to the glare of the white roads and the taste of rain water for drinking purposes, when the jolts started to come along. I'd grown so used to the free and easy life of the chorus, with its noise and bustle and back talk and late hours and showgirl manners, and to snatching coffee and sandwiches on the wing and fighting for your shelf in a dressing room, that when I first struck that big hotel I felt like a gun-moll who'd been steered into a reformatory. If you rolled Burnside and Belasco and Ben Teal all into one, you couldn't have got anything more in the line of discipline. There were systems and rules and regulations enough to make you dizzy. And since then I've found it the same in all the big American resort hotels—a military discipline and everything done on the tap. Those hotels, in fact, are almost maddeningly alike, for the same managers and head waiters and stewards pass on from one to the other, season by season, and carry their habits and methods with them—and, more often than not, their dining-room girls as well.

I found those girls all much nicer than I had expected. There were no beanery waitresses in that bunch; in fact, I soon saw I'd have to cut out the stage talk or they'd spot me as a rough worker. And they had to be young, and they had to be good-looking, and they had to be ladylike, though that last is a some elastic word! And they were really as much in a profession as stage folk are, what with their routes and their costumes and their acting hours—only instead of playing theaters they played the resorts, each in its season.

In the winter they went to the Breakers or the Royal Poinciana at Palm Beach, or to the Bellevue at Belleair, or to the Hamilton at Bermuda. Then in the spring they moved on to Atlantic City, to the Chalfonte or the Marlborough-Blenheim. And in the summer they followed the robins north to the mountains—to New Jefferson or Mount Washington, or to the Maine resorts—trailing along with society the same as the elephant-feeders follow along with a circus. As one hotel had its season and closed they moved on to another. Each of these girls, too, had to dress the part. The standing costume order is white for dinner, and for breakfast and luncheon black with white collars and cuffs. Every apron has to be a certain length, with a band two inches wide, no more and no less. Every girl has to pass inspection, and if there's a spot on that white or so much as a wrinkle in that laundry work her trouble begins. She's not allowed to indulge in fancy ties, or use Jap bangs or build her hair up into a Singer-Building pomp. Everything about her has to be down to the lock-step standard. For dinner at night she must wear little tea aprons, and these, too, must be spotless. Even her nails have to be manicured, and orders say every hand must be "surgically clean."

The sleeping quarters as a rule are in dormitories, with single beds. Of course every girl has to take care of her own quarters, and there's a matron to keep order and stage-manage the skirts. There's also an inspection every Wednesday to nose out anything that isn't spick

and span. Every girl must be back in her barracks by half past eleven, or the officer of the watch or the drum-major, or whatever you want to call that official, will report the absentee. And at this work they spell Decorum with a capital D. There's never more than one court-martial for one cut-up in the ranks.

On the other hand, there are extra girls in case of sickness, though no girl can be away from her station for more than two meals without the doctor's certificate. In some cases, too, she can secure a pass from the head waiter to be out after bedtime, but there must be some respectable reason for it. The work, on the whole, is not hard. And there's always the chance, some time or other, for us to get away and have a dip, or a drive over the shell roads, or a motor-boat ride, or a meeting with a certain somebody. In Bermuda the soldiers from the barracks used to hang about the Hamilton like bees about a lilac bush, several of the girls falling victims to what we jokingly called "scarlet fever."

And there were adventures enough, goodness knows. The second month I was at the Hamilton a very funny thing happened. I'd made a hit with the head waiter—the chorus had certainly made me quick on my feet!—and now and then he'd give me some outside work, such as a golf banquet or a supper party. One of these extras came my way one night in the shape of a late supper party. It was given by some people from a sea-going yacht that had just come in, and there were navy men, and some of the English officers in uniform, and women with jewels, and three or four rich New Yorkers. It was some party, believe me, though I had to do the work of an omnibus-boy rather than that of a waitress.

This kept me out of the room a good deal of the time. As I stepped back, toward the end of the evening, I found a sudden change in that party. Something had put on the soft pedal. All the laughing and talking had stopped and every guest looked like a pallbearer. The host, as I came in, said: "Not before the servants, please!" That made me both mad and inquisitive. Then I was sent out of the room on another errand—which wasn't at all necessary.

But I found out later that one of the ladies had lost a pendant of six diamonds, which had slipped off her neck and had later been picked up and left on the table. The chain was found there but the pendant was gone.

So it was no wonder they were solemn, seeing the diamonds were worth about fifteen hundred apiece, and everybody eying everybody else—and me thanking my lucky stars I'd been downstairs when that jewelry started on its wanderings!

Then one of the men suggested they all be searched, just to show—who knows just what he did want to show?

So when I came back to the room on that silly errand of taking away the rest of the table flowers, I had to stand in between two of the men to reach the centerpiece. As I stood there I suddenly felt a hand touch the pocket of my service apron.

It gave me a thrill, at first, for I knew in some way just what that hand was doing. But I kept on pushing the flowers farther down in the vase mouth, so they wouldn't fall out when I lifted them across the table. And as I backed away I gave one good look at the man whose hand had reached up while I stood there and had dropped that pendant into my little frilled apron pocket.

His eye met mine, and there was something so forlorn in that look of his, so like a cornered rat, that I was silly enough to feel sorry for him. He was an Englishman, who hadn't been drinking all evening, I remembered. He was smart-looking, every inch of him, and he would have been handsome if his eyes hadn't been set so close together. There was something about his face I didn't like. When I got out of the room again and was able to give the thing a calm thought or two, I decided I wasn't going to be mixed up in that sort of thing or be a fence for the flashiest grand duke who ever stole anything, from a pecan shell to a Balkan principality!

I didn't get excited about it. I was still as cool as a cucumber. I went straight back to that sad-eyed aggregation of merrymakers with the pendant in my hand. I went direct to the table again, without speaking to anybody, palming that precious old pendant between my Mount of Venus and forefinger as I reached over and lifted the doily that had stood under the center flower vase. Then, as I lifted the doily, presto! change! there lay the six-stoned root of all their trouble, sparkling up at the light.

I Got My Second Jolt When Actual Contracts Were Mailed Up for Me to Sign

There was one gasp and shout of relief—and me with a face as solemn as a totem-pole, for of course I wasn't supposed to know anything about what was happening. That Englishman didn't look at me once, though I was aching for the satisfaction of just one good stare into his eye. And the next morning he faded away—whether he went to the other end of the island or sailed for New York on the first boat I was never able to find out. But I couldn't get over that goosefleshy thrill as I felt his hand at my apron pocket. I kept telling myself that I'd see him again sometime, for at work like this the same faces seem to keep bobbing up again, season after season. And I kept telling myself it would be worth waiting for, just to find out what that Englishman's game could possibly be.

I was surprised, as time went on, to find how simple dining-room work is, once the details have been picked up. A lot depends, of course, on the people you are serving. Some are vulgar and quarrelsome, always sending for the head waiter; and some are stingy and gluttonous, trying to eat everything on the menu simply because they're living "American." A girl gets used to her own people, learns what they like and don't like and is able to do her work without worrying. Even in this calling, of course, there's the stage-door Johnny in another guise—the fresh guy who wants to talk or pass a joke, and pave the way for making a date—but there's always that eagle-eyed head waiter to see no easy mark steps over the chalk line. "We're paid to be attentive. We're not paid to be affectionate," as Daisy Follette once put it.

At this work a girl never has more than four or six people to wait on. Her table—or her two tables—is known as her station. For the best service a girl is not expected to take care of more than four persons. In the better hotels she always has a "bus-boy" to carry her trays—and this bus-boy, of course, she herself has to stroke down with a regular tip, or woe betide her service!

Before a meal is under way we line up, for all the world like a big chorus; but instead of the crash of the orchestra there's a "Ready" bell and a "Going In" bell, and out we prance, for all the world like the Merry-Merry emerging from the wings out on the stage, each girl with her spotless uniform, each one with her allotted position, and each one with her share of the work to do, and do quietly and gracefully. I soon learned it was best, as soon as I had gathered my orders—and how I had to concentrate to pack away in my empty noddle those different orders for different people!—to get my plates and dishes on my tray after passing on my orders to the chef, and then to get the soup last so as to get it to my station while it was still hot. Nothing drowns a tip quicker than lukewarm bouillon in a lukewarm plate.

The tips at this work, I soon found, counted more than the salary, much as I hated the thought of them at first. The contracts usually read for twenty dollars a month, though some are as low as fifteen, with all boat or train fares paid one way, even from New York to Palm Beach. Besides that there are breakages and fines. For instance, at one hotel where I worked all the dishes were of Wedgwood.

Every girl had to look after her own china. She was fined twenty-five cents for every nick and a dollar for every broken dish. As each girl was numbered, and each plate and saucer and cup of her "set-up" was correspondingly numbered, there was no possibility of sidestepping these fines.

One good feature, though, was that after a girl had been in service for six months she was allowed all breakages back and, in addition, her return fare to New York was paid by the hotel management.

Yet there were more than breakages to count against her. Each dining room had so many set-ups—that is, the exact amount of silver and dishes and glassware required by one guest—and each set-up was numbered. So each girl had to clean her own glassware and silver and, what was more important, count them and see that nobody had pinched one of her pieces. Each girl had her own shelf, and every Sunday morning her set-ups were laid out on this shelf to await inspection by the head waiter.

Another thing a girl had to watch out for was souvenir hunters, and sometimes just ordinary high-toned thieves who weren't above lifting a piece of silver that happened to take their fancy. This indoor sport of table stealing is commoner than most people think. It has to be reported at once to the head waiter who, if the case is a clear one against the pinching party, has it quietly inserted in the guest's bill.

We had a good many little rows with the steward for breaking rules about waste food, for it was a slow girl who ever went hungry back there in his bunch of eats! We were, of course, amply provided for, with everything nicely served, our meals coming before the regular hotel meals, with an extra lunch of coffee and rolls at ten each morning—but even a grown-up girl likes to raid the jam closet now and then!

As a rule we hated waiting on women, they were so much more finicky and made so much more work. But one of the nicest ladies I ever had—although I never did like her name—was Miss Julia Freiberger. She was a little shell-pink blonde from Saginaw, Michigan, and the old gentleman, who had oodles of money made out of timber and ore lands, came to Palm Beach every season for the pier fishing. That old gentleman and his wife, for all their millions, were very simple and old-fashioned and easy-going. But Julia, who could speak French and run a car and play golf and bridge and carry off a Paris gown as though she'd been born in it, was more up-to-date. I'd served the Freibergers the winter before at The Breakers, and when Julia asked the head waiter if I could be put at their table I was as proud as a peacock. They remembered me, of course, and the old gentleman stood up and shook hands, which made Julia's shell-pink turn three shades deeper, poor kid, for she sure was a proud-spirited little monkey. And a few weeks later, when her young man came down from New York for his holidays, he remembered me, too, and his eyes snapped in their nervous, quick way as he said: "Why, hello, Mabel, it's like old times to see you here!"

That made Julia stare at him with an eye like an icicle. "It's not quite necessary," she sang out, "to kiss the maids, you know!"

For a minute or two I felt like pouring the ice water down between her lily-white shoulder-blades, I was that mad! But she was so nice to me for the rest of the week that I soon forgot my troubles.

And this, I suppose, is about the time for the low music and the green lights, though the whole thing came out of a clear sky, without any four-sheet billing and advance man to work it up. It came in the form of the most English thing that ever escaped from musical comedy. It wore a monocle and a drooping mustache, and had a valet, and an accent you could lean against, and checked spats, and a four-inch G. O. M. collar and its hair parted in the middle.

He was some class, that Englishman. He put the whole of Palm Beach into a palpitation of curiosity. And when they found out he was Major Greshwicke, of Greshwicke Manor, and a cousin of the Earl of Isslyn, and would come into the title on the present earl's death, why, even the cabbage palms began to preen up, dontchaw know, and the alligators to rubber as he passed by! That major was awfully good form, I must admit that, once you'd swallowed the monocle and what a thing like that stands for. But a monocle, outside of George Arliss, was something that always kind of stuck in my craw!

(Concluded on Page 34)

"Hello, Mabel, it's Like Old Times to See You Here!"

DOWN WITH GRAFT

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Oh, I Have a Ship in My Teacup! I Wonder What That Means!"

PUNCTUALLY at eight-thirty Mayor Watterson Blossom, as had been his custom since the day he was inducted into office, returned to the breakfast room, fully clad and brushed and ironed, to receive his morning carnation and his goodby kiss. Cordelia Blossom, in a charmingly becoming fluffiness of rose chiffon and lace, gave him the kiss with no aid whatever from her round dark eyes, for those usually sparkling orbs were in thoughtful absorption on a newspaper.

The Colonel waited a moment, and then, to save his handsome young wife the trouble, selected his own carnation from the little silver vase and put it into her hand. She looked up at him at last and with a smile, and as she pinned the flower on the lapel of the black Prince Albert which was buttoned snugly round his slender figure, she gave him an extra kiss entirely of her own volition.

"My dear," observed the Colonel, gallantly taking her hand to reseat her, "you are the most delightful woman in the world. You are the glory of sunshine and the fragrance of flowers."

"I don't know where you get all your pretty new ways of saying it," she laughed with a little flush of pleasure, and then her eyes strayed unconsciously back to her paper. "I see the Duke of Moreacres arrives in New York shortly and contemplates a tour of the principal cities."

"Is he coming with Lord Barncastle?"

"No; fully a month earlier," returned Cordelia, the speculative light in her eyes beginning to grow. "Mrs. Pikyune, I understand, is already making preparations to entertain Lord Barncastle more elaborately than ever before," and she smiled cheerfully over the reflection that she had caused Clara Pikyune, the erstwhile local social leader, to give some extremely brilliant affairs in the attempt to regain the silken reins. "I wonder if the Duke will come here."

The Colonel drew himself up even more erectly.

"I do not see how he could well avoid it, Cordelia," he informed her with a local pride that had been highly increased since he had become the chief executive of the municipality. "This is an important railroad center, and we have commercial, educational, art and social institutions impossible to ignore."

"It depends on who arranges his itinerary," shrewdly speculated Cordelia. "He might be induced to come here if the proper influence were brought to bear."

A shade of annoyance came into the Colonel's eyes.

"The proper influence," he repeated with a dry smile. "Of course that phrase can have no painful associations for you, but it does for me. The politics of this city—which I have pledged myself to purify if possible—is conducted entirely along that line. I am facing another unpleasant experience, Cordelia. Another public improvement, which at first had my approbation, will turn out, I fear, to be only an excuse for graft. I have just come to know that word."

"What improvement is that?" she asked with immediate interest. "Not the Babies' Hospital?"

"Not yet," he returned somewhat wearily. "It's the plaza project, which is a proposition to condemn and tear down two entire city blocks to relieve the downtown congestion of traffic."

"Oh, yes," admitted Cordelia. "I did hear something about that. It seems such a magnificently big thing to have done in your administration. Georgia Fleecer told me about it."

"Cordelia," said the Colonel solemnly, "there is graft in this. I do not yet know where or how, but there is graft in it, and Jim Fleecer is in some way connected with it."

"Can you be quite sure?" Cordelia asked with an instant thought of the debt of loyalty she owed the notorious gang leader and his charming wife on the Colonel's behalf. For it was Jim Fleecer, the forceful opposition boss, who had secretly elected the innocent Colonel in order to spank his own party.

"Well, no," confessed the Colonel, "except on general principles. In every one of the countless instances of graft which flourished before I came into office, no matter in which party, tribute was paid somewhere along the line to Jim Fleecer. However, I shall ferret it out in this case and shall throttle it," and the Colonel, with a reassuring pat on Cordelia's smooth shoulder, looked at his watch and started for the door.

"You're so noble, Watt," she complimented him. "You're bound to do the right thing in the end, and of course you're much too fair to act hastily. It must be very difficult to judge exactly what to do in such cases. There are so many results to be taken into consideration. By-the-way, I've just been reading that the Duke of Moreacres is to visit Mrs. Wylie Miles. You remember her, don't you?"

"I think so," returned the Colonel vaguely. "Irreproachable family on both sides if I recollect. From your home town, wasn't she?"

"From Baltimore," corroborated Cordelia, knitting her smooth brows. "She was a Stanton and one of her ancestors was a colonial governor and own cousin to an earl. She's of our very bluest-blooded of aristocracy, and has made most commendable social use of it in New York. Watt, do you know I have a presentiment that mother is in ill health? Of course she wouldn't worry me by mentioning it, but I'm worried nevertheless."

"You had better run on and see her," kindly suggested the Colonel. "I wish I could go with you, but I feel there is a crisis at hand in the affairs of the city."

"Perhaps I had better stay," pondered Cordelia. "Still, if I only spend a day in Baltimore I can come home satisfied."

II

DAN DICKSON, once the boss of Colonel Watterson Blossom's political party, but now subdued and meek and humble—to the eye at least—walked into the mayor's office and removed the faded old brown hat that had covered his faded brown hair through many stormy campaigns. On the occasion of his first visit, after the incumbency of Colonel Watterson Blossom, he had left his hat on.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayor," he smilingly observed, his faded eyes roving hungrily among the papers on the desk. "Pleasant weather we're having."

"Very," assented the mayor, concealing his profound dislike, or thinking that he did, under his usual suave courtesy. He went on writing, but only for an instant. "Beautiful weather indeed," he added.

"Fine for the sewer work," supplemented Dickson, gazing into his hat to conceal the gleam in his eyes. He had been able to "slide a little one over" on the Colonel in that sewerage contract. "An open winter like this is great for construction work."

"Excellent," agreed the Colonel. "If we can get a decent figure on the Babies' Hospital we should be able to have the basement completed by spring."

"Easy," responded Dickson cheerfully, looking at the letter-press and the portrait of ex-Mayor Limber and out of the window. "They ought to finish the Hepworth High School and the addition to the jail, and tear down those buildings for the plaza."

"I'm not satisfied about the plaza," stated the Colonel, for the first time taking a live interest in the conversation, and he turned sharply to his caller. "Look here, Dickson, what's the graft in this plaza? You should know."

Mr. Dickson was justly offended, as a justly suspected man always is.

"Where could there be any?" he demanded, lifting his eyes out of his hat for a fleeting glare of reproach. "If there is, which there isn't, why do you connect me with it? Have I got to be the goat all the time? This is a big public improvement, one that the entire city is for, a move that's clear plumb out of politics, and just because it involves money you begin to holler graft! You've done it every time I come at you with anything, and I'm the boy that handed you the nomination! You're the most suspicious man I ever saw!"

"Warden Davies, of the city jail, is as suspicious as I am and for the same reason," dryly returned the Colonel, looking at his watch. "If you were a gentleman I'd fight you; but, as it is, you'll have to stay out of my office."

"It don't get me anything to come in, I'll say that," retorted Mr. Dickson, rising and almost putting his hat on his head.

"It won't," promised the Colonel, his gray goatee standing straight out. "I may as well confess that what first made me suspicious of the plaza project was that you favored the movement. Another thing! I was sarcastic with you a moment ago. I apologize—for indirectness. My personal opinion is"—he rose to express it more emphatically—"that you are a plain thief!"

Dan Dickson looked into his hat. He was a man who had always held to the principle that hard words break no bones, but nevertheless a red flush came up under the leathery brown of his cheek. The Colonel was an old man and very slight, but in his eyes burned the fire that never ages.

"I won't take that from any man!" declared Dan Dickson, and by way of making good his threat he stalked savagely out of the room and slammed down his hat on his head in deliberate defiance before he had the door entirely opened.

Consumed with internal rage, he went straight to the bare and dingy office of Jim Fleecer. That tall, large-jawed gentleman, presumably out of politics since the defeat of the Fleecer gang, looked up at the successful opposition leader with a grin.

"All right, Dan, start screaming," he invited. "Got another kink in your city plumbing?"

Fleecer's victorious political enemy slammed his hat on the desk and ran his finger round inside his collar. He scoured his system for words to express his intense and undying anger, disgust and disappointment, but, finding language altogether too feeble, he merely blurted:

"Blossom!"

"You mean Colonel Watterson Blossom, your present mayor?" inquired Fleecer pleasantly.

"Don't kid me," begged Dickson, so swayed by emotion that he was no longer furtive—"I'm too mad! I'd like to give that old mule a dose of poison. Jim, damn him!"

"My Personal Opinion is That You are a Plain Thief!"

"Tut, tut," chided Fleecer gently. "Remember that the Colonel, aside from politics, is a friend of mine. We have dined together in each other's home."

"I'd like to frame up something with your cook!" snarled Dickson. "Do you know the new bug the Colonel's got? He's going to gum up the plaza deal."

"I had a dream about that," commented Fleecer with a frown. "I knew it would come true. Where did you get your hunch?"

"I was just up there to feel him out."

Had Dickson been a member of Fleecer's own party organization he would not have been more contemptuously reproved.

"You feeble-minded pinhead!" blazed out Fleecer. "Haven't I told you to keep your personal appearance out of the Colonel's sight? You spoil his appetite; also you mangle any chance you might have. What does the Colonel say about the plaza thing?"

"He actually suspects there's graft in it!" disgustedly replied Dickson with a smile that was a snarl. "He don't know where it is, but he thinks it's there. If he wasn't such a lollop he'd know that we control that property, and that we'd also collect from the Consolidated Trolley. He's the prize simp!"

"He's a character you're not hep to," explained Fleecer. "He's on the level. Not knowing how to turn a crooked trick, he don't know how to look for one."

"I hope to choke if I ever have to fuss up with an honest guy again!" mourned Dickson. "They're such fools. It's so much straighter when you can just sit down under cover with your party and say: 'Well, Bill, how much?'"

Fleecer smiled more in pity than in disdain.

"The trouble with you is that you don't figure anything but money," he observed. "I wouldn't put it so strong as to say that every man can be bought, but it's a cinch that every man can be got to. Now keep your temperature down, Dan, and give me a day or two to dope out a scenario."

"If I hold in much longer I'll bust!" declared Dickson with every evidence of internal bleeding. "It's to a showdown, Jim. We've had Gus Tanner renew our options on the most of that property for three years, until we could get a finger on that grocery-store corner, and the options expire in a couple of months just as we close for the corner parcel. I saw Tanner last night. He slips it to me that the options on the lower block won't be renewed because the Mastodon Life Insurance Company wants to buy it and build. That means we have to cinch this plaza deal. The council's all ready, but if this Blossom party messes round about it he can spoil about a million dollars of perfectly good profits. I wish he'd choke!"

"Go home and sleep it off, Dan," advised Fleecer dryly.

The minute Dickson was outside the door, Jim Fleecer grabbed his telephone and called up his house.

"Hello, Tumpelly," he greeted Mrs. Fleecer. "Doing anything desperate this morning?"

"Having my hair washed," she cheerfully told him. "Any errands I can run for you?"

"A group," he returned. "I'm coming right out to call on you."

"It's an unconventional hour, but I'll receive you," she laughingly assured him. "What's happened?"

"I can't tell you over the 'phone," he answered. "It's city business."

"Oh!" she replied, and there was a slight trace of concern in her tone.

III

MRS. JIM FLEECER was an exceptionally clever woman. Although quite able to withstand the most critical inspection even in acute dishevelment, she kept her husband waiting in the upstairs den just off her boudoir while she wound her dark hair about her head with a broad, pale blue ribbon and tied it in a coquettish bow. She came out to him absolutely unflustered and, by her very effectiveness, compelled him, after four years of marriage, to lay aside for a moment his important business.

"Ribbons, you're a peach!" he avowed. "I wasted a lot of time being a bachelor!"

"I think so myself," she demurely corroborated him, and she snuggled comfortably up to him on the couch. "What has the Colonel done?"

"Spilled 'em," he promptly replied. "Georgia, there are loose beans all over the business district. The mayor, in hunting for something to be violently honest about, has at last landed on the plaza scheme, and now he wants to pour water in the gasoline."

"What is the plaza scheme?" she puzzled. "I've seen it mentioned frequently in the papers, but I haven't paid much attention."

"It's a big public improvement," he earnestly confided to her. "The city needs it. The downtown streets are packed with traffic and we must have room to turn round.

"My Dear, I Was Right. You are a Very, Very Clever Woman"

The plan is to condemn and clear two entire blocks now full of shacks, make room for street-car terminals and transfers, and give the town a chance to catch its breath. It's a live, progressive proposition."

"I see," she soberly considered. "Of course the owners of the property and whoever handles the business for them will make a lot of money out of it."

He regarded her for a moment with a queer smile.

"Gee, you get to it quick!" he admitted. "Of course, Georgia, a big stunt like this is only thought of and proposed and worked through by people of ability, and they have to be paid for their time."

"That's true," she agreed. "They should be. I'll see Cordelia, Jim," she softly promised. "Now make me understand it," and rising from the couch she drew up a little rocker and sat squarely in front of him.

He halted a moment to study her in a perplexed admiration, which had been hers from the first. Sometimes, he reflected, he was fool enough to think that he thoroughly understood the mental processes of this amazingly charming woman.

"I couldn't keep you from it," he commented with a chuckle. "The plaza is to extend from Fourth to Sixth Street and from Main to Broad."

"Wait a minute," she interrupted, fixing the location in her mind's eye. "Oh, yes. There are some atrocious saloons and second-hand stores down there; nothing but ramshackle old frame buildings that are eyesores."

"That's what I'm telling you," he hastily informed her. "It's a genuine city improvement and everybody will be proud of it. All those old buildings are to come down. All the downtown carlines will meet there, making transfers convenient and under rain-sheds. There'll be an esplanade down the center and a bandstand for free open-air concerts."

"That sounds splendid!" she approved, already espousing the cause with enthusiasm and positively forgetting that there could be any commercial side to it. "I don't see how there could be any possible objection to the plan."

"It has been criticised," admitted her husband with a half-smile. "Frankly, I'm up against it, Frills."

"Does nobody stand in the way but the Colonel?" she inquired, thoughtfully pinching the point of her piquant chin.

"He's the only hurdle. When I learned this morning that the Colonel had landed on this to make a fuss about I tossed my sponge in the ring and galloped straight out here to see you. If you and Cordelia can't fix it there's nothing doing."

She smiled and abstractedly blew him a mechanical kiss.

"You mustn't build up too much hope on it, Jim," she warned him. "It will be difficult if not impossible. Colonel Blossom is very stubborn, and in fact immovable, where his principles are concerned."

"The Colonel is a fine old sport," Mr. Fleecer stated with a conviction born of a curious admiration; "but your friend Cordelia can make him look at a lump of coal and see pink. Now you go to Cordelia and find out what she wants, and give it to her."

The admirably helpful Georgia Fleecer stiffened instantly.

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" she indignantly refused. "Why, Jim, how could you propose a thing so crude! I shall go to Cordelia and try to make her see what a really splendid thing the plaza will be for the city, and if she sees it as I do she may be able to convince the Colonel. Further than that I could not possibly go, and I feel certain that Cordelia will take exactly the same attitude."

He stared at her blankly. "All right," he said. "I don't ask you to do anything you don't like; but you'll see her about it, won't you?"

"Of course," she immediately assured him. "I think the plaza idea a perfectly delightful one, and a project of real and lasting benefit!"

"Fine speech," he applauded, rising with relief. "If you feel that way about it you'll fix it. You may not know it, but you two women are running the city."

IV

CORDELIA BLOSSOM, triumphant in the fact that her mother, though able to fulfill all her social duties, was really not so well as she should have been, reviewed thoughtfully on her way home the many interesting phases of her flying visit.

The new garage was a very attractive addition to the Whichett city place; her brother Alfred's youngest was developing into an astoundingly beautiful child; Laura Dalrimple was married at last, and to a very nice man indeed; the Wilbur Joneses were reconciled, to everybody's pleasure; Mrs. Wylie Miles was not spoiled in the least by her many social triumphs, and remembered all her Baltimore friends without even the slightest trace of condescension.

Mrs. Wylie Miles was an excellent horsewoman; she was an authority on classic pottery; she was quite a notable patroness of struggling vocalists and very successful with them, even having a metropolitan star to her credit; she was most accomplished in public charity work; she dressed with daring plainness; she was extremely fond of lavender in sparing touches; she had a passion for salted almonds.

Mrs. Wylie Miles' sister Florence was married to a broker and they lived rather ostentatiously. The sisters were on very good terms. They seldom saw each other. There was a brother who was considerable of a rover. He was unmarried. There was a nephew, an orphan and sculptor, one Gerald Howe, who was quite a favorite. Cordelia had seen a memorial fountain by him presented to a Baltimore park by Mrs. Wylie Miles. It was a very nice fountain. There was a cousin who was a poet, Miles Stanton, a very easy name to remember, and another who was rather prominent in politics in a genteel sort of way, another who was a governor of a Western state, and several others who were of undoubted position, but who were not intimately allied with Mrs. Wylie Miles, though they were all clannish.

To take her mind out of its rut, Cordelia bought a paper, as she neared the end of her journey, and immediately all her interest in the pleasantly trifling gossip of Baltimore was swept into the background, for there in intensely rude type she found this headline:

MAYOR BLOSSOM TO VETO PLAZA!

Refuses to state reasons, but declares himself unalterably opposed to suggested huge improvement as at present outlined.

Cordelia looked out of the window regretfully. Really she should not pay these visits to Baltimore except when the Colonel could find time to accompany her. A maid was by no means an adequate or a satisfactory traveling companion.

"I'm so glad to be home with you, Watt!" she delightedly confided to him as the Colonel proudly assisted his handsome wife to a seat behind her favorite grays. "You look fatigued, dear. Has anything happened to worry you?"

"Only official affairs," he told her with much of the child's sense of relief in unburdening himself to his mother. "I've discovered what I consider incontrovertible proof that the plaza project is merely a gigantic real-estate deal and, though I have been careful not to create a public scandal during my administration, I have nevertheless announced that I shall veto the condemnation ordinance if it is passed by the city council."

"You are right, of course," she heartily assured him. "I'm so glad that you've settled the matter. I don't suppose there's any way for you to reverse your decision now, no matter what might come up."

"Hardly," he smiled; "especially since I have committed myself. Of course, Cordelia, I am not so slavishly bound, nor so prejudiced, nor so afraid of what others might say, that I would not alter my publicly expressed policy at the dictates of my riper judgment; but in this case I see no possible chance of a reversal. I have

discovered an iniquity, and I have suppressed it. I have lived up to the very best principles of my party, to the ethics of Jefferson and Jackson, and to the promptings of my conscience!"

"I'm sure of it, Watt!" she agreed, fond pride shining in her fine, round eyes. "Is the furnace fixed?"

"Thank Heaven, yes," he laughed, glad to change the disagreeable subject. "The house was an iceberg last night when I came home, but there's a good temperature now. I made them work until ten o'clock."

They chatted of redecoration, and a minor social affair she had missed, and the cold wave in Baltimore, and her mother's waning health, and other scattering topics during the rest of the drive; and when the Colonel left her at the door of her dressing room, to return to his arduous official duties, she looked to see if her prettiest brooch was still where she had hastily hidden it on her departure, and removed one glove, though not her hat, and called up Georgia Fleecer!

"So delighted to know you've returned!" almost breathlessly said Mrs. Fleecer. "It seems impossible that you've only been away three days. I suppose you're dreadfully fatigued!"

"Not at all!" denied Cordelia. "I'll be as good as new as soon as I've had a cup of tea. I dare you to come over and join me in it."

"Whoever takes a dare will steal sheep," laughed Georgia. "For a penny I would come over and join you."

"I have the penny," promptly rejoined Cordelia. "Do run over, Georgia. I'm dying to hear all that's been happening."

"Have tea prepared for two," directed Mrs. Fleecer. "Goodby—I'm started."

Within twenty minutes Mrs. Fleecer's electric was outside the door, and within two minutes more the two ladies were chatting volubly about everything under the sun. Mrs. Fleecer was particularly voluble, for she had an immense burden of personal grief to share with her sympathetic friend. The Isis Club meeting which, as second vice-president, she had conducted in Cordelia's absence, had been a failure because of inclement weather; she had been trying a new dressmaker, with atrocious results; Jemima, her wonderful black magician of the kitchen, had been ill; some perfectly impossible people had bought the house next door; and there was a string of minor irritations that helped to make up an appalling total of disaster.

"So you see, Cordelia, it has been a most depressing period," summed up Georgia. "Everything seems to go wrong when you are away. I usually throw a lot of these little glooms on Mr. Fleecer's broad shoulders, but this week his only way of expressing his sympathy is to pat me on the head and go out and buy me something."

"That's a man's way," laughed Cordelia, "and it's a nice way, too, if the man happens to have any judgment." She girt her faculties about her, for she realized that the moment had approached. "I can't imagine Mr. Fleecer running out of the cheer-up spirit."

"He's a dear," responded Georgia; "but he's not used to disappointment."

"It must be a big one to affect him," commented Cordelia. "Business, of course?"

"Oh, no!" promptly denied Georgia, in her most innocent tones. "Nothing of that nature at all. It's merely a difference of opinion about the proposed new plaza—just plain disappointment."

"Oh!" cooed the sympathetic voice of Cordelia. "I didn't know Mr. Fleecer was so interested."

"It's his pet idea," returned Georgia "He thinks it would be of such vast benefit to the city."

"Just what is the plaza project?" inquired Cordelia. "Watt told me something about it, but I don't believe I quite understand its advantages."

Mrs. Fleecer immediately explained, glowingly, entertainingly, convincingly.

"Moreover," she added after she had given all the traffic reasons, "it would be exactly in line with the delightful and highly successful City Beautiful movement. The plaza would be a bright spot in the very center of the sordid city. It will have a bandstand on the esplanade, and until the trees grew up we could have flower-beds stretching along the entire two blocks. Think how wonderful it would be to have solid masses of red geraniums where those distressing little saloons and second-hand shops now are!"

"It's a delightful idea!" enthusiastically approved Cordelia, who had been instrumental in replacing all the billboards in the city with flower-beds, thereby gaining the presidency of the Isis Club and, by virtue of that victory, wresting long-coveted social leadership from Mrs. Clara Pikyune. "I wonder why Watt does not approve."

"The Colonel always has some good reason, I'm sure," sighed Georgia.

"Yes," sighed Cordelia; "the Colonel is so conscientious and so noble."

They looked into their teacups. The responsibilities of city government weighed heavily upon them. They had not realized, when they had elected the Colonel, how much they had taken upon themselves.

"Oh, I have a ship in my teacup!" suddenly discovered Georgia. "See, it is perfect—a sailer with three masts! I wonder what that means!"

V

"WELL, Watt, how have the minions of evil served you today?" asked Cordelia at dinner, after they had disposed of the pepperpot. The Colonel was very fond of pepperpot.

"The minions of evil are very much distressed," smiled the Colonel, secretly triumphant. "Not less than a dozen of them have been up to prove to me how wicked I am in interfering with their proposed raid on the city treasury."

"I know the sort of satisfaction they received from you," laughed Cordelia. "How did they intend to raid the city treasury?"

"With their plaza scheme," replied the Colonel. "I was right about that, my dear," and he straightened with satisfaction. "I have pieced out their plot in my own mind from such information as I have been able to gather. They expected to condemn those two city blocks and pay a fancy price for them. A man by the name of Gus Tanner holds options on all that property, but Tanner is only an agent for Jim Fleecer and his friends. Cordelia, listen to the shame of this city: Dan Dickson, who in some unaccountable manner has for years held the local leadership of my own party, is also in this deal and actually working hand in glove with the notorious thieves of the opposition! He is a part of the Fleecer gang!"

"Disgraceful!" exclaimed Cordelia, her round eyes widening with the shock of it. "Isn't it a pity, Watt, that graft should interfere with public projects of such genuine merit! I have no doubt that if this plan were not connected with a money-making scheme you would approve of it; but then I suppose that no large amount of money is ever expended without somebody making something out of it."

"I believe that to be the case," agreed the Colonel seriously, and the dawning twinkle faded in Cordelia's eyes. "However, they shall not steal the city's money while I have any say about it, no matter how glittering the excuse!"

"It's too bad!" returned Cordelia; "because the plaza really would be a good thing for the city, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, I believe it would," admitted the Colonel.

"I rather thought that you approved of the idea itself," she brightly went on. "I think it would be a grand, a noble thing to give to the public if it could only be done without any scandal. Don't you suppose Mr. Tanner would give back those options?"

"Scarcely," smiled the Colonel. "It is quite evident that you do not understand the rapacity of men."

"I know they all seem to want money," she rejoined, the twinkle once more dawning in her eyes; "and really it's not uncommendable to want money. It buys so many enjoyable things. Watt, you're so resourceful I should think you could find some way to secure that plaza without the sacrifice of any of your principles. I do wish you'd bend your mind to it and secure it for me."

The Colonel's face lengthened and he gazed at Cordelia almost in dismay.

"Why, my dear!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea that you were so keenly interested in the movement. How does it come that you are so concerned about it?"

"Well, I've been thinking it over," she explained, "and I think it would be a splendid thing to see long rows of geraniums where those ugly little frame saloons and second-hand shops now stand."

The Colonel grew solemn.

"Really, my dear," he kindly protested, "to tear down two highly valuable city blocks for the purpose of planting geraniums scarcely seems logical. The geraniums do not seem adequate."

Cordelia pondered that answer in musing silence.

"No," she finally admitted, more to herself than to him; "they're not big enough. I wonder if Mrs. Wylie Miles is a member of the National Isis Club."

After dinner, while the Colonel enjoyed his quiet cigar, she ran up to look at her Isis Club roster. Sure enough, Mrs. Wylie Miles was a member of the organization. That was an added bit of information which Cordelia was glad to obtain. Mrs. Wylie Miles, who was to entertain the Duke of Moreacres, was a member of the National Isis Club; she was an accomplished horsewoman; she dressed most plainly, but seldom without a touch of lavender; she had a cousin who was a poet, and a nephew, Gerald Howe, who was a sculptor. Cordelia had seen his little memorial fountain in Baltimore. It was a very nice fountain. Mrs. Wylie Miles had a sister who was married ——

Suddenly Cordelia Blossom laughed aloud, a round, musical laugh of much sweetness and effectiveness. She jumped up from her desk and waltzed slowly the entire circle of her room, smiling happily; then she sat down at her desk again and pinched the bridge of her nose and concentrated.

Presently she went sedately down into the library and curled up in the corner of her favorite couch.

"By-the-way, Watt, I didn't tell you of the improvements they've been making in that park out near our place in Baltimore since we were there last. They've tunneled under the main drive and built a funny pergola, which doesn't start any place or end anywhere, and have put in a beautiful memorial fountain. It's by an extremely clever young sculptor, a Mr. Howe, and it really made me ashamed of this city. We're so sadly deficient in monumental works of any artistic value. This is a rich place, and it's too bad that we haven't somewhere a splendid big memorial to the Blue and the Gray."

The Colonel promptly shared her humiliation. His father, and all his uncles, and all the friends of his father and uncles, had worn the butternut in that memorable lost cause, and it had been

(Continued on Page 37)

"You are the Glory of Sunshine and the Fragrance of Flowers"

Ten Years of Rhodes Scholars

By JOHN CORBIN

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

AMERICANS, it has been said, think in millions; but the thought of the late Cecil Rhodes makes our mental counters seem rather small change. It was the habit of his mind to think in continents and in races. And this is only half the difficulty of the problem he has bequeathed us. If, on the one hand, he was a seer and a statesman, on the other hand he was a man of affairs, of action. Having clearly outlined his problem of world politics, he set out to solve it; and the pawns on his gigantic chessboard were certain handfuls of young men—the Rhodes scholars. To a nation that thinks in millions this seems like capitalizing an international bank with pennies; but the problem is bigger than one of mere finance; it is a problem of men and ideas—a problem of life and growth. The seed of the pine is small; but lodge it in the fissure of a cliff and, as its roots strike deep and wide, it rends the solid rock. The growth that began with the death of Cecil Rhodes is to last for untold centuries; but already, in the single decade that has elapsed, we are able to judge of the character and strength of the seedling.

First, the soil. It may be doubted whether the world upon which the founder's gigantic scheme loomed suddenly ten years ago ever clearly grasped its meaning; and even today the effort to follow his mental processes leaves an American rather short of breath. To us the phrase that makes our land "God's country" is a self-indulgent pleasantry; but Rhodes believed that his race were "God's Englishmen" with no less depth and fervor of conviction than that which possessed John Milton when he coined the phrase. Time and again Cecil Rhodes declared that the Anglo-Saxon race—by which he meant all the composite peoples who live under free institutions and speak the English tongue—constitute the greatest instrument yet evolved for the progress and elevation of mankind.

In the history of the world many nations have achieved paramount power and importance, only to fade before the coming of some mightier race. Now at last a race has appeared greater than any of its predecessors—greater in actual numbers; greater in the extent of its lands and possessions; greater in the righteous power of its free institutions. It is, to be sure, scattered to the four winds of heaven; but, thanks to the telegraph and the ocean liner, it is in nearer sympathy than the federation of the Greeks or the empire of the Romans. If its far-flung members could be reunited it would do the most practical, the most effective work possible to establish justice, to promote liberty and to insure peace over the widest possible area of the planet.

"I contend that we are the first race in the world," Mr. Rhodes wrote, "and that the more of the world we inhabit the better it is for the human race. I contend that every acre added to our territory means the birth of more of the English race, who otherwise would not be brought into existence. Added to this the absorption of the greater portion of the world under our rule simply means the end of all wars." This is from an early will—the first draft of the Rhodesian idea; but, though he frequently changed the details of his scheme, the central, inspiring idea remained unaltered.

His was no mere dream of grandiose patriotism inspired by the lust of empire. It was the result of long brooding in the African wastes, of deep and sustained thinking which was none the less religious because the thinker subscribed to none of the established creeds. For many years the practical engine of which he dreamed for the furtherance of his ideas was a religious brotherhood which should pervade the world and guide its destinies. We have this on the explicit authority of Mr. W. T. Stead, who for many years was Mr. Rhodes' most confidential adviser, and who was named as sole executor of his will until political differences with regard to the South African War put them asunder.

They Sat Up Discussing the Matter Until Four o'Clock

The Power of the World

"THE English-speaking race stood to Mr. Rhodes for all that the Catholic Church stood to Ignatius de Loyola." The race was "shattered by internal dissensions, and reft in twain by the declaration of American independence, just as the unity of the church was destroyed by the Protestant Reformation; but, unlike Loyola, who saw that between Protestants and Catholics no union was possible, and who therefore devoted all his energies to enable the Catholics to triumph over their adversaries, Mr. Rhodes believed that it was possible to secure the reunion of the race."

His idea of organizing a religious and patriotic brotherhood fell into abeyance toward the end—but he never said a word or wrote a syllable indicating that he had abandoned it; and it must be clearly held in mind by any one who wishes to grasp the full meaning of the course which he chose as most likely to further his large purposes. An impression has somehow got abroad that his aim was to reclaim for England the flower of our young manhood, and it is true that in his earlier years this seemed to him a desirable end; but he soon saw the situation more clearly. By virtue of the extent of our lands and our resources—by virtue of our energy and efficiency—most of all by virtue of our institutions, we are destined to become the leaders. To quote Mr. Stead again: "He was devoted to the old flag; but in his ideas he was an American, and in his later years he expressed to me his unhesitating readiness to accept the reunion of the race under the Stars and Stripes if it could not be obtained in any other way. Though he had no objection to the monarchy, he unhesitatingly preferred the American to the British Constitution, and the textbook which he laid down for the guidance of his novitiates was a copy of the American Constitution. . . . Mr. Rhodes was a home-ruler first and an imperialist afterward. He realized more keenly than most of his friends that the empire was doomed unless the principle of home rule was carried out consistently and logically. 'If you want to know how it can be done,' he once said to me, 'read the Constitution and the history of the United States. The Americans have solved the problem. It is no new thing that need puzzle you. English-speaking men have solved it and for more than a hundred years have tested its working.'"

In the ten years that have elapsed since his death much has happened to persuade one of the essential wisdom of his conceptions. The British islands have, it is true, declined relatively in wealth and absolutely in prestige. "God's Englishmen" are a little less certain of possessing the undivided admiration of their Maker. And we of the more composite stock, of the more cosmopolitan outlook, have still other bonds of sympathy. Very deeply we appreciate the German science and thoroughness, the refinement and grace of the Latin races; but on the chessboard of world politics the situation is defining itself very much as Rhodes anticipated, and with far greater concreteness and salience.

The sun of Japan has risen on our west; and, though we need not share the fears of alarmists, there can be little doubt that in the slow process of years it will be as portentous as it once seemed paradoxical. Our Monroe Doctrine, framed as a measure toward peace, seems far more likely to plunge us into war. The canal across the Isthmus, which in the long run should prove a powerful argument for peace, has laid upon us responsibilities that may at any time involve us in armed conflict. In case of a war with Japan, England would be technically against us, but her interests would be on our side; and in such cases, as Englishmen well know, only one thing happens to treaties—they become historical documents. Germany is the more probable peril. Many of the best minds in England are convinced that Germany's activity in building a navy, which is ostensibly aimed at the Mistress of the Seas, is in reality a preparation against the time when, in order to gain rule over German colonists in South America, Germany will have to defy us in the matter of the Monroe Doctrine. Then our only hope on the sea would be an alliance with England.

At the time of the Rhodes bequest, in a word, the strongest bond between the two countries was a common language and similar ideas and institutions—largely matters of sentiment. With every passing year, however, it has become clearer that we have the more powerful bonds of common perils and common interests.

The fact remains, however, that history has raised a barrier wall between the kindred countries. Englishmen may be God's chosen, but in the case of our cousins most Americans hail from Missouri. In our first crucial war the Briton was our bitter enemy, and in the other great crisis of our national life he worked in secret against us. In three of our five wars principles have been involved vital to our race and to humanity; and in all three the Briton has been in the wrong, morally and politically. In the melodrama of our history, as it appears to the mind of all schoolboys, the villain has worn a red coat; and it is not strange if to our maturer minds our chief enemy seems to be of our own household. The barrier wall is old and strong. Is there any virtue in these Rhodes seedlings to break it down?

The English themselves have made a newspaper scandal out of the conduct of our Rhodes scholars. Instead of respecting the intention of the founder, it was charged Americans were using his endowment for their own private and selfish ends. Though entertained liberally by young Englishmen, they neglected to return the hospitality. Only those who took an active part in athletics subscribed toward the maintenance of the teams. Instead of joining the Oxford Union and thus entering broadly into the social and intellectual life of the university they formed the American Club. In vacations they left England altogether and spent their well-husbanded allowances in Continental travel. Echoes of all this reached America, and many of us were persuaded that a scheme that had always seemed vague had proved impracticable.

Lack of Tact and its Consequences

I REFERRED the matter to one of the dons who, some years before the advent of the Rhodes scholars, had been my college tutor in Balliol. He said there had once been cause for misgiving; but that, as frequently happens in such cases, the outcry had been raised years after the chief grounds for it had vanished. Conditions were still, of course, far from ideal; but he knew no better way to find out how much had been accomplished than to hunt down the sources of those early scandals.

It was true, I found, that the first batch of Americans had landed with chips on their shoulders. A leading spirit among them had induced them to cross on the same steamer; and he spent the passage in fomenting a spirit of resistance to "perfidious Albion." When they got to Oxford several saw to it, from time to time, that the eagle screamed. The fault was not, however, all on one side. Conservative Oxford—and Oxford is the most conservative of academic seats—had had forebodings as to what seemed to it an incursion of the barbarians. The sacred spirit of the place, it apprehended, was in danger of being violated. A South African Rhodes scholar told me of a confession made to him by an English youth who had prepared at a local school in Oxford. The subject of one of the school essays had been: "Discuss the Evil Influence of the Rhodes Scholars Upon the Oxford Tradition."

If this indicates that there was at first a local spirit of hostility it indicates even more clearly that the memory of it very soon became a joke. Much the same sort of thing happened to the young American who attempted to pin the Stars and Stripes upon the lapels of his comrades. He stood by his guns for two years; but he became more and more solitary in his attitude of patriotic heroism, and in the end he admitted he had got himself in wrong. When his conversion came, I gathered, it made up in warmth for what it had lacked in promptitude.

A story my tutor told me of the first annual dinner of the Rhodes scholars indicates that the lion and the eagle very early came to an understanding. In the after-dinner speaking an American was commenting on the difference in manner between men from the two sides of the Atlantic. On meeting an Englishman an American was likely to remark that Oxford was to him the most beautiful town in the world; that all his life his ambition had been to become an undergraduate there; that he had traveled three thousand miles only for the pleasure of the present moment. An Englishman, however, soon learned not to take this sort of thing quite literally. Boiled down, it simply meant "How do you do?"—with perhaps some slight glow of anticipation. The Englishman, on the other hand, was likely to respond with something between a grunt and a snort, and look his new acquaintance over from the meridian parting of his shaggy locks to the neat curves of his footwear. This, the American soon learned, was not insolence. It only meant that the Englishman was somewhat shy in the face of a new experience, and was helplessly casting about for the right answer to so much cordiality. Yankee and Britisher alike recognized the truth of the picture and roared with laughter. The speech made the hit of the evening.

The Joke Was, of Course, on the American

One American told of an Englishman who begged him not to be always getting up when he dropped in, and offering drinks and things to smoke—that sort of nonsense put him off frightfully. Thereafter the American shied a book the moment the Englishman darkened his door—and they became fast friends. Let no one be downhearted if it takes time to learn such amenities. The lesson is mutual. "Do you know," one Englishman remarked to me, "at first I really thought your fellows were quietly ragging me? But when I understood I rather got to like their cheerful friendliness. Can't do it myself, you know—makes me feel all sorts of an ass; but somehow I wish I could. Trouble with us over here is that when we feel a thing we don't know how to let on about it."

It is true there is an American Club and it flourishes. At teatime, when all Oxford relaxes, many men are found there in companionable talk or reading the American newspapers and periodicals; but it is a warped judgment that can find harm in this. The founder himself felt very keenly the narrowness, the insularity of English life. The last thing he would have wished is to have his scholars forget their own country and grow alien to its institutions. The very essence of his purpose, indeed, was that they should remain strong in their native traditions, and so commend what is best in them to Little Britain. If it is desirable they should come to know the English undergraduate intimately and well it is no less desirable they should come upon similar terms with their fellow countrymen; for it is only in this way that in after years Rhodes graduates in America can exert any united and powerful influence.

An interesting contrast with this complaint of clannishness is the fact that certain of the Rhodes scholars become Anglicised, and on graduating remain in England. That assuredly is contrary to the intent of the founder. Such cases are very rare, however, and at the worst need cause small regret. It is measurably certain that any man who falls under the spell of the ease and luxury of English life would be of no particular advantage at home. *Requiescat in pace!* In short, these contradictory charges react against each other. When a thing is damned on both sides it is a pretty good sign that it is sound in the middle.

How Oxford Absorbs the Outlanders

THE success with which Americans enter into the undergraduate life depends largely upon the character of the college to which they are allotted. At New College and Magdalen, which are mainly made up of men from the English public schools—Winchester, Eton, Harrow, Rugby and others—the student body is pretty generally divided into cliques; it is not easy for an outsider to make his way in it. The same is true of Christ Church, where the aristocratic tradition is strongest. An American has to have some special talent as a "mixer" or else be distinguished as an athlete. Even here, however, not a few of our men have fared well; and when they do so they have the advantage of intimate association with leading influences in English life. The other colleges are more democratic; and some of them, notably Balliol, have long cultivated a broadly representative spirit. Almost from the start, Americans and Colonials alike cease to be conscious of the fact that they are outlanders and merge into the general life on the simplest relationship of man to man.

I asked one Rhodes scholar point-blank whether the intention of the founder played any conscious part in the ordering of their lives. He looked at me with an air of reproach that was perhaps gentler than I deserved, and asked how I should feel about it. He said he did not see how any man could accept fifteen hundred a year and not feel a very deep obligation. As it happened, he was approaching his third year, during which small groups of men leave their college rooms and live together in "diggings"—that is, in a house kept by some townsman. His nearest friend was another American Rhodes scholar, and no one who has not known college friendships can realize the strength of such a bond! Both men had been asked to join parties of Englishmen. They sat up

"Residence" in College Has Only a Secondary Relationship to Study

(Continued on Page 26)

MUSIC

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

IF YOU, the reader, are anything like me, the writer, it happens to you about every once in so long that some well-meaning but semi-witted friend rigs a deadfall for you, and traps you and carries you off, a helpless captive, for an evening among the real music-lovers.

Catching you, so to speak, with your defense leveled and your breastworks unmanned, he speaks to you substantially as follows: "Old man, we're going to have a few people up to the house tonight—just a little informal affair, you understand, with a song or two and some music—and the missus and I would appreciate it mightily if you'd put on your Young Prince Charmings and drop in on us along toward eight. How about it—can we count on you to be among those prominently present?"

Forewarned is forearmed, and you know all about this person already. You know him to be one of the elect in the most exclusive musical coterie of your fair city, wherever your fair city may be. You know him to be on terms of the utmost intimacy with the works of all the great composers. Bill Opus and Jeremiah Fugue have no secrets from him—none whatever—and in conversation he creates the impression that Issy Sonata was his first cousin. He can tell you offhand which one of the Shuberts—Lee or Jake—wrote that Serenade. He speaks of Mozart and Beethoven in such a way a stranger would probably get the idea that Mote and Bate used to work for his folks. He can go to a musical show, and while the performance is going on he can tell everybody in his section just which composer each song number was stolen from, humming the original air aloud to show the points of resemblance. He can do this, I say, and, what is more, he does do it. At the table d'hôte place, when the Neapolitan troubadours come out in their little green jackets and their wide red sashes he is right there at the middle table, poised and waiting; and when they put their heads together and lean in toward the center and sing their national air, Come Into the Garlic, Maud, it is he who beats time for them with his handy lead-pencil, only pausing occasionally to point out errors in technic and execution on the part of the performers. He is that kind of a pest, and you know it.

What you should do under these circumstances, after he has invited you to come up to his house, would be to look him straight in the eye and say to him: "Well, old chap, that's awfully kind of you to include me in your little musical party, and just to show you how much I appreciate it and how I feel about it here's something for you." And then hit him right where his hair parts with a cut-glass paperweight or a bronze clock or a fire-ax or something, after which you should leap madly upon his prostrate form and dance on his cozy corner with both feet and cave in his inglenook for him. That is what you should do, but, being a vacillating person—I am still assuming, you see, that you are constituted as I am—you weakly surrender and accept the invitation and promise to be there promptly on time, and he goes away to snare more victims in order to have enough to make a mess.

Can Music be the Food of Love?

AND so it befalls at the appointed time that you deck your form in your after-six-P.-M. clothes and go up. On the way you get full and fuller of dark forebodings at every step; and your worst expectations are realized as soon as you enter and are relieved of your hat by a colored person in white gloves, and behold spread before you a great horde of those ladies and gentlemen whose rapt expressions and general air of eager expectancy stamp them as true devotees of whatever is most classical in the realm of music. You realize that in such a company as this you are no better than a rank outsider, and that it behooves you to attract as little attention as possible. There is nobody else here who will be interested in discussing with you whether the Giants or the Cubs will finish first this season; nobody except you who cares a whoop how Indiana goes for president—in fact, most of them probably haven't heard that Indiana was thinking of going. Their souls are soaring among the stars in a rarefied atmosphere of culture, and even if you could you wouldn't dare venture up that far with yours, for fear of being seized by an uncontrollable impulse to leap off and end all, the same as some persons are affected when on the roof of a tall building. So you back into the nearest corner and try to look like a part of the furniture—and wait in dumb misery.

Usually you don't have to wait very long. These people are beggars for punishment and like to start early. It is customary to lead off the program with a selection on the piano by a distinguished lady graduate of somebody-with-an-Italian-name's school of piano expression. Under no circumstances is it to be expected that this lady will play anything that you can understand or that I could understand. It would be contrary to the ethics of her calling and deeply repugnant to her artistic temperament to play a tune that would sound well on a phonograph record. This would never do. She comes forward, stripped for battle, and bows and peels off her gloves and fiddles with the piano-stool until she gets it adjusted to suit her, and then she sits down, prepared to render an immortal work composed by one of the old masters, who was probably intoxicated at the time.

She starts gently. She throws her head far back and closes her eyes dreamily, and hits the keys a soft, dainty little lick—tippy-tap! Then leaving a call with the night clerk for eight o'clock in the morning, she seems to drift off into a peaceful slumber, but awakens on the moment and hurrying all the way up to the other end of Main Street she slams the bass keys a couple of hard blows—bumetty-bum! And so it goes for quite a long spell after that: Tippy-tap!—off to the country for a week-end party, Friday to Monday; bumetty-bum!—six months elapse between the third and fourth acts; tippetty-tip!—two years later; dear me, how the old place has changed! Biffetty-biff! Gracious, how time flies, for here it is summer again and the flowers are all in bloom! You sink farther and farther into your chair and debate with yourself whether you ought to run like a coward or stay and die like a hero. One of your legs goes to sleep and the rest of you envies the leg. You can feel your whiskers growing, and you begin to itch in two hundred separate places, but you can't scratch.

And I Enjoy it More Than Words Can Tell!

The strangest thing about it is that those round you appear to be enjoying it. Incredible though it seems, they are apparently finding pleasure in this. You can tell that they are enjoying themselves because they begin to act as real music-lovers always act under such circumstances—some put their heads on one side and wall up their eyes in a kind of a dying-calf attitude and listen so hard you can hear them listening, and some bend over toward their nearest neighbors and murmur their rapture. It is all right for them to murmur, but if you so much as scrooge your feet, or utter a low, despairing moan or anything, they all turn and glare at you reproachfully and go "Sh!" like a collection of steam-heating fixtures. Depend on them to keep you in your place!

All of a sudden the lady operator comes out of her trance. She comes out of it with a violent start, as though she had just been bee-stung. She now cuts loose, regardless of the cost of the piano and its associations to its owners. She skitters her flying fingers up and down the instrument from one end to the other, producing a sound like hailstones falling on a tin roof. She grabs the helpless thing by its upper lip and tries to tear all its front teeth out with her bare hands. She fails in this, and then she goes mad from disappointment and in a frenzy resorts to her fists.

Ro-hocked in the Cra-hadle of the Da-heep, I La-hay Me Down in Pe-heace to Sa-leep!

As nearly as you are able to gather, a terrific fire has broken out in one of the most congested tenement districts. You can hear the engines coming and the hook-and-ladder trucks clattering over the cobbles. Ambulances come, too, clanging their gongs, and one of them runs over a dog; and a wall falls, burying several victims in the ruin. At this juncture persons begin jumping out of the top-floor windows, holding cooking stoves in their arms, and a team runs away and plunges through a plate-glass window into a tinware and crockery store. People are all running round and shrieking, and the dog that was run over is still yelping—he wasn't killed outright evidently, but only crippled—and several tons of dynamite explode in a basement.

As the crashing reverberations die away the lady arises, wan but game, and bows low in response to the applause and backs away, leaving the wreck of the piano pushed back on its haunches and trembling like a leaf in every limb.

All to yourself, off in your little corner, you are thinking that surely this has been suffering and disaster enough for one evening and everybody will be willing to go away and seek a place of quiet. But no. In its demand for fresh horrors this crowd is as insatiate as the ancient Romans used to be when Nero was giving one of those benefits at the Colosseum for the fire sufferers of his home city. There now advances to the platform a somber person of a bass aspect, he having a double-yolk face and a three-ply chin and a chest like two or three chests.

Harking Back to the Ark

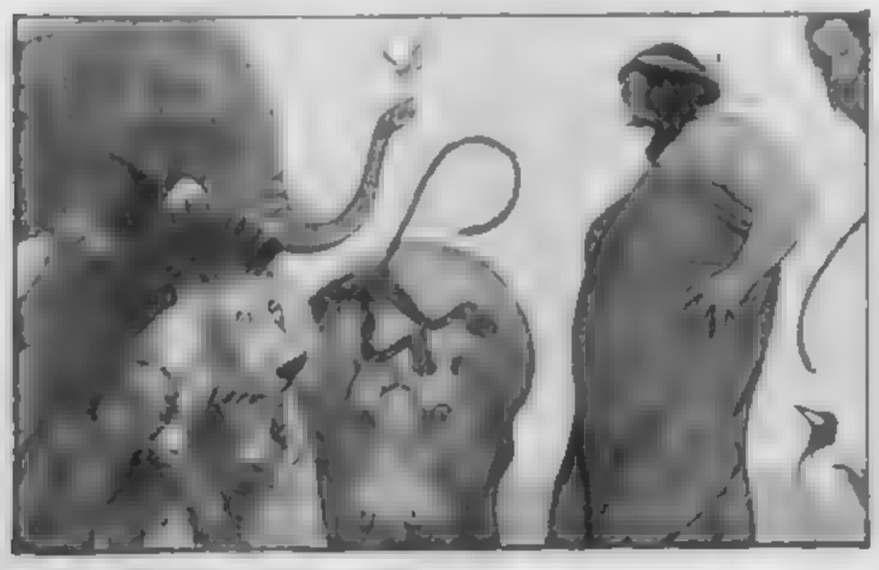
YOU know in advance what the big-mouthed black bass is going to sing—there is only one regular song for a bass singer to sing. From time to time insidious efforts have been made to work in songs for basses dealing with the love affairs of Bedouins and the joys of life down in a coal mine; but after all, to a bass singer who really values his gift of song and wishes to make the most of it, there is but one suitable selection, beginning as follows:

Ro-hocked in the cra-hadle of the da-heep,
I la-hay me down in pe-heace to sa-leep!
'Ollum and pa-heaceful be my sa-leep
Ro-hocked in the cra-hadle of the da-heep!

That is the orthodox offering for a bass. The basses of the world have always used it, I believe, and generally to advantage. From what I have been able to ascertain I judge that it was first written for use on the Ark. Shem sang it probably. If there is anything in this doctrine of heredity Ham specialized in banjo solos and soft-shoe dancing, and Japhet, I take it, was the tenor—he certainly had a tenor-sounding kind of a name. So it must have been Shem, and undoubtedly he sang it when the animals were hungry, so as to drown out the sounds of their roaring.

So this, his descendant—this chip off the old cheese, as it were—stands up on the platform facing you, with his chest well extended to show his red suspender straps peeping coyly out from the arm openings of his vest, and he inserts one hand into his bosom, and over and over again he tells you that he is contemplating laying himself down in peace to sleep—which is more than anybody else on the block will be able to do; and he rocks you in the cradle of the deep until you are as seasick as a cow. You could stand that, maybe, if only he wouldn't make faces at you while he sings. Some day I am going to take the time off to make scientific research and ascertain why all bass singers make faces when they are singing. Surely there is some psychological reason for this, and if there isn't it should be stopped by legislative enactment.

When Sing-Bad the Sailor has quit rocking the boat and come ashore, a female singer generally obliges and comes off the nest after a merry lay, cackling her triumph. Then there is something more of a difficult and painful nature on the piano; and nearly always, too, there is a large lady wearing a low-vamp gown on a high-arch form, who in flutelike



Shem Undoubtedly Sang it When the Animals Were Hungry

One of Those French Ballads That's Full of La-Las

notes renders one of those French ballads that's full of la-las and is supposed to be devilish and naughty because nobody can understand it. For the finish, some person addicted to elocution usually recites a poem to piano accompaniment. The poem Robert of Sicily is much used for these purposes, and whenever I hear it Robert invariably has my deepest sympathy and so has Sicily. Toward midnight a cold collation is served, and you recapture your hat and escape forth into the starry night, swearing to yourself that never again will you permit yourself to be lured into an orgy of the true believers.

But the next time an invitation comes along you will fall again. Anyhow that's what I always do, meanwhile raging inwardly and cursing myself for a weak and spineless creature who doesn't know when he's well off. Yet I would not be regarded as one who is insensible to the charms of music. In its place I like music, if it's the kind of music I like. These times, when so much of our music is punched out for us by machinery like buttonholes and the air vents in Swiss cheese, and then is put up in cans for the trade like Boston beans and baking-powder, nothing gives me more pleasure than to drop a nickel in the slot and hear an inspiring selection by the author of Alexander's Ragtime Band.

I am also partial to band music. When John Philip Sousa comes to town you can find me down in the very front row.

I appreciate John Philip Sousa when he faces me and shows me that breast full of medals extending from the whiskerline to the beltline, and I appreciate him still more when he turns round and gives me a look at that back of his. Since Colonel W. F. Cody practically retired and Miss Mary Garden went away to Europe, I know of no public back which for inherent grace and poetry of spinal motion can quite compare with Mr. Sousa's.

I am in my element then. I do not care so very much for Home, Sweet Home, as rendered with so many variations that it's almost impossible to recognize the old place any more; but when they switch to a march, a regular Sousa march full of um-pahs, then I begin to spread myself. A little tingle of anticipatory joy runs through me as Mr. Sousa advances to the footlights and first waves his baton at the great big German who plays the little shiny thing that looks like a hypodermic and sounds like stepping on the cat, and then turns the other way and waves it at the little bit of a German who plays the big thing that looks like a ventilator off an ocean liner and sounds like feeding-time at the zoo. And then he makes the invitation general and calls up the brasses and the drums and the woods and the woodwinds, and also the thunders and the lightnings and the cyclones and the earthquakes. And three or four of the trombonists pull the slides away out and let go full steam right in my face, with a blast that blows my hair out by the roots, and all hands join in and make so much noise that you can't hear the music. And I enjoy it more than words can tell!

The Best Part of Elektra

ON THE other hand, grand opera does not appeal to me. I can enthuse over the robin's song in the spring, and the sound of the summer wind rippling through the ripened wheat is not without its attractions for me; but when I hear people going into convulsions of joy over Signor Massacre's immortal opera of Medulla Oblongata I feel that I am out of my element and I start back-pedaling. Lucy D. Lammermore may have been a lovely person, but to hear a lot of foreigners singing about her for three hours on a stretch does not appeal to me. I have a better use for my little two dollars. For that amount I can go to a good minstrel show and sit in a box.

You may recall when Strauss' Elektra was creating such a furor in this country a couple of years ago. All the people you met were talking about it whether they knew anything about it or not, and generally they didn't. I caught the disease myself; I went to hear it sung.

I only lasted a little while. I confess it unabashedly—if there is such a word as unabashedly—and if there isn't then I confess it unashamedly. As well as a mere layman could gather from the opening proceedings, this opera of Elektra was what the life story of the Borgia family of Italy would be if set to music by Fire-Chief Croker. In the quieter moments of the action, when nobody was being put out of the way, half of the chorus assembled on one side of the stage and imitated the last ravings of John McCullough, and the other half went over on the other side of the stage and clubbed in and imitated Wallace, the Untamable Lion, while the orchestra, to show its impartiality, imitated something else—Old Home Week in a boiler factory, I think. It moved me strangely—strangely and also rapidly.

Taking advantage of one of these periods of comparative calm I arose and softly stole away. I put a dummy in my place to deceive the turnkeys and I found a door providentially unlocked and I escaped out into the night. Three or four thousand automobiles were charging up and down Broadway, and there was a fire going on a couple of blocks up the street, and I think a suffragette procession was passing too; but after what I'd just been through the quiet was very soothing to my eardrums. I don't know when I've enjoyed anything more than the last part of Elektra, that I didn't hear.

Yet my reader should not argue from this admission that I am deaf to the charms of the human voice when raised in song. Unnaturalized aliens of a beefy aspect vocalizing in a strange tongue while an orchestra of two hundred pieces performs—that, I admit, is not for me. But just let a pretty girl in a white dress with a flower in her hair come out on a stage, and let her have nice clear eyes and a big wholesome-looking mouth, and let her open that mouth and show a double row of white teeth that'd remind you of the first roasting ear of the season—just let her be all that and do all that, and then let her look right at me and sing The Last Rose of Summer or Annie Laurie or Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms—and I am hers to command, world without end, forever and ever, amen! My eyes cloud up for a rainy spell, and in my throat there comes a lump so big I feel like a coach-whip snake that has inadvertently swallowed a china darning-egg. And when she is through I am the person sitting in the second row down front who applauds until the flooring gives way and the plastering is jarred loose on the next floor. She can sing for me by the hour and I'll sit there by the hour and listen to her, and forget that there ever was such a person in the world as the late Vogner! That's the kind of a music-lover I am, and I suspect, if the truth were known, there are a whole lot more just like me.

She Tries to Tear All Its Front Teeth Out With Her Bare Hands

If I may be excused for getting sort of personal and reminiscent at this point I should like to make brief mention here of the finest music I ever heard. As it happened this was instrumental music. I had come to New York with a view to revolutionizing metropolitan journalism, and journalism had shown a reluctance amounting to positive diffidence about coming forward and being revolutionized. Pending the time when it should see fit to do so, I was stopping at a boarding house on West Fifty-Seventh Street. It has been my observation that practically everybody who comes to New York stops for a while in a boarding house on West Fifty-Seventh Street.

West Fifty-Seventh Street was where I was established in a hall bedroom on the top floor—a hall bedroom so form-fitting and cozy that when I went to bed I always opened the transom to prevent a feeling of closeness across the chest. If I had as many as three callers in my room of an evening and one of them got up to go first, the others had to sit quietly while he was picking out his own legs. But up to the time I speak of I hadn't had any callers. I hadn't been there very long and I hadn't met any of the other boarders socially, except at the table. I had only what you might call a feeding acquaintance with them.

Christmas Eve came round. I was a thousand miles from home and felt a million. I shouldn't be surprised if I was a little bit homesick. Anyhow it was Christmas Eve, and it was snowing outside according to the orthodox Christmas Eve formula, and upward of five million other people in New York were getting ready for Christmas without my company, coöperation or assistance. You'd be surprised to know how lonesome you can feel in the midst of five million people—until you try it on a Christmas Eve.

After dinner I went up to my room and sat down with my back against the door and my feet on the window-ledge, and I rested one elbow in the washpitcher and put one knee on the mantel and tried to read the newspapers. The first article I struck was a Christmas poem, a sentimental Christmas poem full of allusions to the family circle, and the old homestead, and the stockings hanging by the fireplace, and all that sort of thing.

That was enough. I put on my hat and overcoat and went down into the street. The snow was coming down in long, slanting lines and the sidewalks were all white, and where the lamplight shone on them they looked like the frosting on birthday cakes. People laden with bundles were diving in and out of all the shops. Every other shop window had a holly wreath hung in it, and when the doors were opened those spicy Christmassy smells of green hemlock and pine came gushing out in my face.

Away From My Old Kentucky Home

SO FAR as I could tell, everybody in New York—except me—was buying something for his or her or some other body's Christmas. It was a tolerably lonesome sensation. I walked two blocks, loitering sometimes in front of a store. Nobody spoke to me except a policeman. He told me to keep moving. Finally I went into a little family liquor store. Strangely enough, considering the season, there was nobody there except the proprietor. He was reading a German newspaper behind the bar. I spoke with him concerning the advisability of an egg-nog. He had never heard of such a thing as an egg-nog. I mentioned two old friends of mine, named Tom and Jerry, respectively, and he didn't know them either. So I compromised on a hot lemon toddy. The lemon was one that had grown up with him in the liquor business, I think, and it wasn't what you would call a spectacular success as a hot toddy; but it was warming, anyhow, and that helped. I expanded a trifle. I asked him whether he wouldn't take something on me.

He took a small glass of beer! He was a foreigner and he probably knew no better, so I suppose I shouldn't have judged him too harshly. But it was Christmas Eve and snowing outside—and he took a small beer!

I paid him and came away. I went back to my hall bedroom up on the top floor and sat down at the window with my face against the pane, like Little Maggie in the poem.

It continued to snow. I reckon I must have sat there an hour or more.

Down in the street four stories below I heard something—music. I raised the sash and looked out. An Italian had halted in front of the boarding house with a grind organ and he was turning the crank and the thing was playing. It wasn't much of a grind organ as grind organs go. I judge it must have been the original grind organ that played with Booth and Barrett. It had lost a lot of its most important works, and it had the asthma and the heaves and had one thing and another the matter with it.

But the tune it was playing was My Old Kentucky Home—and Kentucky was where I'd come from. The Italian played it through twice, once on his own hook and once because I went downstairs and divided my money with him.

I regard that as the finest music I ever heard.

As I was saying before, the classical stuff may do for those who like it well enough to stand it, but the domestic article suits me.

I like the kind of beer that this man Bach turned out in the spring of the year, but I don't seem to be able to care much for his music. And so far as Chopin is concerned, I hope you'll all do your Christmas Chopin early.

Their Souls are Soaring Among the Stars

The Adventures of Anastasius

A Pyramid of Palmers—By G. Sidney Paternoster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Watching the Man Whom He Had Duped and Fed and Drugged, With an Expression of Perfect Content

AT THE sound of the name James A. Boddington, Anastasius Yorke pricked up his ears, though he did not raise his eyes from the newspaper propped against the water carafe in front of him.

"Quaint chap, Boddington," said the speaker. "Doesn't mind splashing his money about to get what he wants; but he won't take anything on trust. 'Seeing's believing' is his motto; and whenever I manage to dig up a reference to a Boddington in any parish register he always insists upon verifying the entry for himself."

"Keen on ancestors, eh?" remarked the second of the two men seated at the table in the little Soho restaurant where Anastasius occasionally dined when he wished to be absolutely free to meditate upon future plans.

"Yes; like all your American millionaires, nothing short of a Mayflower ancestry will satisfy him," was the reply. "I'm afraid he will be disappointed though. I can't find a Boddington of the time he wants unaccounted for. I suppose I shall have to switch him off on to the female line. He won't be best pleased when I tell him of my failure next week."

"Comes over every year, doesn't he?"

"Two or three times; and if I were to send a cable to say I had found a fresh family of Boddingtons he'd charter a special steamer to bring him," remarked the first speaker. "All the same he takes precious good care no one shall know of his little hobby. Rather afraid an ancestral Boddington may have graced a Newgate calendar, I suppose." The speaker laughed lightly as he rose and, followed by his companion, bade the waiter good night and strolled out of the restaurant.

Anastasius remained. At a critical moment the crumbs of information had dropped from the lips of the genealogist who had been seated so near him, and he was wondering how to turn them to advantage.

To the ordinary city financier, the information that James A. Boddington, sometimes called the Railroad King—the man at whose will American railroad stocks rose and fell as if they were the barometer and he the weather—was interested in tracing his ancestry would have seemed of little importance; but Anastasius had a wider outlook on life than the ordinary financier. That outlook had widened considerably since the day when he had induced Mr. Solomon Isaacs to hand over to him—lock, stock and barrel—the business of Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington.

For a time Anastasius had done well. The business had developed considerably. The last operation in which he had engaged, however, threatened to prove a ticklish one for the firm. As a matter of fact Anastasius had entered the restaurant with the thought in his mind to put an end, once and for all, to the truthful combination—to execute Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington—and, when they were decently buried and forgotten, to rise phœnixlike from their ashes with some equally impressive title. And James A. Boddington was the man who had made this course appear to be necessary. He did not know it, naturally. He was far too actively engaged in directing the railroad affairs of a continent, to the end that wherever the wheels of freight or passenger train turned round they should turn with the one single object of bringing more dollars to the prodigious pile he had accumulated; but the fact remained that the fortunes of Anastasius Yorke in 1910 were dependent wholly and solely upon James A. Boddington.

It was in this wise: When Anastasius evicted his employer by his dexterous use of Inspector Popple's visiting-card, twenty thousand circulars of advice had just been posted to possible clients of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington. The response had been disappointing. A paltry seven hundred and fifty pounds had been the total amount of cash which had been sent for investment in the Unions recommended in the circular.

Had Mr. Solomon Isaacs remained in the city, he would have been furious at such a scanty harvest, particularly as he had paid five guineas a thousand for the list of names to the confidential clerk of one of his bucketshop rivals, on the assurance that every one of the names in the list was "safe for a fiver." Such might have been the case; but the fact was that the majority of them had dropped so many fivers into the insatiable maw of the rival that they needed something more alluring than the bait which Mr. Solomon Isaacs had dangled before them to tempt them to swallow his hook.

Originality had not been a strong point with Isaacs. He had always used the same old worm. "This week we predict a big rise in Unions"; "five pounds will control five hundred pounds of stock"; "a rise of one point will give one hundred per cent profit on your investment." But competition had been keen in the bucketshop business. The twenty thousand speculators had probably been mulcted of all their spare fivers, since so small a proportion of them sent on their checks for Unions.

It is true that Anastasius would not have fared badly. The list of names had been paid for in hard cash. So, too, had the printing and postage of the circulars. The seven hundred and fifty pounds would have been all clear profit, for within a week of the receipt of the money Unions had dropped a couple of points; and if Anastasius had chosen to send a polite letter to the "investors," regretting the untoward trend of the market which had dissipated their investment, none could have accused him of acting otherwise than straightforwardly.

Anastasius, however, had larger ideas than seven hundred and fifty pounds. As he expressed it afterward in one of his maxims, "A goose in the bush is worth more than a sparrow in the hand." He wanted the goose, and so he tossed the sparrow into the air to fly away and inform the bird in the bush what an honest, kindly, straightforward, philanthropic firm Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington was. In other words, to the speculators who had sent him the seven hundred and fifty pounds he addressed a letter informing them that, on the eve of completing a deal on their behalf, information had reached him which had induced him to apprehend a fall instead of a rise; and that accordingly he had not entered upon the proposed transaction. He trusted that he would be forgiven for disobeying his clients' instructions, since the result was that their capital remained intact and would, if they desired it, be returned to them, or, on receipt of instructions—order form inclosed—would be employed in a new deal, which could not by any possibility fail to secure handsome profits.

The goose in the bush had listened. Of the seven hundred and fifty pounds Anastasius was only asked to return fifteen pounds. The goose in the bush also cackled and other geese listened to the cackling. For the new deal Anastasius had received a thousand pounds to add to the seven hundred and fifty pounds.

This time the recommendation had proved successful. The clients of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington received a circular telling them that their five pounds had become ten pounds. Would they prefer to have a check or invest their capital in another certainty? Ninety-nine per cent of them, with the bubble of success apparently in their grasp, went in for the new deal. The cackling in the bush became louder than ever when they received the gratifying announcement that again they had been successful. Again they were invited to reinvest their winnings—and, after that, yet a fourth time.

Each time the goose in the bush had cackled more loudly, and by the time the fourth deal was announced it had raised such a particularly jubilant note that the checks had literally poured into the office of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington. Then Anastasius had realized that it was time for the bird in the bush to become the bird in the hand; and so for his fourth deal he had recommended an investment in "Palmers."

Now, as every one in the city of London or the city of New York, or for that matter in any place in the civilized world where a speculator is to be found, knows, if there is one enterprise of which a prudent investor should beware, it is Palmers, by which endearing diminutive the stock of the Palmerstown and Victoriaville Railroad Company is generally known. From the day when its first issue of preference stock was planted on a confiding public, it had occupied far more attention than its intrinsic importance warranted.

Its hundred miles of road, in fact, hardly entitled it to be considered a railroad at all; but Palmerstown and Victoriaville happened to be two important traffic centers on the trunkroads which fought for the freight of half a continent. One of them was under the control of Boddington; the other was directed by that magnate's only important rival, Charles P. Schneider. Which of the two rival interests should control Palmers accordingly was a perpetual bone of contention.

It would be idle to discuss now whether this fact was foreseen by the astute promoters of the line, but something of the sort must have been in their mind when they issued to themselves two million pounds' worth of ordinary shares and built and equipped the line with the five hundred thousand pounds subscribed for the purpose by the public. At all events the public at various times got into their heads a belief that sooner or later one of the rivals would buy up the Palmerstown and Victoriaville Railroad. By trading on that belief the promoters of Palmers ultimately managed to pass on to the public the two million pounds' worth of stock with which they had rewarded themselves, though at considerably less than its nominal value.

An Advertisement Attracted His Attention

A Dim Comprehension That He Had Been the Victim of Some Trickery Wakened in His Aching Head

And thereafter the continuance of the belief made of Palmers one of the favorite playthings of the bulls and the bears on the stock exchange.

A hint that James A. Boddington was buying was sufficient to send Palmers up ten points, a hint that he was selling would be sufficient to set speculators all over the world selling too; and, as rumors of one description or the other occurred half a dozen times a year, and Palmers shared also the ordinary fluctuations of most railroad stocks, it will be readily understood by the enlightened that these shares afforded abnormal opportunities to the gambler.

What was much more to the purpose, they also gave abnormal opportunities to the bucketshop keeper; for it was the rarest event if, in the course of an account when the market was active, they did not drop to some point that would effectually dissipate the margin of cover which had been intrusted by confiding speculators to Anastasius Yorke and his rivals.

Anastasius therefore had selected Palmers for dissipating any ideas of fortune that had grown up in the minds of his clients. Palmers had recently had a substantial rise, and in the ordinary course of events a fall was due; but no sooner had he posted to Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington's clients the documents which they fondly believed were contract notes, than Palmers gave another spurt; and the reason was one calculated to give Anastasius grave uneasiness.

Rumor, which had on previous occasions proved deserving of the title "lying jade," for once had a substratum of truth when it credited James A. Boddington with being a bull on Palmers. Really the magnate had long had his eye upon the hundred miles of railroad, but he never had the slightest intention of paying a fancy price for it. So he had waited. Stock had been picked up quietly when opportunity offered and taken off the market by his agents in small blocks, until the total amount withdrawn was considerable.

No one had detected Boddington in these scattered transactions. The New York brokers, who purchased for a man giving the address of a homestead in one of the Western states of America and accompanying his order with a check upon a local bank, had no idea that it was Boddington's money that paid for the stock.

Nor did the English stockbroker who similarly purchased Palmers, apparently for some villager in the shires, imagine that he was acting for one of Boddington's agents. Of course there came a time when the fact that a considerable portion of Palmers stock had been taken off the market became known to the rival railroad interest represented by Charles P. Schneider, as Boddington intended it should. And the time at which examination of the stockbooks revealed the fact to Mr. Schneider synchronized with an announcement that Boddington proposed to pay a visit to Europe in order to get rid of a troublesome insomnia.

To the Schneider interest the opportunity seemed too good to be missed. In Boddington's absence, what would be easier than to initiate a slump in Palmers, to scare all those simple farmers in the West and those thick-headed Britishers who had invested their money in the belief that, if they did not want to lose the whole of their savings, they must sell Palmers without an instant's delay. So rumors were sedulously spread that James A. Boddington was on the verge of a physical as well as a mental breakdown. James A. saw them and smiled—but he did not contradict them.

Then the day after he sailed for England—the day after Anastasius had notified his clients that their money was in Palmers—Charles P. Schneider brought off his coup.

Both in New York and in London his brokers made attempts to bang Palmers; but the astonishing result remained that Palmers did not budge so much as a dollar. All the stock offered was bought and the heavy offerings brought out but a few sellers from other quarters. As a result of the first day's campaign, the Schneider operators had got rid of the whole of their own interests in Palmers without making any alteration in the price.

But Charles P. Schneider was not accustomed to be worsted in such an encounter. He renewed his instructions to sell and his brokers sold stock that he did not possess; but, when the limit of his selling orders was reached, Palmers were still buyers and they had risen two points. Then Charles P. Schneider realized that James A. Boddington's trip to Europe and his insomnia had been a means to an end; and when a special agent, dispatched to interview some of the Western holders of Palmer stocks, reported that these gentlemen had been merely temporarily residents at their reputed addresses, he realized he was in for a squeeze which would probably leave him a very sore bear indeed.

Though not publicly disclosed at this time, yet sufficient of the facts of the failure of the Schneider bear campaign had leaked out to make it evident that some one would be short of stock on settling day; and so day by day Palmers went up. Anastasius had indeed put his clients on to a good thing.

On the very day when the casual conversation in the restaurant reached his ears he had been contemplating a rough balance sheet of the liabilities Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington would be called upon to meet if Palmers belied their history and remained stationary. He had informed his clients that they had purchased Palmers at 21, and Palmers now stood at 26. In other words, every one who had sent Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington five pounds as a margin to cover a possible drop of one point on five hundred pounds' worth of stocks would expect to receive twenty-five pounds' profit plus his original contribution, and the total sum he would be called upon to meet staggered him.

The boldness of his financial operations may be gathered from the following table:

CAPITAL AND PROFITS CARRIED FORWARD FOR EACH NEW OPERATION

	First Deal	Second Deal	Third Deal	Fourth Deal
Cash received	£750	£1500	£3000	£6000
Cash received	....	1000	2000	4000
Cash received.....	....	.....	2000	4000
Cash received	....	.....	.....	5000
				£19000

From this it may be seen at once that Anastasius had received eighty-seven hundred and fifty pounds which in his books had already increased to nineteen thousand pounds, and would, through the operation of Mr. Boddington's little scheme for squeezing Mr. Schneider on the next settling day, total up to nineteen thousand pounds multiplied by five. To meet that liability of ninety-five thousand pounds, Anastasius had just so much of eighty-seven hundred and fifty pounds, as was left over after meeting his office expenses and paying for his own personal necessities.

The only satisfactory way out of his difficulty would be a sudden fall in Palmers, and the only prospect of any such event, so far as Anastasius could see, would be in the event of the sudden death of James A. Boddington. That was a most unlikely thing to happen, for James A. was fifty-five and had never had a day's illness in his life. And Anastasius, having no aching to be the central figure in a sensational murder trial, did not contemplate even the possibilities of removing the railroad king. It would be much easier to kill Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington; for, however sudden their demise, they had no corporeal presence to be viewed by a coroner's jury.

He did not like the idea however. He did not relish the thought of sneaking away furtively, like Mr. Solomon Isaacs, with the expectation of feeling the tap of a policeman's finger on his shoulder at any moment. Fortunately there was plenty of time. Ten days had yet to elapse before settling day came round and much might happen in ten days.

The restaurant was nearly empty when Yorke rose from his table; and, picking up the unread paper, he folded it methodically. As he did so an advertisement attracted his attention. It ran as follows:

COUNTRY RECTORY. To let at once, furnished, for two or three months, old-fashioned rectory house in delightful riverside village. Four bedrooms. Ten guineas a week to immediate tenant. Apply any weekday. The Rectory, Harpledon Abbas, Oxford.

A smile overspread Anastasius' features. He resumed his seat; and, producing from his pocket a little red book with worn corners, he made the following cryptic entry: "By a man's forefathers shall ye know him"

"How Many Years Is It Since Boddington Lived in This House, Did You Say, Sir?"

II

A GREATER change, or a more delightful one, than that from the pavements of the city of London to the lawn of the rectory at Harpledon Abbas no man could conceive or desire. So, at least, thought James A. Boddington as he unlatched the gate and, passing under an arch of roses, entered the rectory grounds. The spirit of peace held undisputed sway in this little backwater of life. A lark trilled overhead, the bees murmured a song to the roses, the cedar on the lawn cast inviting shadows on the green turf—everywhere were sunlight and roses.

"If this place should not be the ancestral home of the Boddingtons," remarked

James A., as his keen glance drank in the perfection of the situation, "I shall be a thoroughly disappointed man."

The rectory was indeed a home any man might envy. The old gray stones of its walls peeped through their floral curtains. The latticed windows glittered in the sunlight. Behind the house a beech wood covered the hill which sheltered it from the cold winds of the north and east, and a spur of the wood, running down the hill, thinned sufficiently to give a glimpse of a gray stone church a couple of hundred yards distant. The windows of the house itself looked out over the level lawn and miles of sloping country to the silver thread of the Thames. The whole countryside glowed with color. Halfway between gate and house James A. stopped to drink it all in. "The old country has some good points after all," he said.

His remarks, however, did not by any means do full justice to the railroad magnate's feelings. The beauty of the spot really touched his great sentimental American heart to the core. This was just such a place as he had dreamed of as having been the home of the original Boddington. Here it was, unchanged from the day when the original New England Boddington had left this place of peace to make a new home for himself in the new country. Perhaps that James Boddington had stood on the very spot where he now stood; and, looking over smiling meadows upon a silvery Thames, while a lark sang the song of freedom to which he was bound to listen, James A. Boddington felt as others like him have felt on similar occasions—as if, in fact, he stood on holy ground.

He had some reason for his feelings in the letter which lay in his pocketbook alongside a wad of banknotes. He had chuckled when he read that letter, for it had reached him just after a genealogist he had employed to hunt up a family tree for him in England had informed him that, among all the Boddingtons, he could obtain no record of any who might have accompanied the Pilgrim Fathers on their adventure to the New World. The letter was dated from The Rectory, Harpledon Abbas. It read:

My dear Sir: As a total stranger, it may perhaps seem somewhat of a presumption for me to venture to address you through the medium of the post; but an elderly clergyman may perhaps be pardoned for dispensing with the formality of an introduction in bringing to your notice a matter which may be of some little personal interest to you.

"Another begging letter," Mr. Boddington had remarked when he had read thus far; but when he had read a few lines farther his opinion changed.

If you are personally unknown to me, your name, uncommon as it is, is by no means unfamiliar, for in the registers of my parish church, which I may say are in a singularly perfect state of preservation, the name of James Alured Boddington recurs with some frequency among the entries made in the sixteenth century and earlier part of the seventeenth. This is not altogether surprising; for I gather, from the fact that there is a vault in the church which was at one time the family grave of a Boddington family—and from the fact, also, that there are some brasses in the chancel, placed there by pious members of the family to record the names of dead-and-gone Boddingtons—that undoubtedly at one time the Boddingtons were a family of some importance in this neighborhood; and I have good reason for believing that the rectory itself was at one time the ancestral home of the Boddington family. I could give you many more details bearing upon this point if you should desire; but I refrain from doing so for the present, as my object in writing is to acquaint you with the existence of these registers, for the question of genealogy is of extreme interest to me; and communications which I have in the past been able to make to the living representatives of other families, whose records are enshrined in the registers of Harpledon Abbas, have, I believe, been warmly welcomed. This, my dear sir, is my excuse for my trespass on your patience; and if the subject is one which does not interest you I beg that you will excuse this unconventional method of bringing it under your notice. Should, however, the matter be one on which you would like fuller particulars, I should be only too pleased to write you more fully on the subject, and beg to remain, obediently yours,

JOHN CARMICHAEL.

Then followed this postscript:

Should you desire to inspect the original entries and would send me a line to warn me when to expect you, it would give me great pleasure to show them to you.

James A. Boddington had answered promptly. To say he had been delighted by the reception of this letter but poorly describes his condition of mind. He sat down there and then and penned an effusive letter of thanks, asking when it would be convenient for him to call at the rectory to inspect the Boddington records.

The response to his letter had been equally prompt. The Reverend John Carmichael had suggested a train that would bring Boddington to Mayfield, a railroad station about a mile from Harpledon Abbas, just in time for him to lunch. "If you will do me the favor of lunching with me I can promise you a good glass of port; and afterward you can examine the registers at your leisure, for I will have them brought to the rectory for the purpose," the Reverend John Carmichael had written.

James A. Boddington had spent two strenuous hours with his secretary before leaving his hotel for the railroad station. That wideawake young gentleman had noticed that his employer had been curiously distraught. Usually he rapped out answers to correspondents so quickly that it was difficult to keep pace with him; but this morning the secretary had to reread at least three letters before Mr. Boddington comprehended their import—and once, in the middle of a long series of instructions about a revision of freights between New York and San Francisco, he had paused and muttered something which to the secretary's ears sounded like "Boddington brasses"—though, of course, it could be nothing so devoid of all meaning. At least the secretary thought so then. Nor was that the only particular in which Boddington did not happen to be quite himself. He had been unusually impatient. Indeed, before he had finished his correspondence he had rung for his hat and stick, and announced that he was going out for a stroll.

"This hotel is too serious-minded for a citizen of New York," he had remarked. "I'm just going out to get some air; and if I don't find some cheerful Britisher to buy my lunch you may take it from me that James A. B. has forgotten the first principles of success."

He had given no hint of his real destination; and when James A. Boddington a few minutes later stepped into the taxi which he picked up in the street to take him to the station, no one in London or New York could have had any suspicion whither he was bound. Nor on his way did any one recognize him for the great American railroad magnate. The single porter at Mayfield railroad station, who directed him to Harpledon Abbas, had no idea that the gentleman with the American accent was anything so important; and when he walked up the path to the rectory's front door there were only two persons in the world besides himself who knew who he was—and those were the Reverend John Carmichael and his daughter.

Boddington stopped twice on his way from the front gate to the front door—the first time to enjoy the view, the second time to inhale the scent of a particularly fragrant rose. There was no one in sight.

"I guess," he remarked as he tugged at an old-fashioned iron bell-pull which hung in the porch, "if I had been born in the ancestral home there would not have been much difficulty in counting the Boddington dollars today."

This unimpeachable testimony to the reposeful effect of Harpledon Abbas was not unduly disturbed by the response to his summons. A deep-toned bell clanged somewhere in the interior of the house and when its voice had died away it was succeeded by the sound of light footsteps. The door opened. Boddington saw before him a girl whose severely simple, almost Quakerish attire was to some extent discounted by a mischievous sparkle in a pair of bright brown eyes. Indeed, if by any chance the magnate had ever visited an office in the city of London which had the name of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington inscribed over the door, he would probably have been puzzled by a curious resemblance the girl at the rectory door bore to the young lady typist who was usually to be found at the office of the before-named eminent firm of financiers.

"Is Mr. Carmichael ——" began Boddington.

"You are Mr. Boddington?" queried the girl. "Please come in—father is expecting you. We should have sent the cart over to Mayfield to meet you; but unfortunately the pony fell lame, and "

"Ruth, my dear," interjected a new voice, "take Mr. Boddington's hat and stick, and do not keep him standing in the hall."

Boddington, entering the house from the brilliant sunlight, had not observed that, at a door opening off the entrance hall of the house, an elderly man clad in a cassock reaching to the ground, with silver locks escaping from the black silk skullcap upon his head, stood leaning upon a stick. Boddington looked up.

"You are the rector, I presume," said Boddington; "and, if you will permit me, sir, the first thing I will do is to thank you for your very great kindness in informing me of facts which, as a Boddington, must be of the greatest interest to me. Allow me, sir, to shake you by the hand."

"The pleasure of making your acquaintance will, I am sure, be ample reward," replied the clergyman as he gave his hand, a long-fingered, fragile hand, into Boddington's hearty grasp. Then he turned to the girl.

"Ruth, my dear, I am sure Mr. Boddington would desire to remove the dust of his long journey before we sit down to our usual meal. If he will excuse me—you see, Mr. Boddington, I am getting on in years and I do not find it desirable to mount the stairs more frequently than is absolutely necessary; but my daughter will see that you have all necessary requirements for your ablutions."

"I reckon that cold water just now would be a good example of matter in the right place," replied Boddington cheerfully; and he turned and followed the girl up the stairs.

He was feeling wonderfully contented with himself and the results of his adventure in search of his ancestors. Even if the Boddingtons of Harpledon Abbas should ultimately prove to be in no way connected with the family to which he belonged, this experience of simple English life in a country rectory would be something quite unique in his life. He liked the looks of the old rector, with his pale, ascetic face—he was so obviously in his right setting in the Old World rectory, set in the Old World garden. He liked, also, the looks of the rector's daughter, for even a railroad magnate may have an eye for rosy lips and a pretty face, especially if they are accentuated by a neat waist and ankle, displayed with unstudied art in virginal muslin.

"Verily, a Man's Ancestors Have a Quite Particular Value to Other People!"

As he dipped his hands in a basin of water and removed the dust from his face he remarked to himself: "James A. Boddington, right here you have struck on such a rich patch of the life of this decrepit old mother of nations as would make your future if you wrote sticky stories for the magazines. If you fail to rise to the occasion Wall Street would be disappointed in you; and if the church of Harpledon Abbas wants a spire or a peal of bells that church shall have it, whether your respected ancestors rest under its roof or not."

His satisfaction did not diminish when he returned downstairs to rejoin his host. Almost the first things he noticed were the initials J. A. B., roughly carved in the keystone of the Tudor arch which supported the chimneypiece in the dining room he entered.

His host seemed to read his thoughts.

"How many long winter evenings a James A. of an earlier time spent in graving his initials on that stone, you may guess for yourself."

Boddington stepped up to the mantelpiece and fingered the gray stone, worn to nearly the smoothness of marble. "I guess he did his work well, since it has not been wiped out in—how many years is it since Boddington lived in this house, did you say, sir?"

Continued on Page 43

AT THE GREEN TREE INN

By Edward Hungerford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

I WORKED for Farrish & Randall twenty-five years, one month and one day, which was not a day too long. For more than a quarter of a century I had known no other business than their drab little office under the dirty elevated railroad, down in Pearl Street. It was part of my life. Six days of each week—barring my regular summer vacation I walked across to Third Avenue, boarded a South Ferry train, buried myself in my newspaper and did not emerge from it until the train was within a hundred yards of Hanover Square. I seemed quite naturally a creature of rote and I fell into the regular program that is part and parcel of several hundred thousand New Yorkers who make their way toward the tip of Manhattan each working day.

For more than a quarter of a century I worked for Farrish & Randall, and with them I prospered. The firm had prospered for a far longer time, and it was an old-fashioned concern with an old-fashioned way, and in the end it simply dried up. A paragraph in the Journal of Commerce, announcing that a very old New York firm had ended its affairs in an honorable fashion, was its only obituary. The firm paid each of its employees a year's salary—its orders were duplicated by telegraph in its Savannnh and New Orleans and Galveston houses—and on the same day a lot of dazed men and women were out of jobs together.

I had ten thousand dollars I had saved with a deal of labor—my two girls were nice girls, a credit to their mother and a great pride to their daddy—and I had David Randall's check for six thousand dollars. He had handed it to me at his club a day or two before the wind-up of the old concern. Taken as capital, I could hardly hope for more than sixteen dollars a week income from my accumulated wealth—hardly a possibility for a family that had been spending nearly a hundred a week. I faced the rather immediate necessity of locating myself; but even five-thousand-dollar jobs do not dangle from every maple tree, and I began to realize that I had been with a firm that was hopelessly behind the times in many ways. Moreover, I was not so very young—turned forty-five and gray hairs showing on the sides of my head. It was dispiriting work despite the real kindness of many friends, and I was living on my capital—which worried me. Finally one of my friends—I am sure it was chiefly friendship that prompted the offer—said he could find me a berth in his Wall Street office.

"I'm afraid we can't do better than twenty-five hundred to start off," he said apologetically. "The Street's up against it; but if you seem to dovetail in here—and times are better—and ——"

I understood, and thanked him from the bottom of my heart. I was to get a deal less than half of my old salary with Farrish & Randall, but we could drive through it somehow. Gertrude, my eldest girl, could go to the Normal College instead of Vassar; there were other expenses that could be clipped and trimmed. My wife suggested one—we could move into a cheaper apartment.

I had made all plans for the move when word came down from Oldtown that my Uncle Micajah had died, leaving me his sole heir and legatee. We are a small family—one of those little American families that seem doomed by the hand of Fate to perish from the land. I was the last male of our branch—now that Uncle Micajah was gone. When I should die the name of Paddleford would apparently be but a memory. I have felt a sentimental interest that it should remain a good memory.

Micajah Paddleford was a tavernkeeper—the last of a long line of tavernkeepers. He and his had "kept hotel" at Oldtown. In its day Oldtown was a place of considerable promise. A gentle river washed its wharves and Commerce showered the town with her favors. Fat white steamboats were forever coming and going from her wharves; the broad pikes that led like wagon-spokes from the place were alive with Conestoga wagons. Micajah Paddleford's Oldtown Hotel was a tavern with a renown spreading beyond the confines of half a dozen counties; but then the blight of decay had fallen upon the place. The railroads came and built their main lines in other directions; the wharves began to rot; the freighting Conestogas no longer made the turnpikes brisk—Commerce had turned her face away. Still, the town remained a place of considerable importance. It was the center of a rich and prosperous farming country, a shire town of repute and a distributing center to three counties. Back of Oldtown rested a lovely country that was coming nearer to the hearts of city folk all the while. It was a country of soft hills and silvery lakes, and the few steamboats that still came to Oldtown wharf brought a host of through tourists all the lazy summer long. And how the city automobilists were beginning to tear up the turnpike of old Bristol County!

He Handed It to Me at His Club

Silas Whittier, for forty years clerk at the hotel and my Uncle Micajah's right hand, told me the supervisors were already considering putting county toll-gates on the principal pikes. They were hesitating, trying to find a legal method of rebating the tolls to residents of the county. That spring Bristol County was puzzling over the same knotty problems that the Panama Canal has brought to the entire country this year. Silas Whittier told me that the heavy cars were spoiling the fine turnpikes, for many decades the pride of Bristol County.

"They're pests—and I calls them something worse than that. I says ——"

He brought his chair to a bang on the floor. The engine of a big motor was chugging contentedly outside the tavern and two dusty travelers were climbing out of the car. Silas went out to speak to them. I could see him shaking his head. After a while the two men climbed into the car and it moved off.

"The five of them wanted dinner—an' it's ten minutes after two!" Silas told me on his return. "Ever since I been here dinner-hour's been from noon till half past one; and that's time enough for any one."

I was thinking of a party of hungry travelers turned from the door of an inn—it did not seem right to my eyes.

"Where did you send them?" I ventured.

"There's a new hotel up the street," said Silas Whittier gently. "Oldtown's sort o' outgrew this house. I guess it was the new hotel that broke your Uncle 'Caje's heart at last! They've a sort o' grill there, they call it; and I send most o' these here automobile parties up there."

I looked at him in astonishment. I had come to Oldtown over a Sunday to have a first look at my inheritance and I was not having a very cheerful insight into things. My uncle had not been a very good hotelkeeper nor yet a very poor one. Business had drifted rather naturally to his doors and he had taken care of it in the average fashion of the average tavern in a country town. He had not expanded because he had seen no need for expansion. Then, like the traditional bolt out of a clear sky, one of the smaller fry of promoters had seen at Oldtown an opportunity to build a new and metropolitan hotel, such as have been springing up across the land, first in the big cities and then in the small. The idea of a new hotel had stirred Oldtown pride which once in a generation or two did actually stir. The new house had become a fact and my uncle had spent the last of his slender hoard of savings in keeping up appearances at the old. And this was my inheritance! I began to feel that a new load had been laid across my shoulders. Troubles did not seem to come singly.

I walked up the main street to take a look at my rival. I found it without difficulty, for it was the highest building in the town. Externally the local architect had tried to make it look as grand as a New York palace for transients, and had succeeded in producing something that looked like a cross between a pickle factory and a penitentiary. It was verdant; it was raw in its architecture; there was something really pathetic in its pretentiousness, on the one hand, its shams and its veneers—and, on the other, the miserable cheapness of its materials and construction. Still, it was showy—why, it even boasted a porte-cochère over the sidewalk at its main entrance—and it caught the Oldtown eye. It was thronged with drummers "Sundaying" at the county seat and local citizens who still saw naught but its beauties. I saw something else—because I was prejudiced. I saw within, high ceilings, execrable frescoes, the cheapest sort of imitation marbles—the long cracks already beginning to run across the ceilings, which showed that neither the architect nor the contractor had done his work faithfully. I put my nose down into the grill. The air was fetid. The place was hopeless. A very dirty negro waiter, with unspeakable linen, beckoned me to a seat; but I declined. My hopes rose at the sight of my rival; he did not seem so formidable!

The following Saturday I returned to Oldtown, determined to sell my heritage for what it would bring in the open market. I wanted it off my shoulders; and it seemed as if its location—facing a broad, open square, which in turn gave to the steamboat wharf, with a vision of a lovely lazy river beyond the stringpiece—should bring a good price as a site for something better than a hotel.

Before I started—I had planned to take the night boat up to Oldtown—my Gertrude came to me and begged me to take her with me. I looked at her sharply. She had been studying too hard, preparing for college, and I saw that the little trip would do her good. The change from Farrish & Randall had proved more of a strain upon the women of the family than it had upon myself. So I told her to come with me. She made a great lark of it—the long evening on the stuffy old ark of a steamboat. The eternal fascinations of the water were pure joy to her, and in turn I shared her enthusiasm.

. . . . . .

"That's it," I told Gertrude, and we faced our property.

It looked shabby enough, sprawled along the main side of the public square for more than two hundred feet, a queer hodgepodge of a rambling and somewhat unkempt tavern. I was heart-ashamed to have to show it to my girl. To my surprise she saw it in a different light.

"Isn't it an old dear, daddy?" she laughed. "And won't we have fun running it?"

I looked at the girl in astonishment. I had not told her of my plans; but then and there, as we still stood on the steamboat wharf, I tried to tell her in a few sentences of the hopelessness of the Oldtown Hotel as a business proposition—of the new house up the main street. I told her that I was going to sell Uncle Micajah's property. Then disappointment came to her slender face.

"Oh, daddy!" she protested. "And right here we might build anew the Paddleford fortune!"

Dear girl! How I loved her enthusiasm and her interest! But she did not understand—and I did. I began to explain again the impossibility of the old house as a tavern—how it was hopelessly outclassed by new hotels.

"I am not so sure of that," said Gertrude. "A good many girls that I know go off on motor trips across country

and they are forever telling me of the hopeless quest for nice old-fashioned taverns—not pretentious, but awfully, awfully good. See here, dad, you don't see this thing through my eyes."

She gravely lifted her own glasses off her nose and perched them on mine.

"Now don't you see it as I see it?" she persisted. "Rehabilitated! We will scrape off that dull and ugly red and paint it a creamy white, with bright green blinds; and along that perfectly delectable piazza we will hang green-and-white awnings. Can't you see it, daddy—that delicious irregular tangle of gabled roofs, those cunning little dormers, that wonderful elm there at the center? If it were in some dirty little Italian town, now, folks would rave over it. Can't you see it, dad, as I see it?"

Gertrude's lenses were powerful and blurred my sight; but I think they must have been magic glasses, for I really did begin to see the old house as she saw it—transformed. I began to grow interested in her plans. This continued long after we had crossed the square and gone into the hotel—our hotel, if you please. She was fascinated with the broad, low hall, the old-fashioned office with its black-walnut counter and paneling that had been taken away at the destruction of one of the most famous old hotels on Broadway. She did not even despair at the dreary, dull-looking dining room with its equipment of golden-oak furniture atrocities. Those glasses that rode so pertly on her pretty nose must have given her real inspiration. She made suggestions here, suggestions there—and they were all surprisingly good; but of course it was out of even remote possibility that I should go into the hotel business. In the first place, I knew nothing about it; and, in the second place, I had just landed a snug little berth and had a fearfully worrisome time in so doing; but Gertrude's ideas interested me. She had a pretty way of putting them; and as we sat down to dinner with the five other patrons of the hotel that second Sunday noon I began to have itching feelings to be in the business myself. It would be nice to be your own boss for a while—I had spent a long time in letting some one boss me.

"I've been standing behind this frightfully dirty window for the last half hour," Gertrude told me as we sat down to dinner, "and I've counted seven touring cars go past our door. And this is a rainy day and the season half begun! I've wormed it out of Silas Whittier that the ferrymaster has confessed to bringing more than two hundred cars across in a single day—and this tavern is going to let that business slip through its fingers!"

I felt helpless. I stammered out my pet arguments in favor of selling and Gertrude crushed every one of them to indefinite atoms under her stout little boot. I spoke of my connection with the Wall Street house. She made me feel that I had simply been engaged there as office boy.

"Wall Street houses sometimes get into trouble," she said. "The boys tell me that. And if Haskins & Hodges should fail do you think it would be easy to get a new job?"

I felt childish and weak and uncertain. I should have known. I had changed bosses. My new boss was the slim, dark-haired girl whom I had loved and watched from babyhood! I must have made many mistakes because of that. Still, when our insolent woman cook walked out and left us helpless on an August Sunday noon three hours before dinner I heartily wished myself back at Haskins & Hodges' office, walking a treadmill in that great machine called business.

I told Gertrude that—hoped that my big daughter would shed a single tear at the predicament into which she had so blandly led me; but she did not cry—and I might have known that of her. She was not the crying kind. She laughed and then she whistled; and then all I saw was the flash of a dainty white gown disappearing through the doorway. In fifteen minutes she was back, but the crisp go-to-meeting gown was gone. Gertrude was severe in gingham—I think they call it gingham—all crisp and neat, and red and white tiny checks; and over her gingham was a big apron—on her black hair sat a professional cook's cap.

"I always said, daddy," she told me gravely, "that you would never regret my cooking lessons, though how you did laugh at them at the time!"

"Gertrude," I said solemnly, "you don't mean to say that you ——"

"Are going to cook the dinner?" she finished. "Precisely that. Behold Miss Gertrude Paddleford—late of New York City, of the Junior Cotillon, Miss Esbrey Ronalds' star pupil, member of the Tuesday Afternoon Topics, the Friday Afternoon Bridge, the Every Other Week Matinées—here and now appointed chief cook and bottle-washer of the hotel at Oldtown! She has accepted the appointment and can waste no time in conversation."

I asserted my position as head of my family.

"Gertrude," I said solemnly, "I forbid you ——"

She came over and kissed me on the forehead.

"Dear old daddy," she said in her quick, impulsive way, "you surrendered the day I first came to Oldtown. Take more orders. Forward march into the kitchen. There's work—work of a mighty menial nature, sir—to be done out there, and no time to be lost in the doing."

I obeyed. In fifteen minutes the proprietor of the Oldtown Hotel was sitting on a doorstep in its inner yard, peeling potatoes—and the proprietor's daughter had won another great moral victory.

. . . . . .

It so happened that more than twenty persons came to the old tavern for dinner that Sabbath day, which was dangerously like a crowd when you consider that eight or ten was a fairer average since the new hotel had opened. Oldtown folks were kind and considerate, if unprogressive; and perhaps it was that last quality which made them rather tired after a time with the Imperial and its cheap gaudiness. On the Saturday when Gertrude became chef we served what was dangerously near a crowd and had more than fifteen real dollars in our till. We were all tired, fearfully tired—but we had won. Gertrude looked tired and drawn. She was not a strong girl at the best, and the unusual exertion of cooking a big dinner had been something of a strain. She tore off her apron with a sigh of relief, began to pull the little cap from her black hair, when ——

An automobile—two automobiles, if you please—had halted at the door of our house. Their engines were purring while their drivers came stamping into the office. It was half an hour after our dining room had closed for its noonday dinner, and I told Gertrude I would send the travelers up to the Imperial's grill.

Again it was my girl who gave me orders.

"Send custom to a rival institution!" she said. "Never, Mr. Proprietor Paddleford!" She began pinning on her cap and apron again. I understood. I went out and stood behind the old black-walnut counter in the office while the first of the motorists reached for a pen.

"I don't know but what it is a little late for dinner," he began. "If I recall—last summer—you were a little particular."

"This hotel is prepared to serve travelers no matter what hour they come, sir." And in that moment I found myself. At last I was a real hotel proprietor. Better still, I was master of myself once again.

The motorist smiled and wrote eight names upon the page of my register. The first of those names was that of the governor of the state. The party filed into our dining room and ate—Gertrude's dinner. When it came out it had the satisfied look that comes to all animals, including humans, after a good meal; and, though I did not know it then, our reputation for keeping a good hotel had been launched.

The next day I went to the local printer's and had him make a sign for my office. It read after this fashion:

THE ACCOMMODATION OF AN INN

THIS HOTEL AIMS TO SERVE THOSE
WHO COME TO IT
AT ALL REASONABLE HOURS OF DAY OR OF NIGHT

In that way we headed our course toward the true haven. On the same day when we made our new declaration of principles in the office of the tavern, Gertrude started for New York to secure a cook. It was out of the question, of course, that she should stay in that hot and smoky kitchen; nevertheless, I was astonished, on her return with an expansive negress in her wake, to have her say she was going to continue a general oversight of what hotel men are pleased to call "the back of the house." I protested, and protested vigorously.

"We are getting on our feet here," I told her, "and you can go to college this fall after all."

I expected my girl to hang on my neck and drop a few tears of rejoicing; but Gertrude did nothing of that sort.

"No, daddy," she said firmly. "I have put college out of my head for once and for all time."

I could say nothing, for I was astonished beyond words. College had been the great dream of Gertrude's girlhood.

"College is not my ultimate, after all, daddy," said she. "I saw Doctor Oswell in New York and he said my eyes would never stand four years of it."

I knew better, however. I knew that my girl was immensely and intensely interested in the fortunes of our little family, and she had taken her own way of showing that she was going to stand by the ship. And so it was that I was ready for the first of her new determinations about that selfsame ship.

"Oldtown Hotel," she read slowly from one of Micajah's old letterheads. "I do not think there is much poetry in that name."

"What's in a name ——" I began. She interrupted me.

"Everything, dear," she said firmly. "The Oldtown Hotel has not enjoyed a very good name. Among some fairly unbiased citizens it has enjoyed rather a bad name—not an awfully bad name, but a sort of churlish reputation of neglecting hospitality toward its patrons. Let's wipe the slate clean."

"And call it ——"

"The Green Tree Inn, after its lovely companion of the long years there at the front corner!" she said, in the sudden enthusiasm of the moment.

Her enthusiasm must have been ever contagious; for within the hour I had consented to the momentous change and she was telephoning to the printer and the sign-painter.

. . . . . .

Summer swept into autumn and it was not until December that the automobilists ceased to stop at our door. The governor had been a great advertisement for the Green Tree Inn, and so had every other motorist who had tarried a while with our hospitality. We were being silently advertised everywhere by the best advertisement a business can have—personal indorsement by word of mouth;

The First of These Names Was That of the Governor of the State

Before the summer was half gone the Paddlefords of New York had made the decisive step of their lives and had become the Paddlefords of Oldtown. It was not easy for any of us. For the girls it meant goodby to their nice circle of young friends; to their mother, a wrenching away from church and social ties of many years' standing; and for their dad—well, it was not so hard for me, after the first idea of not going to car or train each morning. Haskins & Hodges had never, like Farrish & Randall, seemed home to me, and I was already broken and ready for change.

However, after the first enthusiasms and excitements of the change were past, we were still confronting a problem. We had slipped silently into the old house, making a homelike nest for ourselves in one corner of the tavern, and so astounding Silas Whittier, who told me Micajah had slept all his life in a cell-like place up under the roof; but Micajah was of another generation and we were not going to abandon our creature comforts in a moment.

I found it hard in many ways. Oldtown was unprogressive, to put it mildly. The business of running a hotel included buying provisions as a very important function, and I had to learn that from the beginning, with some tragic mistakes as I took my primary course. Still, I think I have a natural knack of bargaining, and after a little while that was one of the least of my troubles—the help question never was. Poorly paid, without many aims or many ambitions, the average hotel-worker is a puzzle to himself and a trial to his employer. It was a new experience for me—employing labor on my own account—and

I Should Have Known. I had Changed Bosses

and, in a small way, we were beginning to make money. The automobilists had turned the scale for us. We had made a comfortable living for half a year and had more than a thousand dollars to the good for our first six months of business.

"It does pay to coin quaintness into dollars," laughed my wife as she put down the neatly figured balance of our finances that I gave her on the very last evening of the year.

"Mother girl, you are growing epigrammatic," shouted Gertrude as Caroline blushed; "but you are still far from realizing the entire truth. You mean that we have made a tiny bit of a start toward coining quaintness into dollars and cents. And as for daddy, he cannot stop with the mere painting of the front door of the house this spring!"

Then that twenty-year-old bit of impudence began once again telling us how we were going to manage our property.

"The summer hotel is gone," she said, "along with last year's almanacs and some other inanimate reminders of the dead past. People don't hie themselves off to firetrap barns, as they used to do when you two were boy and girl, and dress and eat and loaf in frenzied competition. They do things in vacation time. They camp or tramp—or, far more likely, tour. Where they don't have cottages or bungalows they have motor cars, big and little. The automobile has spelled the doom of the summer hotel here in the North and East, and has made the opportunity—the opportunity for just such little inns as these. The opportunity of the Green Tree Inn is at hand. City folks are getting surfeited with marbles and imitation marbles, with high-ceilinged rooms and flunky servants who hide their impudence behind a greed for small change. They are getting tired of foreign dishes, picked-up food and unknown sauces, even under fascinating names. Those dishes are out of the question here; but if the Green Tree Inn could be known from here to Beersheba for its wheat-cakes or its waffles; if motorists could pass the word as to our dainty rolls or the color of our coffee; if we had chicken that was chicken, and ham and eggs that could make city bankers feel as if they were boys again and fishing down on the canal bank—well, our fortune would be made!"

Gertrude was right. She looked from one to the other of us and saw our indorsement in our eyes. We prepared to stake the entire Paddleford fortune—some sixteen thousand precious dollars, you will remember—on the proposition she had so clearly outlined to us.

All that winter and late in the spring the carpenters and the painters invaded the Green Tree Inn. I had the exquisite pleasure of seeing my money going out—three and four and five or six hundred dollars at a time; but we were not wasting our money. Gertrude took good care as to that. I had once decided that, had she been born to trousers instead of petticoats, she would have come to the command of one of the great metropolitan hotels; now I wondered whether she would not have made a good architect. She stood over the contractor and the young architect of Oldtown who had actual charge of the work, and they quickly caught her enthusiasm. She went hunting along the walls of the parlor of the old hotel and there she discovered an ancient fireplace which Micajah in one of his fits of economy had walled in. Today that fireplace is one of the features of our hotel. It is big enough for a five-foot hickory log; and, with its Hessian andirons below, its long gilt Colonial mirror above, and a blazing fire above the ash bank, I think it is the keynote of the hospitality of our home.

We pulled down and we built up. We cut broad, generous arches between the public rooms of our house; and that winter we gave several tons of discarded and worn-out furniture—of the horrible and meaningless styles of the so-called Victorian period to the local branch of the Salvation Army. There were a few really old pieces in the hotel, and to these we clung tenaciously. It was astounding what an old-fashioned upholsterer there in the quaint Colonial town could do, once Gertrude had enthused him with her plans.

When the last of the painters and carpenters were gone from the inside of our tavern it seemed as if an Aladdin had dwelt within it for a little time. It was spick and span in the ostentatious cleanliness of fresh paint. Forbidding doors had given way wherever possible to broad and hospitable archways; there were vistas everywhere of what seemed more like a fine private home than a hotel as most Americans know it. There were low, comfortable, roomy chairs everywhere; the quaint, old-fashioned pictures and hangings took a sympathetic traveler back a hundred years. We fitted the Green Tree Inn into all the legendary history of Oldtown. Tradition had it that the British had once burned the village; and, with its rotting wharves, with its abandoned shipyards, and its long streets lined with snug and sturdy little high-roofed houses of red brick, the town offered an ideal setting for an old-fashioned tavern.

Of all the rooms of the Green Tree Inn, however, we reserved our best efforts for the dining room—and for a good reason. It is generally the most doleful of all places in a country hotel, rarely overclean and almost invariably depressing. Those pedantic gentlemen who wrote books on physiology used to urge again and again the necessity of a cheerful room; and we started to make our broad, roomy place all of that. First we tore it all asunder, ripping off the steel ceiling, with its meaningless decorative patterns, which had been Uncle Micajah's one claim to modernity at his tavern. Then we ripped down the brick wall at the far end of the room, and through the opening we had a view of the big back yard of the house, in which its laundry had been hung for whole generations. The back yard was to be something more. A neatly respectable brick wall of old-fashioned proportions shut off a small part of it for the necessities of the kitchen and the laundry. The rest of it we made into a garden—not a pretentious garden, mind you, but a smooth, open stretch of lawn bordered by vines, high bushes, and in front of them riotously brilliant beds of old-fashioned posies. A sun-dial lifted its head at the rear of the lawn, and over that greensward we placed two or three brightly colored umbrella awnings, with big wicker tables underneath them. From a dreary and desolate back yard we had achieved a veritable oasis in the heart of an old-fashioned town.

Silas Whittier demurred when Gertrude told him the purpose of the torn-out dining-room wall—how long French doors were to give a vista of the lawn and the flowers.

"You've got to keep that dining room dark or you'll be overrun with flies," he said.

Gertrude laughed.

"We don't propose to have flies in this house any more," she said.

"Then you'll have to tear down the barn!"

"Then we will tear down the barn."

"How about the folks who want to stable their horses?" Silas Whittier demanded of her. Gertrude laughed at him again and pulled out a little memorandum from her bag.

"Folks don't come here any more in horse-drawn wagons," she told him. "I've kept a record through the stableman and we've housed exactly eight rigs all winter belonging to our patrons. There is no money in that."

. . . . . .

I have seen many hotel dining rooms—and of recent years with a fairly critical eye—but never one that has given me the appeal of our own refectory. To come into it of a June morning—with the sunshine pouring through its mullioned windows; with the long French doors standing open and inviting to the garden—is an appetizer of itself. We began serving breakfast not only in the room, but out upon the brick-paved terrace to which the French doors gave—even out under the umbrella awnings, to the utter horror of Silas Whittier. We were doomed to utter failure with our experiment by all our neighboring hotel-keepers; it was against all the traditions of the business in America. Perhaps that was why it became so immensely popular. As I look back upon it now I cannot see why people have cooped themselves up in stuffy rooms for their meals all their lives when Nature seems to give them so cheery a welcome to come into the open. We served crisp breakfasts on our terrace and upon the lawn; at dusk we served tea and supper, and ices of an evening; and those outdoor tables became the coveted possessions of all our guests. Even in our Northern winters, when the French doors were tightly shut and double-covered with glass, the sunshine still filtered into our immaculately white dining room. In winter the summer hangings gave way to red—the note of warmth in the chief room of our tavern; and there were always hickory logs snapping in the broad fireplace at the far end of the room. It does give a full-blooded man an appetite to eat sausage cakes—none of your finger-roll sausages, mind you and buckwheats to the snapping accompaniment of a hickory log.

So much for the Green Tree Inn as we transformed it within. There were dozens of other little problems to be met and solved. We recognized modernity to the extent of private baths and electric lights, but we have never conceded an elevator. Our main stair is broad and easy, and there are ground-floor rooms for folk who are aged.

Outside the tavern we absolutely dismissed modernity. We clung to our long porch, our cunning dormers; and when Gertrude suggested tearing down a perfectly good tin cornice which Silas Whittier assured me was Uncle Micajah's great pride—it had Paddleford in huge, raised, block letters in its center panel—and substituting more dormers for it, I acquiesced without hesitation.

. . . . . .

It is now four years since we turned so abruptly in the current of our lives and came to Oldtown. There has not been a moment that we ever regretted leaving the big city which once seemed so essential to our happiness. Our hearts have been tied up in our new life. The Green Tree Inn has prospered because we have given ourselves to it heart and soul, and because there has been a field for a tavern of its sort. There are plenty of other such opportunities left.

Our success has been material too. My wife was right when she said we could coin quaintness into dollars and cents; but it has been something more than a growing balance in the bank—it has been the eternal satisfaction of having set out to accomplish a thing and then of having accomplished it!

The Proprietor of the Oldtown Hotel Was Sitting on a Doorstep Peeling Potatoes

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada—By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single copies, five cents
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 13, 1912

The Real Party Line

ONE of the earliest political acts by white men on New England soil consisted in limiting the franchise to members of the dominant church. In defense of this, Winthrop, first governor of Massachusetts, wrote: "The best part is always the least—and of that best part the wiser is always the lesser." To which Thomas Hooker—who later founded Connecticut—replied: "In matters which concern the common good, a general council, chosen by all to transact businesses which concern all, I conceive the most suitable to rule and most safe for relief of the whole." That was nearly three hundred years ago; but it describes the line that still actually divides political thinking. It gives in a nutshell the pro and con about our very latest "issues" of presidential primaries—initiative, referendum, recall of judges. Our debate is still—in fact if not in terms—whether, in matters concerning the common good, a wise little minority or the common-sense of all is more suitable to rule and more safe for the relief of all.

At the beginning of American history the real party line was quite clearly laid down. It emerged definitely a hundred and fifty years later in the struggle between Hamilton and Jefferson; but of late this true line has run through the nominal parties, instead of between them.

Income and Inheritance Tax

MARSHALL FIELD made many millions in the drygoods trade—a free arena, open to everybody on equal terms and nowise dependent upon special privilege. If he succeeded greatly in that line it must have been because of superior judgment and organization. It is reasonable to suppose that he earned all the money he made in the drygoods trade by giving, on the whole, a superior service. But he made a great many more millions by purchasing real estate that enhanced enormously in value, not because of any effort on his part but because of growth in the city's population. Socially these two items in his fortune stood in entirely different categories, and they should be treated differently by the tax-gatherer.

The first white men on this continent discovered a simple but effective system of taxation among the Indians. The Aztec confederation in Mexico and the Five Nations in our Northeast, having grown more powerful than any of their neighbors, annually sent out tax-gatherers who appropriated such personal property as they could most easily carry away. Any tribe that resisted a tribute-collector was visited by a decimating war party. We are more equitable than that; but our taxing system still aims chiefly to reach the dollar that is nearest at hand and can be taken with least trouble, without inquiring how it was derived and what sort of social return its possessor gave for it.

Trade With Cheap Labor

IN THE fiscal year that ended March thirty-first last the foreign trade of India amounted to one billion and a quarter dollars, or a third of that of the United States. This is an increase of nearly forty per cent in seven years. Even more striking are the figures for Japan, whose foreign trade within a generation has grown from thirty million dollars to almost half a billion. This is trade with Asiatic cheap labor; but no European or American labor is displaced. On the contrary, as the Orient grows industrially and commercially, the latter labor is more largely employed. For example, Japan exported last year about two hundred and twenty-five million dollars' worth of goods against only fifteen million in 1882; but she imported two hundred and sixty million dollars' worth against fourteen million in 1882. And among India's imports last year appear motor cars and motor cycles to the value of three million-and-odd dollars. Imports and exports grow side by side. The more Asia sells to Europe and America, the more she will buy from Europe and America. Nothing is easier or more fatuous than to take the trade of the world, or of a certain country, at a given time as static, and figure that if there is a gain at one point there must be a corresponding loss at some other point; but consumption rises automatically with production. Every new wheel that turns in Asia means not a displacement of the products of Western labor, but a new market for those products.

Eight Hours for Women

THE Supreme Court of California has sustained the law, passed last year, providing that no female shall be employed in a manufacturing, mechanical or mercantile establishment, laundry, hotel, restaurant, telegraph or telephone office, for more than eight hours in a day or forty-eight hours in a week. A month earlier the Supreme Court of Washington upheld a similar law which the legislature of that state passed last year. Other states have passed ten-hour laws which the courts have sustained.

The grand point of attack is that these laws impair the freedom of contract and are in the nature of special legislation, since they apply only to females—and then only to females in certain employments. The greatest importance of the favorable decisions lies in the fact that they make the Constitution recognize modern industrial conditions, under which freedom of contract is for the most part nothing but an obsolete legal fiction. There are some six million women breadwinners in the United States, and for a great many of them the only option is to accept such terms of employment as are offered or starve. Obviously no one can freely contract under those conditions. The courts recognize this and interpret the Constitution accordingly. The recognition comes first in behalf of women; but that there are great areas of the modern labor world in which practically no freedom of individual contract exists, and in which the state may intervene, will be constitutionally admitted before long.

Lakes to Gulf

OBVIOUSLY whether goods can be transported more cheaply in unbroken bulk or by rehandling depends upon circumstances. The circumstances between Chicago and New Orleans indicate that in carrying goods by water between the two points it would be cheaper to transship them at the terminals from lake and ocean craft to river craft. Lake and ocean vessels are not suitable for river navigation. They answer the helm slowly and require much elbow room. The Titanic, it will be remembered, was able to deviate only slightly from her course from the time ice was sighted until she struck. To get a mile and a half down the main stream of the Chicago River the larger lake boats require tugs and make about two miles an hour. To build a channel in which a six-hundred-foot boat, drawing twenty-one feet of water, could be operated economically would be prodigiously expensive. The cost of operating such a boat in any other channel would be very high; but this type of boat is the one in which goods can be carried cheapest on lakes and ocean.

Probably the solution is this: the big, deep-draft boat for lake and sea, with transshipment to river boat and barges at Chicago and New Orleans. At properly equipped terminals the rehandling could be done at relatively small expense. The problem is to figure that expense against the cost of unbroken bulk and see which is cheaper. An ocean liner docking at St. Louis or Cairo would appeal to sentiment; but sentiment pays no freight bills.

A Year-Old Warning

MORE than a year ago the Seamen's Union of America presented a petition to Congress accompanied by a statement which contained the following:

"There is not sailing today on any ocean a passenger vessel carrying the number of boats needed to take care of the passengers and crew, or a sufficient number of skilled men to handle the boats that are carried. If there were the seamen's condition would be much better than it is now. There would be men enough on board to do the work without over-work. The average ship-owner knows this; but he must keep up with the procession—he must carry passengers as cheaply as the other fellow. If vessels are lost the insurance—that is, the public—pays the loss. If passengers are lost that is very bad, but there is God to be blamed! . . . The passengers do not know. They are told a lot of rot about bulkheads, vessels so built that they will not sink or burn. Of course we seamen know this to be nonsense."

If the seamen's statement had been given the attention it deserved the Titanic's passengers would have been saved. We wish to make the moral as broad as possible. Every one of us, every minute of the day, is in the same boat with the workingman. If we ignore his just complaints it is at our own peril.

What Corrupts the Press

IT IS easy to make a wholesale charge that the press is corrupted or controlled by advertisers—and a great many persons do make it; but when it comes to the proof we find the press is controlled by advertisers just about in proportion as it is unable to get advertising except by inviting domination. Prosperous and powerful journals are able to sell their advertising as a commodity on its own merits—as a miller sells his flour or a merchant his cloth. They can do this because the article has its own merits. In proportion as the merits of the article are dubious—that is, in proportion as the advertising medium is weak, of small circulation and little influence—the general tendency is to throw in a bonus in the form of editorial subserviency. There are, of course, exceptions—but as a rule an editorial consideration is expected and received about in proportion as the advertising is really a gratuity from the advertiser to the publisher; and the journal is independent about in proportion as its advertising is intrinsically valuable. Advertising in itself no more implies domination of the press by the advertiser than sales of paper imply domination of the trust by the newspapers. Advertising implies domination about in proportion as the advertising itself is valueless. What corrupts a part of the press is not its power to sell goods through advertising, but its lack of that power.

Have a Game!

SCARCELY any human interest nowadays is without its international organization and yearly congress. Even the oldest and one of the most important human interests is now coming into line. Delegates from China and Brazil—not to mention nearer regions—participated in the playgrounds convention at Cleveland last month, and the principle that grown-up people need recreation quite as much as children do was recognized. With this beginning we hope soon to see the Grandsires' Quoits Association, the Rod and Brassie Society for Middle-Aged Men, and the Young Men's Gun, Bat and Racket Organization, with a combined membership that will embrace every able-bodied male between the ages of eighteen and eighty.

To every man and woman we say, with all the earnestness of a book agent who still lacks two dollars of having enough to pay his board bill: Go out-of-doors and play something! Gardening is a fine game if your taste runs that way and you don't mind the expense; sailing, fishing, shooting, golf, tennis, baseball, pitching horseshoes, mumble-the-peg, marbles—it really does not matter what, so long as it is a game that takes you out-of-doors and occupies your mind. Any game that involves physical exercise is a natural-born foe to drink, indigestion, crotchets and low spirits. The healthful stimulation of out-of-door play has kept many a man from stimulation that was not healthful. Have a game! It will be worth more in ten years than a consultation of the most eminent and high-priced nerve, stomach and heart specialists.

Taxing an Automobile

WHAT an automobile wants from the public is good roads. A six-thousand-dollar car in a trackless swamp is worth less than one mule and a buckboard. On the other hand, a six-hundred-dollar runabout on smooth macadam is easily worth a million—if the day is fine and you have that much to spare. Admittedly one of the public's most urgent needs is also good roads. What farmers especially would gain by them has been convincingly set forth time and again. Here, then, are two parties with a common want; but there is little cooperation between them. Below, for example, is the actual tax-bill on a five-passenger touring car:

State Tax	[illegible]
County Tax	[illegible]
Township Tax	[illegible]
School Tax	[illegible]
Highway Improvement Tax	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

To which should be added a state license fee of three dollars. Less than ten per cent of the money goes for what the car wants—highway improvement.

In the state where this tax-bill was issued there are about fifty thousand automobiles and miles on end of poor roads—even along main-traveled lines. A round automobile tax devoted exclusively to trunk-road improvement would be cheerfully paid.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

J. J.'s Son

THERE are many who will tell you Louis Warren Hill discovered the Northwest. It is not true. In unfaltering interest of the eternal verities I protest! Louis Warren Hill did not discover the Northwest. Louis Warren Hill invented the Northwest. If you will take the trouble to look in the files of the Patent Office you will find duly set down in correct patent-office jargon that L. W. Hill, original claimant, has been granted full protection for one Northwest, as set forth in his plans and specifications, said invention being an advertising device.

It is admitted there was considerable of a Northwest before Louis Hill perfected his great invention—a Northwest where they raised wheat and barley and oats, apples and peaches, cattle and sheep, and other things, and dug up gold and silver and copper, and had millions of acres of the finest land outdoors, and big cities and prosperous people; but it hadn't been invented yet. What it meant to the world was territory; and the world, when you come to think of it, is mostly territory, whichever way you stray.

So Louis—Loo-ie, please—took the subject in hand. When he had finished inventing he had a Northwest that was not only territory but tangible territory—not only expanse but expanded—not only there but elsewhere. In short, working with the materials he had so lavishly at his disposal, L. Warren Hill produced a Northwest that definitely is a Northwest, not merely a section of the United States bounded by so-and-so and confounded with this and that—a Northwest that stands for what the Northwest stands for, instead of sitting down with the rest of the country in a negligent manner.

Louis selected his parents with great discrimination. Inasmuch as Destiny had decreed he was to invent the Northwest, it was clever in him, to say the minimum, to choose James Jerome Hill as a forebear; for James Jerome had prudently laid in large sections of the Northwest for his own use and Louis had all the materials for his inventing close at hand. Somebody once called J. J. the Empire Builder, which he is, and a sturdy old patriot; but after the father had built his empire the son came along and put it in the show window. What profits it to build an empire and not let the people in on it? That would be the apotheosis of segnitude, as Ham Lewis would say.

The Prince of Press Agents

YOU see, it was primarily more simple than it seems, though there is no desire to detract from the skill of the inventor. James J. Hill, the parent, had built a railroad across the Northwest, permeating some eight or nine states therewith. He named it the Great Northern. Having completed the road he called in Louis and said substantially these words:

"I have built this railroad. A railroad is the most useless thing in the world unless people know about it, ride upon it, ship things over it and otherwise utilize it. Wherefore, my son, I now turn this road over to you, having other matters in mind for my own consideration. All I desire is that people shall know about my road, ride upon it and ship things over it. Fine weather we're having. No—I hardly think it will rain."

This left Louis holding the sack and in danger of getting it if he did not accede to the fatherly wishes as above expressed. So he started out to boost. Within a short time it was discovered that Louis had been miscalled. His middle name is not Warren at all. Instead, his full and complete appellation was and is Louis Booster Hill; and after some acquaintance with boosters I have no hesitancy in saying that Louis has all others of that persuasive crowd lashed to the mast—or mashed to the last, as you prefer.

Moreover, he has organized the Northwest into the Amalgamated Association of Boosters. Drop off the Great Northern or any of the other Hill roads out in that Northwest territory and somebody will grab you and drag you to a meeting of the local boosters' club, pin a badge on you and have you making a speech about the glories of the Northwest before you have had time to inquire the way to the hotel. It makes no difference where you are—whether in Minnesota or in Washington. Every place has its boosters' club, and Louis Hill has organized most of them. He sends out new supplies of wonderful enthusiasm by every train.

He retired as president of the Great Northern a few days after he was forty years old, which interesting date was May nineteenth last. He had held that job since 1907. Presently he will be chairman of the board, which means head of the three big Hill roads and their allied properties. He found being president of the road interfered with several matters he had in mind, the chief one being boosting.

It really is a shame that Louis Hill fell into such remarkable parental hands. He had the Northwest handed to him. If he had been the son of James J. Valley, for example, he would have been the greatest single-handed publicity artist the world has ever known. Being confined to the Northwest has rather cramped his style. Of course the Northwest is a reasonably big proposition; but to get out all there is in Louis Booster Hill in the way of publicity stunts he should have had a hemisphere to boost, not merely an empire.

He believes in publicity. He dotes on getting it for his country. It is a passion with him—an art, a religion, his life's blood. The detail of running a railroad bored him. Being boss of seven or eight thousand miles of rails didn't seem worth while.

What he wants to do is to develop his territory, both for the advantage that will accrue to the road and for the advantage that will accrue to the territory. He believes in the Northwest, as does every other man who knows it; and he will now spend his time developing the whole territory.

Pretty Fair for a Railroad President

HE WAS unique as a railroad president. The well-known Legion family contains a large number of men who have been or are railroad presidents; but Hill was a railroad president, an artist, a musician, a booster, the greatest press agent in the country, an expert chauffeur, a woodsman, a fisherman, a joker, a storyteller, and a dozen other things.

Next to being a booster, I suppose, if he had his choice, he would be an artist. He has a few of the outward and visible signs, one being his highly impressionistic whiskers and another his fondness for soft shirts and flowing ties.

Still, he can paint some. There are times when he shuts himself up in his studio and makes pictures in oil that are pretty fair pictures—pretty fair, especially for a railroad president. Also, he can play the violin well enough to keep his hearers from turning in a fire alarm. He is one of the main supporters of the St. Paul Symphony Orchestra and is now president of the association having that orchestra in charge.

However, these are small things that show his versatility. His real occupation, diversion, vocation, avocation and passion is publicity. He gets it through organizations—in spite of organizations, incidentally, designedly, spontaneously, laboriously, gladly, grudgingly—but he always gets it.

Publicity Is What He Is After—and He Gets It

He'll do anything, from organizing a Development Congress for his nine states and running a special train to it—from taking the governors of his territory on a ten-thousand-mile jaunt through the East in a gorgeous Great Northern outfit, to dancing the Boston dip with Chief Hole-in-the-Wind's squaw, as he did in Montana last summer. He has no restraining dignity. Publicity is what he is after—space in the newspapers. And he gets it.

The Indians out in the Northwest call him the Whipcord Man. He will drive a motor a hundred miles over frightful roads, ride a pony a few hours, climb a mountain and cook his own supper—in one day! He has personally traveled all over his territory and his trips have made him one of the great good-roads advocates of this country. His good-roads enthusiasm led him to take an office once—member of the Minnesota State Highway Commission. He stayed with the commission until he secured an appropriation of five million dollars a year for good roads. Last year a St. Paul newspaper offered a cup for a reliability automobile run from the Twin Cities to Helena. Hill put up a bigger cup for the county in Montana that had the best road on the route. He showed the cup in each county eligible to compete, and more than a hundred thousand dollars was spent improving the roads in the effort to get the cup.

Hill has been nineteen years with the Great Northern, going there when he finished at Yale. He has worked in every department except the legal and engineering, starting at thirty-five dollars a month as a switchman and ending as president at thirty-five thousand dollars a year. He is interested in everything that pertains to the Northwest, knows the possibilities and needs of that country, spends money lavishly to get results, knows everybody, boosts everything, and gets more space in the papers than any hundred publicity men in the country. His jokes are famous. He likes to josh and be joshed; but underneath is a steady resolve to build up his territory, to bring people into it, to develop it and bring out its resources—and the Northwest owes him much.

A Double-Edged Quotation

THE late Bishop Fowler was presiding at a Methodist conference when he made a ruling that displeased a prominent Methodist editor who was present.

The editor sprang to his feet and paraphrased a verse from the Ninety-first Psalm: "Deliver me from the snare of the Fowler!" he shouted.

Before he could go farther Bishop Fowler calmly broke in and completed the quotation: "And from the noisome pestilence!" And the editor had nothing more to say.

The Judgment of Venus

A WASHINGTON statesman, whose wife had a large collection of various kinds of artistic objects, heard this conversation between his wife and a new negro woman she was hiring for service in the house.

The woman was particular and desired to have a look at the house. One of Mrs. Statesman's treasures was a fine large reproduction of the Venus of Milo. This was in a prominent place in the parlor.

The negro woman looked at the undraped figure critically for a moment.

"Well," she said, "I guess it's all right—I see them things in the best houses!"

Thanks to the Trunk

BILLY MACLEAN owns the Toronto World and a seat in the Canadian Parliament. Mr. Maclean has a reputation for attacking the railroads for their shortcomings.

A couple of switchmen came out of the yard in Toronto and walked toward a neighboring quenchery. Outside the bar sat a man with a wooden leg, half an arm and part of an ear.

The switchmen looked him over and knew he belonged or had belonged to their guild.

"Have a beer?" asked one.

"Sure!" replied the mutilated man.

"Where'd you get them?" asked the second switchman, indicating the man's various amputations.

"I got them the same way Billy Maclean got his seat in Parliament—jumping on the Grand Trunk."

MY LADY'S GARTER

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY F R GRUGER

"Bruce Colquhoun Isn't My Name at All, Any More Than Cicely Quain Is Yours"

XV

SOME one has said somewhere at some time something to the effect generally that if one pursues fame or fortune or woman—really, I've forgotten which—she will flee him; but if one flouts her, she—fame or fortune or woman, whichever it happens to be—will come and eat out of his hand. I'm not certain as to the phraseology of that opinion, but I can vouch for the truth of it. I know, because this very thing happened in the case of Cicely Quain *versus* Skeets Gaunt, August von Derp, Bruce Colquhoun, *et al.*

Skeets adored Cicely with an ardor proved by his foolish but none the less heroic effort to save her life—and she was not even courteous to him. August von Derp's attitude was made plain by an occasional word and a worshipful humility in his eyes—and she never gave him a thought. But Bruce Colquhoun! He had scolded her, flouted her, almost insulted her—and she couldn't drive him out of her mind. There was something mysterious, compelling, fascinating in his masterful arrogance; and in spite of herself she was attracted to him by the very qualities that ordinarily would have repelled her. Logically, therefore, she hated him for it. But one can't really make a good job of hating unless one constantly bears in mind the object of hatred, so Cicely found the memory of Bruce Colquhoun always with her.

There were moments when she caught herself remembering, with an odd little thrill and quickened pulse, the rhythmical ripple of the sinews under the velvet of his skin as he had fought for her life and his own against that treacherous tide.

Even in the haziness of utter exhaustion she had been so certain of him. Always the memory brought a flood of color to her cheeks; then mockingly would come the thought that he had scolded her—scolded her! And so she would fall to hating him again.

On the morning following the near-tragedies Skeets cornered Cicely in the pergola of the Italian garden at Stepping Stones and there made an issue of his affairs.

"I won't permit you to make a fool of me!" he declared quite unlike a poet. "You did love me once until that silly thing about stealing jewels and garters and things ——"

"Why"—and Cicely was staring into the void of heaven with lack-luster eyes—"Why did you steal them?"

"I didn't steal them! You know I didn't steal them! Anybody with horse sense could see ——"

"I beg your pardon!" And the blue eyes flashed into his with sudden fire. "I beg your pardon!"

Skeets felt chilled to the bone; wisely he relinquished his tone of bluster.

"You know I love you, don't you?"

"Then why did you steal ——"

"And you did love me," Skeets hastened on. "Now why this misunderstanding?" She didn't say. "If you loved me ten days ago well enough to elope with me, and if I am innocent of all these absurd charges, why this—this—this ——" He gave it up. "Why are you so different?"

"Oh, just because."

"Because what?"

"Oh, Skeets, you annoy me! I don't know whether I love you or not. I don't think I do. You are a nice boy and you were very brave yesterday when you were almost drowned, but —— Run along now, like a good fellow." She regarded him curiously. "I don't think I ever loved you at all."

Skeets glared at her for an instant and took his outraged vanity away with him down the drive. His step was singularly jaunty in one who had just met an emotional death blow. He'd go straight and thank that girl who had hauled him out of the water. Already he had thanked her twice, and sent flowers, and called; but her hair too was brick red and her eyes too were blue! Gad, he'd thank her once more for luck! Mercy Dale, that was her name—a curious old New England name, quaint and sweetly pretty.

Cicely was aroused from her dreaminess by the precise voice of Von Derp. His new motor car, which he had driven down from Boston that morning, stood in front of the door, lean and gray and powerful looking. He was asking her to join him for a spin through the country, but it was only an excuse to make love to her, so she shook her head. Why would men insist on making love to her? She was in no mood for it. She'd stroll down to Peggotty Beach away from it all and leave Von Derp to ride alone. She might see Colquhoun, of course, but he at least wouldn't make love to her. He might scold her again, but he wouldn't make love to her. By this time he must have received her contrite little note of apology and thanks, for he had saved her life; and with it her mother's note inviting him to call at Stepping Stones so that she, the mother, might thank him personally for his heroism.

Apparently Von Derp dismissed the idea of a drive, and adapting his step to hers walked along beside her. Vaguely she was conscious of a running stream of small talk that seemed as endless as it was useless. She wondered if Bruce would accept her mother's invitation. Ceaselessly Von Derp's voice rippled through her moodiness.

"I count myself most fortunate that your father should have so signally honored me," he was saying.

"How?" Cicely queried dully.

"By admitting me to the inner circle of his family as he has done," was the reply. "Friendships made in that way are lasting, and sometimes they lead ——"

Cicely turned squarely and faced him. There was a belligerent gleam in the depths of her eyes and the rosebud lips straightened themselves into a thin line. Coolly she surveyed him, from his lemon-colored hair to his speckless boots, corking down in her mind his every oddity of dress and person.

"Sometimes they lead where?" she demanded.

The yellow-topped exquisite shrugged his shoulders and didn't say. Misinterpretation of her mood was impossible. He had chosen the wrong moment and was quick to see it.

For Two Hours or More He Labored in Silence

In silence they walked on past the little cottages until the beach opened before them. The Pyramid bobbed idly on a sea as blue as turquoise, and out a little farther the Maid of the Sea lazily strained at her anchor. The Maid's tender was just putting off with two men in it.

Again Cicely was struck with the thought that somewhere at some time she had met one of these men. She paused and watched him curiously as he landed and came toward her. He would have passed on heedlessly, but she recognized him and in her surprise involuntarily called his name.

"Mr. Meredith!"

He looked up quickly and stopped.

"Why, it's Miss ——"

"Quain," she interrupted quickly. "I met you in New York a few days ago, you remember, in the——"

"I remember perfectly." The detective's eye traveled up and down the immaculate figure of Von Derp, after which he turned to the girl again inquiringly: "Quain? Why are you here?"

"My mother and I are in—in retirement, shall I say?" Cicely explained. "We've been here more than a week."

"I see." Meredith commented.

"But why are you here?"

The detective glanced again at Von Derp meaningly. Cicely took the hint.

"Mr. von Derp, allow me—Mr. Meredith," she introduced. "Mr. von Derp is a friend of my father."

The two men shook hands, Meredith with the scant courtesy of a busy man, and Von Derp with an elaboration of detail that made a function of an introduction.

"What name, please?" asked the detective.

"Von Derp—August von Derp, of Holland."

"Von Derp," Meredith repeated. "Once I make sure of a name I never forget it any more than I ever forget a face." Von Derp smiled courteously. Meredith turned to Cicely: "Why am I here? I'm here because ——"

And he stopped abruptly as if amazed. Coming across the sands toward them was Bruce Colquhoun. With no word of excuse or explanation Detective Meredith left them and hurried forward to meet Bruce. They came face to face out of hearing of the girl and her companion.

"You found it necessary to stay in town all night, I see?" There was marked emphasis in the detective's voice, almost an accusation in his direct gaze.

"I judge from your manner that you didn't expect me to come back at all?" Bruce remarked crisply. "Am I right? Very well, I'm here. I shook off your man Dexter in ten minutes after I reached Boston. He's a child at trailing. Tell him so with my compliments."

Meredith's teeth snapped. He, like Cicely, felt the strength of this man behind the placid exterior.

"And it was absolutely necessary to shake him off?" he demanded.

"To do what I had to do, yes." Bruce was quite calm about it. "I thought I'd convinced you that I'm not the man you want."

"You have," Meredith assured him with an inward smile at some subtle thing that was not apparent. "You have convinced me, but you haven't proved you are not the man I want. I'm going to ask you to prove it now."

"Very well. How?"

"I'm going to ask you"—and the detective spoke measuredly, meaningly, the while his keen eyes searched the undisturbed face of the young man—"I'm going to ask you to write a few words on a slip of paper for me."

Colquhoun merely stared at him questioningly. If there was anything save a question in his countenance it was not given to the New York man to fathom it or even to isolate it.

"Is that all?" Bruce asked. "Just what words, may I ask?"

"I want you to write the words: 'Regards to Mr. Meredith,' and sign it 'The Hawk!'"

"Oh, just a trifle of forgery, eh?" Colquhoun taunted. "So you're going to connect me with that Brookline affair? Very well. I'll write it for you—but in the presence of witnesses. Here are two—Von Derp and Miss Quain."

Cicely was distinctly disappointed, and fuel was added to her indignation by the fact that Bruce didn't once ask,

in greeting her, how she felt, or whether she had recovered, or anything important like that. Instead he merely lifted his hat, bobbed his head and then curtly:

"Mr. Meredith requests me to write a phrase for him," he explained. "I've agreed to do it in the presence of witnesses. I have a fountain pen here. Please remember the phrase: 'Regards to Mr. Meredith. The Hawk.'" He was writing as he spoke. "In the upper right-hand corner of this slip of paper I am placing a distinguishing mark so that by no chance will this particular slip ever be confused with another. Please observe it."

He had written on the back of the long pocketbook that contained the Countess of Salisbury's garter. He held the paper in front of Cicely and Von Derp. Within a circle he had made three hieroglyphs

"Letters of the Phenician alphabet, that's all," he explained as he handed the slip to Meredith. "I'll tell you that to relieve the convolutions of brain that may afflict your handwriting expert when he sees them. I'll ask you, Miss Quain, and you, Mr. von Derp, to remember that I called attention to them."

There was a ludicrous expression of cunning gone wrong on the face of Detective Meredith, and into that of Von Derp came a change, too, a subtle nothing that might have been comprehension or again might not have been

"If you'll express to your mother, Miss Quain, my appreciation of her invitation to call I shall be deeply obliged," Bruce continued casually. The girl was staring at him wide-eyed; all at once everything seemed so mysterious and intangibly threatening. "I shall give myself the pleasure of seeing her this afternoon—that is, of course, if"—and he questioned Meredith with his eyes—"if a certain legal paper issued by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is not served upon me before. In that event I may be compelled to run over to New York."

It was a question, a taunt, a blatant jeering at the long arm of the law. He was referring to the new warrant which Meredith had in his pocket; the detective understood and shook his head sadly.

XVI

WITH that precious specimen of Bruce Colquhoun's chirography clasped fondly to his bosom Detective Meredith went tearing out of Satuit into Boston with a low rushing sound. There in the lair of the handwriting expert he hoped for just one word to connect the message left by The Hawk in the Brookline robbery with its verbal duplicate obligingly furnished by Bruce Colquhoun, for one word would be as illuminating as a searchlight on this odd problem of identity. Automatically the vacuum created by the detective's departure was filled by the appearance in Satuit of half a dozen keen, shrewd-eyed plain-clothes men summoned from New York. Dexter seemingly had vanished into thin air.

Meredith hoped for the best without expecting it. The more he considered it, the more improbable it seemed that Bruce would so willingly have given the specimen asked for if he had written the one found after the robbery. Then, too, there was a possibility that The Hawk in person had not written this last at all. He must have had an accomplice or accomplices, so —— But anyway it was worth while submitting the two to an expert for his opinion. And Meredith compelled himself to hope for light.

Professor Wayne, often employed by the police department of Boston, made an immediate comparison of the two specimens of handwriting to oblige the impatient New York officer. For two hours or more he labored in silence with enlarging camera, magnifying glasses, microscopes, acids and what not. Meredith's eyes were fairly blazing when the expert turned to him at last.

"It's the same handwriting," said Professor Wayne. "The specimens were written under different conditions, at different times, with different pens and ink, but the habits of the pen ——"

"Never mind the details now," the detective interrupted. "It is the same beyond doubt?"

"It is."

"You will swear to that in a court of law?"

"I will."

A great joy was bubbling in Detective Meredith's heart. At last he was about to put his hand on The Hawk! He had no fear of Bruce Colquhoun's escape for half a dozen men were there with orders to keep him in sight every moment. And while he was at it he'd just cinch his proof against Colquhoun. Straightway he went to another handwriting expert to make doubly certain.

Meanwhile, in Satuit, Detective Meredith's instructions were being followed minutely by his half-dozen satellites. Two of them were lounging on the beach when Bruce Colquhoun came ashore from the Pyramid, and he paused to stare at them curiously with a singular grim tightening of his lips before he turned into the winding road toward Stepping Stones. One of the men sauntered on after him, idly whipping the weeds with a switch.

Bruce stopped abruptly and waited for him to come up.

"You're one of Meredith's men, aren't you?" he asked briskly.

"I—I beg your pardon?" The plain-clothes man was obviously disconcerted.

"I merely wanted to know," Bruce explained. "I don't mind if you follow me about; but I *must* know who you are." A boisterous wind obliged him; it flipped open the man's coat, showing his badge. "Oh, all right!"

Bruce went on up the road. Cicely Quain, coming down the drive from Stepping Stones on her way to the village, nodded to him brightly and he walked on beside her. The man who had been following Bruce dropped back; another idler, who had paused on the causeway to toss stones into the tide, took up the trail. At this man, too, Bruce had stared curiously for an instant.

All conversations begin with banalities; this one did. The interchange of small talk, however, gave Cicely opportunity to study this mysterious young man, and she did it at her leisure from beneath the wide sun-hat that shadowed the blue eyes and darkened the brick red of her hair. She insisted to herself that she still hated him; but a woman's curiosity is greater than a passion like hate.

"I didn't know you were acquainted with Mr. Meredith," Cicely remarked irrelevantly.

"I only met him the other night," Bruce explained. "I almost shot him."

Cicely gave him a quick, startled look; he didn't seem to notice.

"Why?"

"He came blundering aboard my motor boat when he had no business there," he told her placidly. "I wasn't certain who it was, and if I hadn't recognized him I should certainly have killed him on the spot.

That stopped the conversation for a few moments. Somehow Cicely couldn't think of the next thing to say, though her curiosity was nearing the boiling-point

"How did it happen?" she asked at last.

"Meredith chased me all the way from New London in the Maid of the Sea under the impression that I was another man. I tried to escape under the impression that he was another man. It seems we were both mistaken."

"Does that account for that curious thing about—that thing where you wrote something and gave it to him?"

"Yes," Bruce elucidated tranquilly. "He still thinks I'm the other man, but he can't prove it."

"Who is he—this other man?"

"A notorious criminal—The Hawk, Meredith calls him. It seems he is wanted for murder, and thefts, and complicity in the disappearance of your jewels."

"Oh!" Cicely was staring up into his face with wide-open eyes. "If he thinks you are The Hawk, why don't you tell him who you really are?"

"It's none of his business."

"But he's a detective."

"That doesn't make it his business to know who I am. It is sufficient for him to know that I am not The Hawk."

There was a tiny gleam of indignation in the girl's eyes, glowing spots in her cheeks. Helen Hamilton's father, under similar circumstances, would have expected a storm.

"No honorable man," she declared, "would have any objection to the world's knowing who and what he is."

"Do you think so?" He didn't seem to be offended.

"I do," emphatically.

"Well, you don't know what you are talking about."

The glowing spots in Cicely's cheeks spread until her face was suffused; she was very angry at the calm insolence of this man. Her small hands closed indignantly.

"Being of the world I personally should like to know who you are," she taunted. "Of course if there is anything disreputable in ——"

"I am Bruce Colquhoun," he said.

"But beyond that?" There was mockery in her voice. "Don't you dare say? Am I to assume after all that Mr. Meredith is not mistaken?"

"It's immaterial to me what you assume. I can't tell you who I am."

"You mean you won't?"

"If you prefer it that way."

Cicely laughed, not because she was amused, but high tempers grow under red heads, and some laughs are merely outward manifestations of high tempers. Turning, Bruce regarded her gravely.

"It's very mysterious and theatric, isn't it?" she demanded. "Really I find it most amusing! A man afraid and ashamed to say who he is!"

There came some subtle change in Bruce's manner. For an instant he stared at her, stared until the color paled in her cheeks and the mockery vanished from her lips. There was something deep in his eyes that moved her strangely; she was seeing through a mist.

"I should like very much to make you understand," he said slowly. "I don't believe it has ever occurred to me as worth while to try to make any one else understand. But if I told you the reason for the necessity of concealing my identity you would either laugh or not believe me?"

It was a question. Cicely felt vaguely that she was being put upon honor, and being Cicely she resented it.

"I don't always laugh," she retorted, "and sometimes melodrama is good enough to believe."

"I'll go so far as to say that Bruce Colquhoun isn't my name at all," Bruce continued gravely, "any more than Cicely Quain is yours. I'll go farther and say that my life may depend upon my ability to keep my identity secret. It is melodrama, isn't it? Very well. With your permission now we'll change the subject."

He glanced behind them; Meredith's satellite was still trailing at a respectful distance. Cicely's brain was in a tumult. He was masquerading; Bruce Colquhoun wasn't his name! His life was in danger, he had said! Was he The Hawk? As she understood it The Hawk's life was forfeit to the law for murder. Was he ——? The thought

There Against the Glass of the Porthole Was a Man's Face

startled her, frightened her! Her mother had received him in their own home. Suppose he should be! Of a sudden she was seized with fear. Her first thought was to leave him there in the road. A half-cry rose to her lips; there was horror in her eyes.

"I beg your pardon, really," Bruce apologized in the same serious tone, and there was still that indefinable something deep in his brown eyes. "I didn't mean to frighten you. I'm not a thing to be afraid of."

The calm gravity of his voice dissipated the little panic that was upon her; she found herself standing her ground valiantly.

"Why do you stay here?" she asked with an odd tight feeling in her throat. "Why don't you go?"

"I have no intention of going," was the reply, and again he gazed gravely into the blue eyes until she looked away embarrassed. "I like it here."

Yet ten minutes later, as they sat together on the veranda of the quaint little tea room where three charming ladies served them, he announced without apparent reason a possible change in his plans. He had leaned forward to look at a stranger passing; Cicely's eyes followed his. The stranger was distinctly foreign in appearance Italian or Russian she judged hastily from her scant glimpse of him. Bruce settled back in his chair

"There is a possibility after all," he said quietly, "that I shall go away."

"Why?" Cicely's bewilderment was evident.

"Because," he replied enigmatically—"because that man is here!"

I'll go ahead of myself to say that Cicely hated Bruce Colquhoun so that she was unable to sleep that night for thinking of him.

Doctor Harvey, the second handwriting expert to whom Meredith submitted The Hawk's message together with the specimen of Bruce's chirography, handed them back and shook his head.

"They are not the same," he said emphatically. "There is not a single point of resemblance between them."

"I Won't Permit You to Make a Fool of Me! You Did Love Me Once"

"But—but——" and Detective Meredith's mouth opened in his astonishment as he stared vacantly.

"There is absolutely not one characteristic in common; they are totally unconnected."

The detective went his way in a daze. He called Professor Wayne, whose expert opinion had been directly opposed to this, on the telephone. "Who the deuce is this Doctor Harvey?" Meredith demanded curtly. "Is he a first-class man? Does he know his business?"

"Doctor Harvey?" Professor Wayne repeated. "Why, to my mind he is the greatest handwriting expert in the world. I'd set his judgment before that of any man living. What did he have to say to you?"

Meredith didn't tell him.

XVII

"WHERE," asked Mrs. Quain at dinner—"Where is Skeets?"

"He is down thanking Miss Dale for saving his life," Cicely told her.

"Where," asked Mrs. Quain at luncheon on the following day—"Where is Skeets?"

"He is down thanking Miss Dale for saving his life," Cicely responded as before.

"Again?" Mrs. Quain questioned with uplifted brows, "or merely yet?"

Cicely shrugged her shoulders and made it plain by a slight movement of her hands that the matter was of no consequence to her. Von Derp smiled with mathematical precision at Mrs. Quain's question.

"Don't you think," he observed with a trifling cynical curl of his lips, "that the young man is grateful in excess of the actual value of services rendered?"

He may have intended it merely as a witticism, but Cicely didn't smile. Instead she shot an antagonistic glance at Von Derp, for after all Skeets was her own personal property and not a butt for a Dutchman to hurl ponderous jokes at! I am merely recording her own thoughts.

As a matter of fact Cicely had done Skeets an injustice. He was not thanking sweet Mercy Dale. Already he had performed that matutinal rite, and now with coat off and hair rumpled poetically he was in the workroom of the tiny study on the lawn making some experiments in the gentle craft of verse-writing. Here and there in some of his poems he was changing "Helen" to

(Continued on Page 31)

The Overcapitalization of Our Industries

By ROGER W. BABSON

WE ALL know of some family in our community that is land poor, so to speak. At some time they or their ancestors owned a fine large estate with extensive grounds and a big house. Possibly the original owner knew of no other means of investing his money; possibly he desired to make a show in the community; and possibly he had men in his employ, in connection with the operation of mills or some other business, whom he could use at off times to care for the grounds and buildings. At any rate, conditions have changed. The grounds are now unkempt; the house needs repairing; it is impractical to heat it in winter on account of the expense. Most of the family have either died off or married and the small remnant is unable to keep the place going. In many instances the family is not in so good financial circumstances as formerly; but this is not always the case, for often it is only the surrounding conditions that have changed.

In short, the owners of the house are simply property poor, their needs being overcapitalized. In my old home city of Gloucester, Massachusetts, people refer to such a family as being "water-logged," which defines it very well, especially to one who knows what is meant by a water-logged vessel. Moreover, there is only one cure for a water-logged vessel, and that is to get the vessel on dry land and squeeze the water from it. In the same way there is only one cure for a family that is struggling under an estate that is too large for it; namely, to pull down the house, sell off a portion of the land and build a neat little cottage in accordance with present needs.

Now the great trouble with a number of our corporations is that they also are water-logged or, like our aristocratic old neighbor, are staggering under a capitalization too great for them. I mention this in order to make clear that this article, although written primarily as one of a series on reducing the cost of living, is written also in the interests of the honest stockholder and investor A company with a capital stock larger than legitimate expediency requires is like a man wearing shoes of a size larger than he needs. If we wear size nine shoes it is no advantage to us to purchase a pair of elevens because we can get more leather for the same amount of money! We are simply beating ourselves by such an act. The same is true in the case of stockholders in corporations. Some stockholders may think that they can beat the public by issuing a capital greater than they need; but in the end they will beat themselves, for their corporations will become disorganized, graft-ridden and water-logged in endeavoring to keep up appearances commensurate with this fictitious capitalization.

Why It Costs So Much to Live

THE most successful corporations today are those whose capital is bona fide and legitimate, representing only real money invested. These are the corporations that are a source of profit to the stockholders, a factor in our nation's progress and an honor to us all. In addition to paying a fair rate of dividend, they are able both to sell goods at fairly low prices and thereby hold their trade, and at the same time to spend proper sums on maintenance and upkeep, always improving the stockholders' property. On the other hand, a corporation that is struggling under too large a capitalization is forced to ask ridiculously high prices—hold an umbrella over the rest of the trade—thus stimulating cheap competition, all of which results in the demoralization of the trade with ultimately higher prices for the consumer. Moreover, these overcapitalized corporations are so pressed for money with which to pay dividends on their watered stock, that they are unable properly to maintain their plant, install the latest machinery and use the most modern labor-saving devices, which in turn tends also to hold up prices to the consumer.

Therefore, as above suggested, these remarks against overcapitalization should be read as carefully by the stockholder as by the consumer, for ultimately the interests of both are identical. This increased cost of living, outside of the increased gold production, is now due primarily to ten factors:

1. Overcapitalization of industries, and speculation.
2. Waste and fraud in the distribution of goods, with useless selling expenses.
3. Individual extravagance, and social competition.
4. Growth of cities, and the neglect of farming.
5. Irregularities of tax laws, and unjust assessing.
6. Lack of civic interest, and abnormal government expenditures.
7. Exhaustion of natural resources, and other waste.
8. Unions, the tariff and the trusts.
9. Change in the tide and character of immigration.
10. Loss from sickness, idleness of women, and unproductiveness of the non-producing classes.

Although nearly every man has a different reason for the present conditions of labor—and certainly there are many reasons—yet one of the most important is the overcapitalization of our industries. The necessity and desire to pay dividends on overcapitalization have caused the management of many corporations both to force up the price of the product and to hold down the wages of labor, thus squeezing the consumers at both ends.

Moreover, in making this statement I fully recognize that labor is receiving higher wages and is producing less than ever before. I am willing to admit also that the laborer is receiving more in the necessities of life per hour labor than ever before in the history of the world, and from this point of view the cost of living per hour labor has diminished instead of increased. On the other hand, everything in this world is a matter of comparison, and considering what the capitalist in some branches of business is receiving today per hour labor, the contrast is very discouraging to the wage-earner.

This is a point which the reader should most carefully note, for it is often overlooked in discussions of the increased cost of living. The capitalist insists that he is paying higher wages and receiving less work than ever before, and therefore he has no sympathy for labor. The laborer knows that he is paying more for his goods and has less money left at the end of the week than ever before,

and consequently is bitter toward capital. The facts of the case are that both of these statements are probably true, because it is not a question of how much work the capitalist receives for a dollar, or how much of the necessities of life the laborer receives for a dollar. The great economic and social question is: What proportion of the dollar is each of these interests receiving today? This is a question that underlies the cost of living.

Capital stock, theoretically, is issued to cover three kinds of assets, cash, property and good-will. Practically, it is issued for only two kinds of assets, (1) cash and real property, and (2) fictitious property and good-will. In my study of the early corporations I find that once no such thing as overcapitalization existed; in fact, the first flagrant case of overcapitalization that I find was in the eighteenth century, when John Law organized his famous Mississippi Bubble. It was at this time, when the rule of plutocracy succeeded to that of aristocracy, that the evil first commenced. This was about the time of our Revolutionary War with England.

Readers may be interested to know that it was at this time that the Rothschild family got its start, for in 1776 King George III, of England, gave to the Elector of Hesse a large sum of money for the use of the Hessian troops, so-called. The Elector of Hesse, however, saved the larger portion of this money and turned it over to a money-lender who operated a shop known as the "Red Shield" in English, or as "Rothschild" in the native language. Not only were the Rothschilds given the privilege of loaning this money, but also the money received from the collection of incomes and rents due the Elector of Hesse. Thus, after the elector was compelled to flee from the country, these revenues were still collected by the Rothschilds, who lent them out at interest and invested the same wherever it could be done with safety. This success of the Rothschilds caused others to develop a similar line of business until there were more funds seeking investment than there were safe channels of investment.

The Beginning of Overcapitalization

AS "NECESSITY is the mother of invention," the promoters began to overcapitalize in order to provide more capital for these rapidly accumulating fortunes, and the cost of living began to increase. This overcapitalization continued to grow in England until a short time ago, when the English passed their Corporations Act which somewhat checked these common practices. In our country it started in good earnest after our Civil War, when the corporation laws of our various states were revised to permit the capitalization of good-will. A tremendous overcapitalization then took place at once, which was a great factor in precipitating the panic of 1873 and the disturbances of the eighties. These were largely industrial panics, but later on this overcapitalization spread from the industries to the railroads, and the overcapitalization of our railroads was a great factor in precipitating the panic of 1893. About this time the famous New Jersey corporation law was passed, which not only permitted but encouraged the capitalization of good-will and the inflation of corporations, to which law the panic of 1907 was largely due.

The overcapitalization of an industry means the capitalization of intangible property and good-will, with the payment of unearned dividends. A corporation which is capitalized only for an amount equal to the real net value of its actual property, accounts receivable and cash is not overcapitalized, and in my opinion such a corporation is entitled to earn large dividends on this capital stock. Moreover, the very fact that it is not overcapitalized will—according to the law of the survival of the fittest—cause it to keep down prices and bid up wages. Many corporations today, however, are capitalized also for their intangible property, and then in addition to all this issue more watered stock, for which not even the excuse of good-will is given. If space would permit I should like to give examples of such flagrant overcapitalization; but any one who will turn to the report of the United States Industrial Commission will find all the data desired. It is an intensely interesting volume and endeavors to show in an unprejudiced and careful manner the great overcapitalization existing today as a result of the issuance of stock for other than tangible property, to which our increased living expenses are largely due.

From studies I have made of this question based upon both this and other reports of the United States Commission, together with published figures of the National Corporation Tax Returns, I conclude that probably about $30,000,000,000 of stock is outstanding today which was issued for other than real property. On this stock dividends of about $1,500,000,000 each year are being paid, amounting to about $18 a person or nearly $100 an American family. If these figures are correct—and I grant that they are purely estimates—it means that an average family in this country is paying a tax of $100 a year in supporting the overcapitalization of our industries. If so, is there any doubt as to overcapitalization's being one reason for the increased cost of living? Certainly to pay these dividends and force this tax of $100 a family on the American people means either that wages are being held down abnormally low or that prices are being raised artificially high, and personally I feel that the latter is the case. Moreover, in making this statement I wish to emphasize that I do not oppose paying dividends, however large they may be, on honest capital, as there is no reason why the large corporation is not entitled to make as much in percentage as the small corporation, or, in fact, the individual business man.

I am, however, unalterably opposed to large, inflated, fictitious capitalizations, and this includes many of the common industrial stocks listed on our stock exchanges, which corporations in turn control the prices of necessities of life and do much toward making the cost of living so high. The official figures above referred to are as follows:

NATIONAL CORPORATION TAX RETURNS

	YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1910	YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1911	INCREASE
Capitalization	$52,371,626,752	$57,886,401,759	$5,514,805,767
Bonds and Debt	31,333,472,096	30,747,916,008	*585,556,088
Dividends	1,485,000,000	1,806,250,042	321,250,042
No. Corporations	267,490	270,302	2,812

* Decrease

Personally, I very much doubt if good-will is ever justly entitled to capitalization. Of course there are instances where large amounts have been paid for patents, and corporations may be entitled to capitalize what was actually paid in cash for these patents; but certainly the company should capitalize these patents for no greater sum than the cash price paid. This capitalization should be systematically written off each year, moreover, so that when the patents expire there will be no capital stock outstanding representing these patents. The same thing also applies to copyrights and all other similar property. As above stated, however, I do not believe that even patents and copyrights should be capitalized, for their value is more or less of a fleeting nature and depends not on the certificates received from the government so much as on the ability of the sales force to push the goods.

There also is a moral reason why I am opposed to the capitalization of good-will as it is ordinarily attempted by the average corporation lawyer; and I might add here that our nation's lawyers are probably as much responsible for the present unhealthy economic conditions as any one class of men. There is a great economic difference between wealth and capital. Wealth may be of value for the moment only, while capital should be of permanent value. Mere wealth is and only can be security for value, and unless represented by actual cash should not be considered as capital. I might illustrate what I mean by referring to the call loans made by the various banks of New York on stock-exchange collateral. A bank will loan, for instance, $20,000 on 200 shares of United States Steel stock selling approximately at 60 and 200 shares of Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad stock selling approximately at 70, which stocks today have a market value of say $26,000. Now the loan of $20,000 represents capital, and the stocks amounting to $26,000 represent wealth. Certainly if the estate of the holder of these stocks should today be appraised it would be appraised at $26,000, which would be considered a part of the holder's wealth. On the other hand, the bank considers these stocks worth $26,000 only for the moment, and if the United States Steel stock or the Chesapeake & Ohio stock drops 10 points, the bank will immediately call upon the maker of the note for additional security. In fact, the reading of the note acknowledges that these stocks are not of permanent value and, although they represent wealth, do not represent capital. The real capital in the above illustration is only $20,000, and this note should be capitalized for only $20,000, irrespective of the momentary value of the stocks.

The Real Owners of Good-Will

MOREOVER, the banks themselves and every individual in this country can make or unmake the value of these stocks. Assume that the banks should get together and refuse to loan hereafter on either of these stocks. In my opinion, these stocks would drop in twenty-four hours fifty per cent in price. Therefore, when considering wealth apart from capital, it must be recognized that wealth—so far as it is dependent on good-will—is really of value purely by public sufferance and because you, I and the rest of the ninety million people in this country are willing to permit it certain privileges. Now, is it just to posterity for us to allow a corporation to mortgage this good-will, which mortgage our children and grandchildren must pay through a constantly increasing cost of living? In other words, who owns the good-will? Is it the buyer, or the seller? Personally, I believe that from a moral point of view it is the buyer rather than the seller. It requires no socialist to tell that the Astor estate did not make its holdings valuable, but rather that the people of New York made the holdings of the Astor estate valuable. It may be said that Mr. Astor showed wisdom and ability in making his original purchases, and we all are glad to admit this fact: but if so he and his descendants have been paid one hundred times over for this wisdom and business foresight. This is a question of great importance to our nation today.

If you or I go to a bank and desire to borrow money we are compelled to submit a tabulated inventory of our actual property, showing real estate, accounts receivable, cash and other tangible assets. A bank cares not how much we value our good-will, for its credit man knows that good-will today may be bad-will tomorrow. Why should it not be the same with a corporation? If a conservative bank will not consider good-will in the statement we render, why should we consider good-will in the statements our corporations render? In short, there is no reason why the people of this country should tolerate laws which permit corporations to overcapitalize or issue watered stock, representing no actual capital, while the people themselves in order personally to obtain credit must include only actual property in their tabulated statement.

It will be seen, therefore, that the prevention of overcapitalization will render four distinct services:

(1) Such action will be better for the corporations themselves, making them stronger and always in a position readily to obtain new capital at a fair rate of interest. It is assumed that dividends on real capital will not be restricted.

(2) Safer for the investor, assuring him that his certificate of stock represents real property and not simply hopes.

(3) More just to labor, assuring labor that it will not be crushed in order to earn dividends on inflated capital.

(4) Better for the consumer, knowing that the quality of goods and prices will not be arbitrarily manipulated by a hungry board of directors.

Of course I recognize that much of this is looked upon as radicalism, and many of my friends will criticise me for making these statements; but do not the facts speak for themselves? Are not the men who oppose the interference with capitalization—mind you, I have not recommended anything that will tend to

(Concluded on Page 31)

Buy it by

Of Any

Have it when

This "outing confection" is a blessing day or night—ashore or afloat—indoors or out—for ladies—for men.

Have it when you want it—for yourself or your guests.

Look for the spear!

...y the Box

...Dealer

...l you Want it!

This continuous cooling mint leaf juice brightens teeth—purifies breath—sharpens appetite—eases digestion. It costs *little* by the package but *less* by the box of *20* packages.

The flavor lasts!

A king could not have better soup than this.

AND you will say so, too. Its rich nourishing quality and wholesome flavor seem like "home-made". Yet the finest home kitchen could hardly produce the equal of

Campbell's
OX TAIL
SOUP

Selected large fresh ox tails are sent to us carefully dressed and packed in paper-lined boxes specially for this soup. There could be nothing more dainty and attractive. And besides the sliced joints of this prime juicy meat, this soup contains diced carrots and yellow turnips, barley, celery, onions and spices, all combined in a whole-tomato purée seasoned with dry Spanish sherry which we import for this purpose.

Always order this extremely satisfying soup by the half-dozen at least, and you will save many a disappointment.

"You great big beautiful babe!"
I'll hug you so hard as I'm able,
I'll sing you a song
The whole day long
And wake you up in the table."

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bouillon	Consomme	Pepper Pot
Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato Okra
	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

TEN YEARS OF RHODES SCHOLARS

(Continued from Page 9)

discussing the matter until four o'clock and then decided it was their duty to join separate parties.

The idea that the Rhodes scholars are inclined to hoard their funds rests, I gathered, upon a misconception of their financial problem. Three hundred pounds a year seems a fairly liberal sum; and indeed it is so in an American college. At Oxford, however, life is expensive and the expense increases rapidly in proportion as a man lives in the manner intended by the founder. "What I call a university education is the education of rubbing shoulders with every kind of individual and class on absolutely equal terms; therefore a very poor man can never get the full value of an Oxford training." Now such "rubbing shoulders" involves breakfasts, luncheons and dinners; a never-failing supply of things to drink and smoke; subscriptions to athletic, social and debating clubs, and no slight expense for various athletic costumes. For the Rhodes scholar, moreover, an Oxford education is even more expensive than for an Englishman. In the home country a collegian spends comparatively little in traveling and passes his vacations beneath the parental roof. The Rhodes scholar has to provide for at least two journeys halfway round the world and for the expenses of vacation-time as well.

The Oxford vacations are serious matters. It is one of the most solemn of the paradoxes of English university life that "residence" in college, which is rigidly insisted on as a qualification for the degree, has only a secondary relationship to study. The chief concerns of residence are athletics, debating clubs and social clubs, and undergraduate "life" in general. There are, of course, lectures; but attendance upon them is not compulsory and absences are not noted. Conferences with tutors are more or less obligatory, but do not in themselves "count" toward a degree. The real function of lectures is to blaze the paths toward serious "reading," most of which is supposed to take place in vacation. Men go up to Oxford to live and down from it to study. When long vacations at Christmas and at Easter are added to the summer recess it is found that over half of each year is spent away from Oxford.

Conditions in the Oxford Union

Now to most Rhodes scholars life abroad is a new and stimulating experience, and one that is perhaps never to be repeated. With all Europe and its centuries beckoning, it would be strange if young men of energy and imagination failed to respond. And, though continental travel is a luxury, it is far from being an expensive luxury. One of the dons identified with the Rhodes Trust made inquiries and found that, on the average, the scholars spent for board and lodging on the Continent only thirty shillings a week, or seven dollars and a half—about two-thirds of what similar fare would have cost in England. I have heard it said that some of the Rhodes scholars have started in with an idea that by ordinary economy they would be able to found their fortunes on their savings. If so they have grossly deceived themselves. One man told me that early in his first long vacation he shrieked and fled over the ocean to the paternal roof—and, at that, was some thirty pounds behind on the year. In spite of every temptation, however, large parts of the vacations of Rhodes scholars are spent in England—in "reading parties," in visiting English friends, who are more and more inclining to be hospitable to them, and in travel, the object of which is to become familiar with the many aspects of British economics and politics.

One criticism of the Rhodes scholars did seem to me just: A large proportion of them do not join the Oxford Union. Now this is a social and political center in a way that no similar institution has ever been in America. The library is well equipped and well administered. At tea-time the lounging rooms are thronged with men in their most approachable moods. The debates are regarded quite seriously in the newspapers and in Parliament as straws in the political wind. To be president of the Union is the chief distinction of undergraduate life, not excluding success in athletics; and the man who gains it is well launched in a career. It would seem to be the duty of every Rhodes scholar to join as fully as possible in the activities of such a place.

There is, however, an explanation of their failure to do so—if not an excuse. It is not merely that the Union is expensive. The sad fact is that its ruling spirit is no longer, as it once was, democratic and inclusive. The officers are parceled out and the debates are conducted by powerful inner cliques, and men who are not known to the leaders of these cliques do not easily gain recognition. A Rhodes scholar from Australia told me that it seemed scarcely worth while to wait until midnight to gain a hearing and then have to speak to empty benches!

Another colonial made an even more serious charge. He said that to all of the outlanders the English ideal in debate was, to say the least, not sympathetic. At home they are accustomed to deal in all seriousness with facts and constructive reasoning. Members of the Union—and, indeed, members of Parliament—affect a style that seemed to him "windy and gaseous." The things most admired are the personal pleasantry, the tortured phrase, the strained and irrelevant digression. The English themselves recognize this. They tell of a curate, well schooled in the Oxford manner, who began a prayer as follows: "Paradoxical as it may seem to Thee, O Lord ——"

The Quality of the Americans

It should be added that one of the Americans has been, in turn, secretary and treasurer of the Union, and stands in line to be president. It is true that from the start he had the good fortune to be acquainted with one of the dominant cliques; but the thin edge of the wedge has found lodgment, and when he comes to the chair no excuse will remain for those who do not enter as strongly as possible into the life of the Union. To introduce into Oxford debating some measure of serious purpose and solid method is an undertaking well worth while. A Canadian, who was in Oxford at the time when the present prime minister was president of the Union, tells me that the prevailing tone of debate was much what it is today; but that, in the long run, the seriousness of his manner helped rather than hindered him.

It is not at all unlikely, moreover, that the best of our men would profit by the easy grace and light-hearted give-and-take of English public speaking.

One defect in the working of the Rhodes scholarships—indeed, the only vital defect that I could discover—is in the machinery for selecting the scholars in the home countries. It has been said the men sent over are not the best that might be secured, and that this is especially true of Americans. There has been an elaborate investigation on this point. In the report many Oxford dons were quoted as declaring that the Rhodes scholars, as they had known them, were fully up to the standard of the English undergraduate in all respects. Some few said they were perhaps above the average. This sounds very well. Certainly one is relieved to be assured that the Oxford tradition is suffering no evil influence; but when one comes to think it over there appears to be something in the nature of a Senegambian in the fuel. Certainly it was the intention of the founder that each scholar should be the best man of his time in each of our states. If they do not average far and away above the common run of English undergraduates the pride of the outlander is indeed humbled.

A don of my acquaintance, who had lately made a tour of the leading American universities, had everywhere asked whether the Rhodes scholars were really representative of our best. In many cases the answer was a friendly laugh of derision.

One trouble seems to be that our young men are not inclined to take the matter very seriously. Perhaps the strongest trait of the undergraduate mind is its conservatism, its mistrust of all things new and strange; and certainly the terms of the competition as set down in Mr. Rhodes' will are without precedent. According to these terms, three points are allowed for "literary and scholastic attainments"; two

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Look for the Bird Cards in the packets and learn how you can secure a beautiful Bird Album.

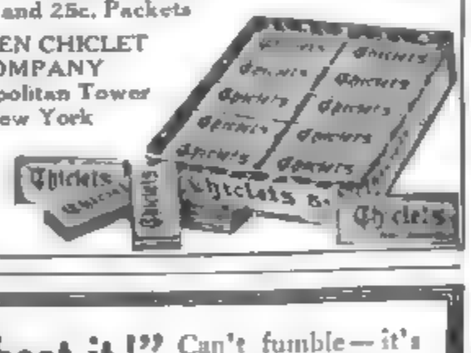
Half a million folks of all kinds—including grown-ups, children, teachers, etc., are collecting our wonderful **Bird Studies**—faithful reproductions of American birds in full colors, with descriptions of the birds' plumage, habits, and how to know them on sight. You will find one beautiful bird picture in each packet of Chiclets. Send us any fifty of these pictures with ten cents in stamps and we will send you our splendid Bird Album.

The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

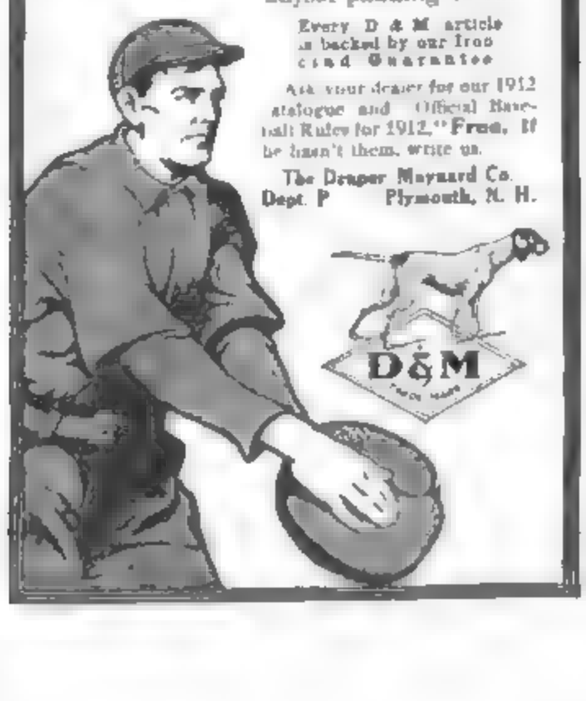
SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



"Shoot it!" Can't fumble—it's a D & M. Made of soft, pliable leather, padded with best asbestos felt.

D&M

mitts and gloves won't harden from wetting. Catcher's mitts have patent D & M laced thumb, forming deep pocket, and laced back, so player can adjust padding to suit.



Every D & M article is backed by our Iron Clad Guarantee

Ask your dealer for our 1912 catalogue and Official Baseball Rules for 1912. "Free. If he hasn't them, write us.

The Draper Maynard Co.
Dept. P Plymouth, N. H.

for "fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports"; two for "manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for the protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, fellowship"; and two for "force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates—for those latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duty as his highest aim."

Now a college man knows very well what it means to go in for an examination; and, however he may hate it, he is game for the contest. He rejoices like a strong man in "trying for a team" or running a race. When it comes, however, to standing on his "devotion to duty, sympathy for the protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness," and so forth, and on his "instincts to lead," it is the nature of the young animal to feel foolish and take to cover. It does not help very much that his athletic ability and manly good fellowship are to be judged by his fellow students and his qualities of leadership by his teachers. A man who took his candidacy seriously could hardly avoid the feeling that he was posing before the one and toadying to the other. Such a feeling may be illogical, but it is very natural. One American was recommended by his master as "the whitest flower of South Carolina," and the phrase became known to his college mates at Oxford. The white flower blushed and did not blush unseen. It took the man the better part of three years to live down the ridicule.

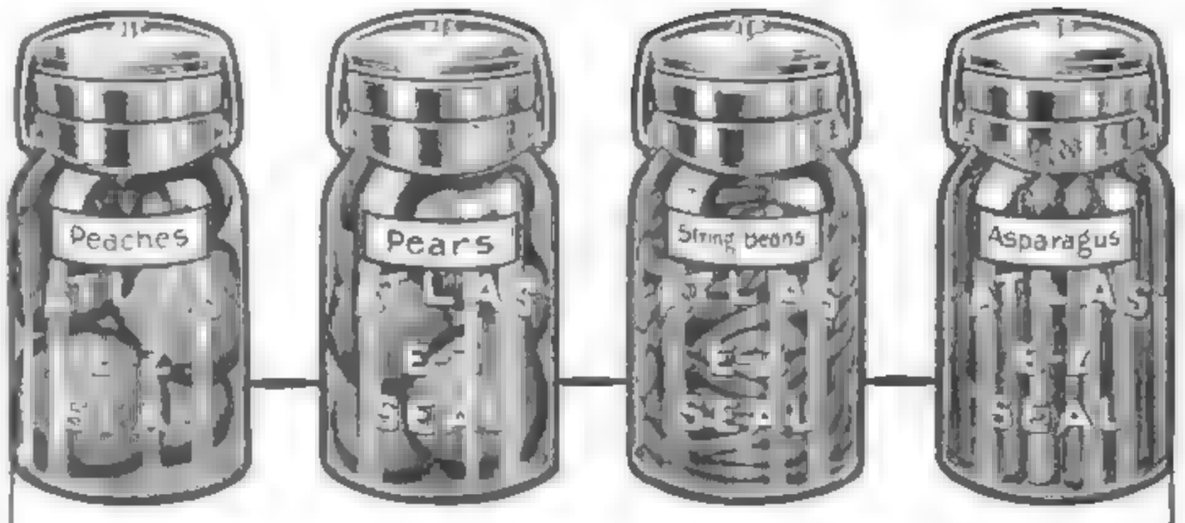
The scholarship examination, moreover, includes tests in mathematics, Latin and Greek far beyond the requirements under our elective system. Many of our ablest and most serious men refuse to spend time in getting up these subjects on the off chance of being successful also in vague tests of athletic ability, manhood and leadership. This difficulty has been met in part by allowing men who qualify in other respects to defer their examination in Greek until after they have arrived at Oxford.

Selecting the Candidates

Not the least of the difficulties has been with regard to the local committees for choosing the scholars in each state. The executive for the Rhodes Trust, Doctor Parkin, suggested to the president of the United States that the matter be placed in charge of the governor of each state. The president warned him off emphatically. Few men in our public life would see in the scholarships anything more than a personal plum or a chance to do a political favor. One governor who was approached in the matter wrote that he had no son, but would send his nephew. Clearly he had never heard of the sin of nepotism. The choice was intrusted to committees in the leading local universities; but even here there was trouble. In one instance, as a result of a political landslide, the entire faculty of the state university was discharged, and with it, of course, the Rhodes committee. Such cases, it is true, are exceptional; but everywhere there have been very real difficulties.

In some states there are several and in a few states many universities of the first rank. It is impossible for either undergraduates or members of the faculty to judge of the personal qualifications of candidates from widely different institutions in widely distant parts of the state. Sometimes the members of the committee became partisans, backing candidates from their own institutions. When a fairer spirit prevailed it resulted in an agreement to appoint one scholar from each institution in rotation. In either case the result was, on the one hand, to discourage many good men from competing, and, on the other hand, to prevent selecting the best men among those who did compete. These difficulties have been met by different methods adapted to differing local conditions, and everywhere the letter of the will has been ignored when it stood in the way of the spirit. On the whole, there has been steady progress, though much remains to be done.

It was the intention of the founder to take his scholars from preparatory schools. It was found, however, that the general standard was below that at Winchester, Eton, Harrow and the rest; so that candidates have been required to take at least two years of a B. A. course. In actual practice most of the successful men are graduates. In one very important respect this is of great advantage. The period from eighteen to twenty-two years is the most



"She went to the cupboard"—

Nowadays, the good housewife will not tolerate a *bare* cupboard. Instead, she loads the shelves with good things—peas, beans, beets, tomatoes and almost all kinds of vegetables, berries and fruits, preserved to the queen's taste in "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jars.

It is so easy, so little trouble! Think of the treat—fine, fresh, tempting garden products all winter! How much better than "store goods" and what a tribute to your skill!

Women are learning, too, that vegetables are as easy to "put up" as fruit. There is no danger of spoiling when stored in the wide-mouthed, glass-capped, spring-sealed

ATLAS
E-Z SEAL JARS

(*Get one free from your grocer*)

The "E-Z Seal" is the improved all-glass, sanitary jar—no metal to come in contact with the acids of the fruit.

It is made of best glass of a green tint to exclude the rays of light. The spring seal responds to a light touch—yet it holds for "*keeps*." No twisting—no turning.

Cut out the coupon, take it to your grocer and he will give you one "E-Z Seal" Jar absolutely FREE. Try it; you will like it, and have no more *spoiled* fruit.

Live Better and Cheaper

The "high cost of living" is troubling most housewives. The grocer's winter prices are about as follows:

1 doz. Quarts	String Beans	$ 2.05
1 " "	Peas	2.10
1 " "	Asparagus	2.85
1 " "	Tomatoes	1.90
1 " "	Lima Beans	1.90
1 " "	Corn	1.65
		$12.45
Six doz. Quart E-Z Seal Jars cost—say		5.40
Actual cash saving (first year) between 72 quarts of "store goods" and 72 quarts of "home-jarred" goods		$7.65

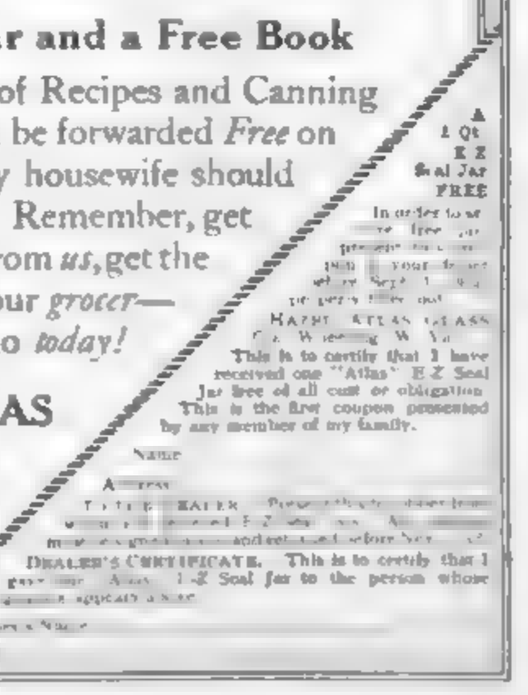
Thereafter your jars cost nothing and your yearly saving is **$13.05** less the small cost of preserving. And vegetables from your own garden (or market) jarred in your *own* home are so much better than any you may buy! Many women are doing their own jarring—why not *YOU?*

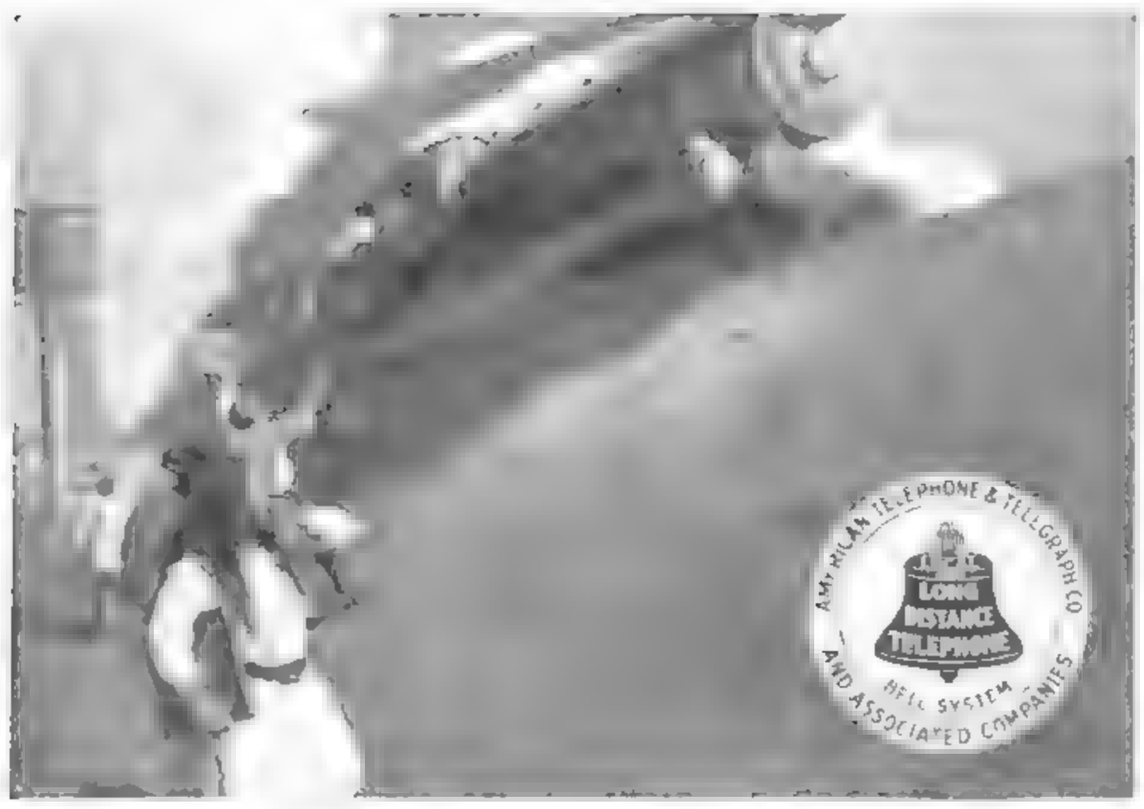
"By its fruit you may know it."

A Free Jar and a Free Book

Our new Book of Recipes and Canning Instructions will be forwarded *Free* on request. Every housewife should have this book. Remember, get the Free Book from *us*, get the Free Jar from your *grocer*—two things to do *today!*

HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO.
Wheeling
W. Va.


A 1 Qt. E-Z Seal Jar FREE
HAZEL ATLAS GLASS Co. Wheeling W. Va.
This is to certify that I have received one "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar free of all cost or obligation. This is the first coupon presented by any member of my family.
Name
DEALER'S CERTIFICATE. This is to certify that I



The Right of All the Way

Railroad service and telephone service have no common factors—they cannot be compared, but present some striking contrasts.

Each telephone message requires the right of all the way over which it is carried. A circuit composed of a pair of wires must be clear from end to end, for a single conversation.

A bird's eye view of any railroad track would show a procession of trains, one following the other, with intervals of safety between them.

The railroad carries passengers in train loads by wholesale, in a public conveyance, and the service given to each passenger is limited by the necessities of the others; while the telephone carries messages over wires devoted exclusively for the time being to the individual use of the subscriber or patron. Even a multi-millionaire could not afford the exclusive use of the railroad track between New York and Chicago. But the telephone user has the whole track and the right of all the way, so long as he desires it.

It is an easy matter to transport 15,000 people over a single track between two points in twenty-four hours. To transport the voices of 15,000 people over a single two-wire circuit, allowing three minutes for each talk, would take more than thirty days.

The telephone system cannot put on more cars or run extra trains in order to carry more people. It must build more telephone tracks—string more wires.

The wonder of telephone development lies in the fact that the Bell System is so constructed and equipped that an exclusive right of all the way, between near-by or distant points, is economically used by over 24,000,000 people every day.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

impressionable of a man's life and the one in which he forms the most enduring ties. A man who passes this period in Oxford is liable to come too strongly under the influence of English ways and English friendships. When he returns he finds his own country alien and his old friends in a sense estranged. A college course at home, on the contrary, confirms him in native ways and gives him a host of friends to whom he may return. The Oxford experience then becomes clear gain.

This delaying of the scholarship, however, has had one very serious disadvantage. Even more than the strangeness of the scale of qualifications, it tends to discourage competition. At the age of twenty-two, strong and able men feel that they have already sufficiently delayed the actual grappling with life and are eager to set themselves up firmly on their own two legs.

The modern tendency in America is to prolong the period of professional study. Two-year courses have been extended to three years, and three-year courses to four. A Rhodes scholarship can be used to lay a broad and deep foundation.

The Rhodes scholar who intends to practice law can devote his three years to reading for honors in jurisprudence. He will thus gain a thorough knowledge of pure law—Roman law and international law.

Men intending to practice medicine can take the honor B. A. in physiology and the bachelorship in science, which corresponds to the B. C. L. To take the degree in medicine requires five years—three in Oxford and two in a London hospital. Many Americans have taken the honor degree in physiology, but none has taken the full medical course. It is evident, therefore, that an American intending to practice law or medicine may spend three years at Oxford very profitably, returning to a professional school in America to take the final degree and to make the acquaintances that are most useful to him.

Oxford is still the most aristocratic university in the world, in spite of the strength of recent democratic tendencies, and the United States is the most thoroughly republican of nations; but in proportion as our Rhodes scholars are well chosen they must excel the average Oxford man in energy and ability. What they have to learn is important, but what they have to teach is vital.

The Men Who Cheered

On both sides these difficult matters have been handled, for the most part, with excellent good nature. One of the Americans told me of a very characteristic experience. He had been saddened by the lack of spontaneous enthusiasm in Oxford athletic contests, and a little shocked, perhaps, by the lack of keenness on the part of the contestants. Coming up from the river one day, he passed a cricket field from which there came a great noise of shouting and cheering. He remarked to his English companion that was the sort of thing one heard everywhere in America. The Englishman smiled. The contestants in the game were two elevens of "scouts" or college servants. The joke was, of course, on the American, and he laughed heartily. There was also something on Oxford, however, and it was not a joke.

On the whole, as it seemed, the hopes of the founder are in a very fair way to be realized. In the history of an institution that is permanent a decade is the merest moment. Twenty years hence and forever afterward there will be between two and three thousand men in the prime of life scattered over the English-speaking world, each one of whom will have had impressed upon his mind at the most susceptible period the dream of a union of all our peoples in the interest of free institutions, of justice and of peace.

For us in America, the future of the Rhodes idea is full of problems. One thing is certain: If ever we need the help of the British Empire, as the British Empire seems likely to need our help, a body of men will be at hand who have the spirit of leadership and a full knowledge of both countries. Earl Grey showed me the photogravure of a picture representing a grown man holding forth to two boys sitting on the shore of the sea. Beneath it was a sentence from a speech by a Canadian: "The Empire is my Country; Canada is my Home." A copy of this is to be sent to every school beneath the British flag—changing the name of the home, of course, to fit each case.

Try the New Cooking Salt

For the next thing you cook with Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt. This salt is probably new to you though thousands of housewives are now [illegible] vors the who[illegible] common hard grain salt [illegible] salt melts slowly. It [illegible] lt the food [illegible]

Diamond Crystal Flakes

Common Cooking Salt

a difference in dish[illegible] You find this out, too, if you try

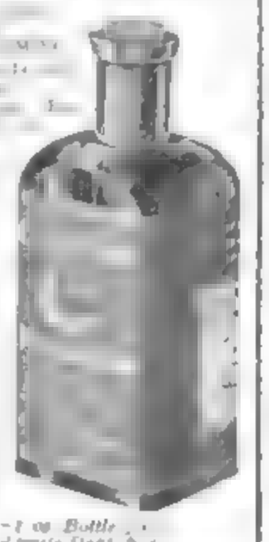
Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt

The only cooking salt in the [illegible] 99⅔ pure

The salt put up especially for cooking [illegible] package, [illegible] the Rockies

Diamond Crystal Salt Company
St. Clair, Mich.
Makers of Famous Shaker Salt for the Table

An Appreciation of
MAPLEINE
(The Flavor de Luxe)
From the Land of Hot Cakes and Flapjacks

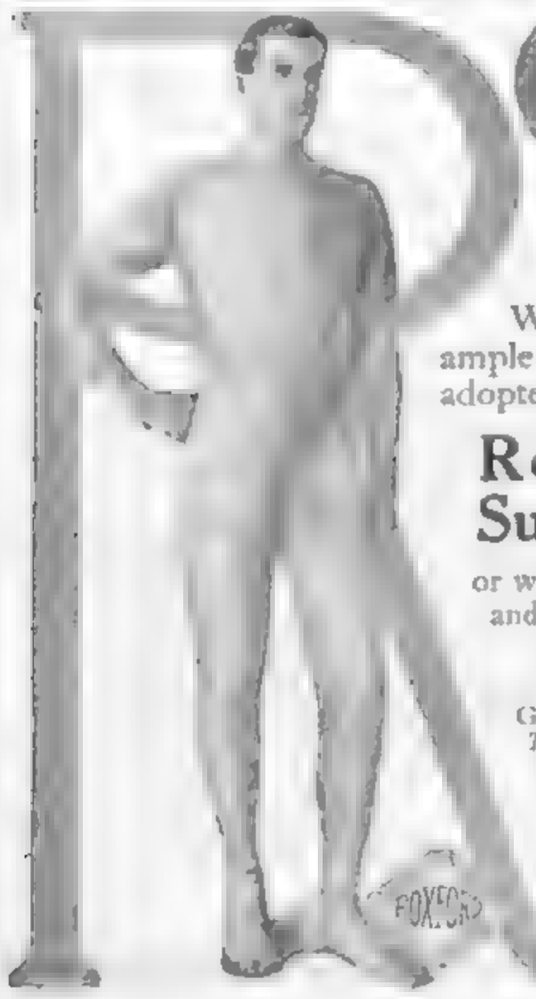


Yours very truly
Sgd) N H Hilton

Mapleine, besides its uses as a delicious flavoring extract for desserts and cakes, makes a smacking good syrup by dissolving white sugar in water and adding the Mapleine—such a syrup is economical, pure, exquisitely good and easily made. Many prefer it to maple, and it certainly is mighty handy and convenient, not only in the home but in the camp.

Grocers sell Mapleine—2 oz. Bottle [illegible] Bottle 35c. If not write Dept. [illegible]

CRESCENT MFG. CO., SEATTLE, WN.
Mapleine Cook Book sent free on request



OXFORD

"The Underwear that Won't Stick"

Will you profit *now* by the example of Two Million men who have adopted

Roxford Knitted Summer Underwear

or will you dabble in novelties and fads—and buy your own experience?

Roxford is the old-fashioned balbriggan idea in the *modern styles*

Generous—easy-fitting—soft and comfortable. *Ten styles* for Men and Boys 50c., 75c. and $1.00 a garment.

Ask any reliable haberdasher or department store. Write for the little *Roxford Book*.

Roxford Knitting Co.
Dept. M Philadelphia

New Business

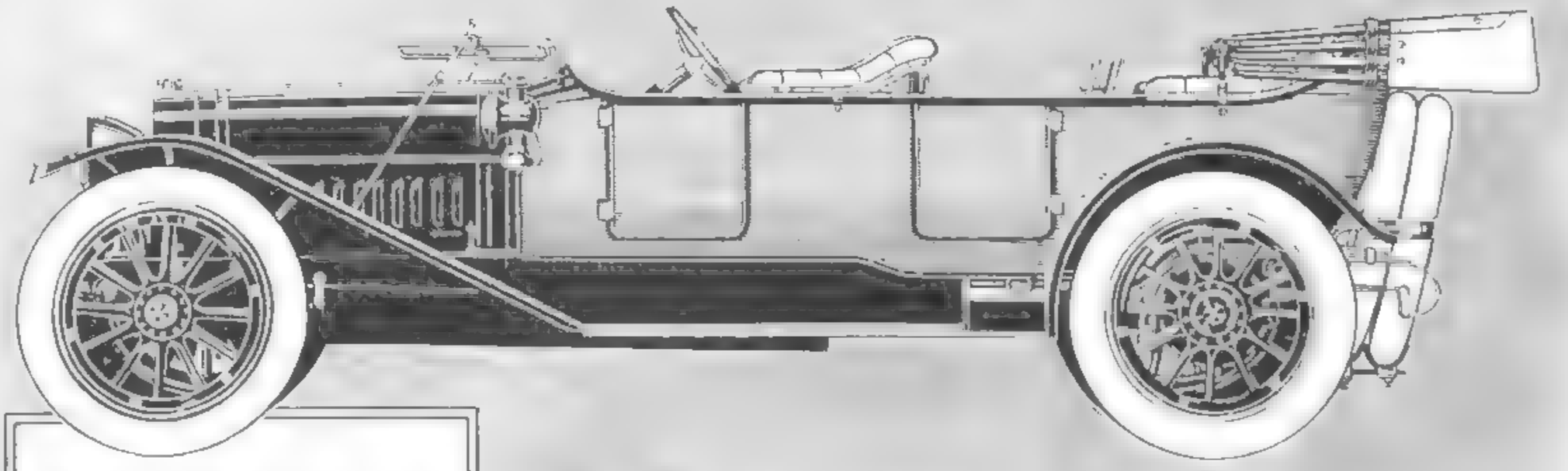
MANDEL
Post Card Machine

Photos Direct on Post Cards
—No Plates—No Films

this wonderful [illegible] portable post card gallery.

CHICAGO FERROTYPE COMPANY
299 Ferrotype Bldg Chicago Ill. or Dept 299 Public Bank Bldg New York N Y

The comfort car for 1913 — four spirited models of striking style.



Electric Started and Lighted

A turn of the switch retards spark beyond possibility of "back fire" — releases rich mixture — starts the dynamo motor as motor, current from storage batteries, and turns the engine with enough power to start the car a considerable distance.

Now, with the engine running under magneto ignition, the dynamo-motor converts into a dynamo and charges the storage batteries for lighting, and future starting. The K-system three wire electric system permits the use of lamps of twice the candle power.

The KisselKar system is completely automatic — the turning of the switch is all you have to do with starting. It has fewer moving parts than any electric starter we know of, and is noted for the last degree of mechanical perfection. In effectiveness of operation, ease and construction, it is the greatest individual automobile achievement.

Flexible Power

The KisselKar motor gives a range of throttle control which makes driving a mere matter of throttle manipulation and rendering gear changing for use only under several conditions of driving. You can throttle down on "high" to a creeping pace in traffic. You can take hills on "high" at easy normal speeds, without rushing them. The KisselKar will operate on high as slow or as fast as any motor car ever built.

"Thirty"	$1,700
"Forty"	2,000
"Fifty"	2,500
60 H. P. Six	3,150

Extra liberal wheel base, big wheels, big tires, shock absorbers, unusually roomy tonneaus and wide, low and extra deep seats with eleven inches of upholstering, absorb road vibration. In numerable details of design and construction the KisselKar is an immeasurably superior automobile.

KisselKar

The 1913 KisselKar, in the two important elements that now distinguish one good car from another—comfort and beauty—sets a new standard, excelling every previous idea of car-comfort and attractive design.

The KisselKar for 1913 brings a new *mildness* to motoring, a new ease in the driving of a car, and the new design seats are a final comfort refinement, encouraging you to relax restfully and lend yourself utterly to the stimulating exhilaration of light, quiet motion.

The graceful, out-bending panels, the swelling curves which replace sharp joints and edges—the general *moulded* effects of the new design, give the 1913 KisselKar the ultimate distinction sought after since the automobile has been considered less as a machine, and more as the aristocratic pleasure vehicle of modern life.

The road ability and road worthiness of the KisselKar are established by the prestige gained by past models—and as an added guarantee of fullest motoring pleasure, low maintenance and slow depreciation, comes KisselKar service, supplied by a national organization of service-centers maintained by the manufacturers at principal points in America.

The KisselKar representatives will give you every opportunity to confirm the conspicuous values and signal advance of the 1913 KisselKar over every previous standard. Write for the 1913 Catalog, which is a valuable aid in judging automobile values and attractively illustrates and fully describes all KisselKar models.

Kissel Motor Car Co., 400 Kissel Ave. Hartford, Wis.

Boston New York Chicago Milwaukee Kansas City Los Angeles Minneapolis St. Paul St. Louis Dallas

Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, El Paso, San Antonio, New Orleans, Baltimore, Omaha, Butte, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Duluth, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Hartford, Conn., New Haven, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, and 200 other principal points throughout America.

Columbia records are *double*-discs.

They fit *your* machine, Columbia or Victor.

Each one has a record on *both* surfaces—front and back.

The standard price is 65 cents—ranging up to $7.50.

We have produced *one* Columbia double-disc record to serve as a sample—the "demonstration" record.

Over 8000 dealers are ready to sell you this record for 10 cents.

If you do not easily locate one of these 8000 dealers, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Columbia double-disc records are guaranteed superior to all others in tone, in surface and in wearing quality.

The new Columbia records are on sale the 25th of every month—and the descriptive list is always ready at the dealer's considerably earlier. Get your name on the mailing list!

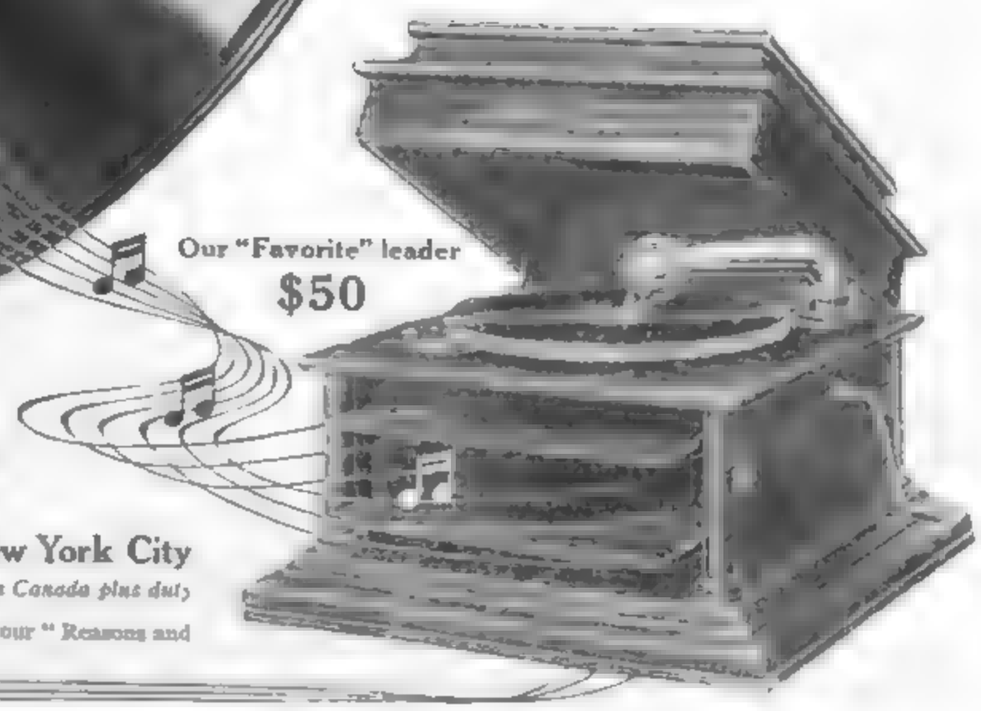
Our 200-page catalog lists records by Destinn, Fremstad, Nordica, Garden, Slezak, Zenatello, Nielsen, Pasquali, White, Gay, Cavalieri, Bispham, and scores of other great artists.

We want to talk to dealers who are not yet in a position to supply Columbia double-disc records, and also to merchants in every line who would like to have us show them the sure and increasing profits in Columbia Grafonolas and records.

All Columbia double-disc records carry this plain-English guaranty on the containing-envelope:

GUARANTY

We guarantee to every purchaser of Columbia Double-Disc Records that the material used in their composition is of better quality, finer surface and more durable texture than that entering into the manufacture of disc records of any other make regardless of their cost. We further guarantee that their reproducing qualities are superior to those of any other disc records on the market and that their life is longer than that of any other disc record, under the same at any price



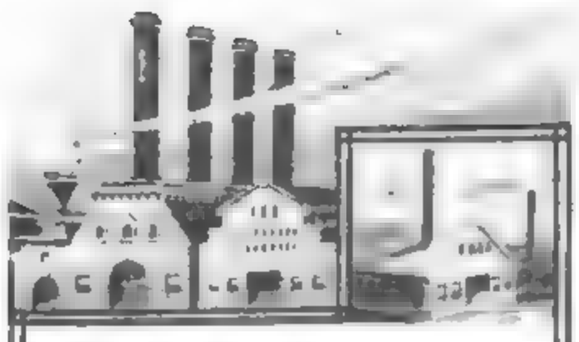
Our "Favorite" leader
$50

If you do not own a Grafonola and were to ask us the most popular type, we should tell you that [illegible] the [illegible] Grafonola [illegible] $ [illegible] or Mahogany, with [illegible] [illegible] record [illegible] Grafonolas [illegible] $1.50 to $200. An illustrated [illegible] free of duty [illegible]

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., GEN'L, Box 334, Tribune Bldg., New York City

Manufacturers of the Dictaphone LONDON: Earlsfield, S. W. TORONTO: McKinnon Building *Prices in Canada plus duty*

DEALERS! Of our more than 8 000 dealers, 1,000 have recently taken on the Columbia line. Write for our "Reasons and Discounts" and you will see why. Plenty of rich territory still open!



In the Biggest Factories and the Smallest Shops

—wherever the master machinists of the world are found and quality of work counts for as much as quantity—the tools most generally used are

Billings & Spencer

TOOLS

"The Tools that are Guaranteed"

The simplicity of construction, utility, ease of action and thorough dependability of B. & S. tools explain it.

This endorsement of the men who know tools best should be *your* guide whether you need tools for

Vise Bicycle
Metal Work Motorboat
Gas Engine Machine
Farm or Horse Use

B & S Tools are drop forged, hardened in the right places for wear, annealed in the right places for resisting strength. *And they're guaranteed for a life time of service.*

Look for the triangle trade mark on the tools you buy.

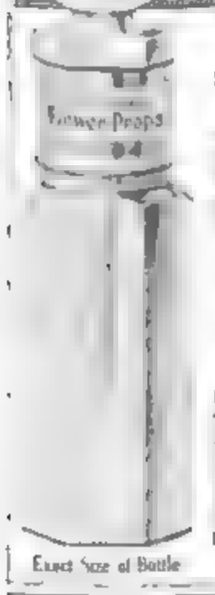
On Sale Everywhere

Write today for Catalog H

The Billings & Spencer Company

Hartford, Conn

Send for Rieger's Miniature Bottle 25c



You have never seen anything like this before

The fragrance of thousands of [illegible] 2 inches high [illegible] perfume Made [illegible]

Rieger's Flower Drops

$1.50 at dealers or by mail. Send [illegible] Money back if [illegible]

FREE SAMPLE

Paul Rieger 262 1st St. San Francisco

Exact Size of Bottle

Before You Build

it will pay you to write for one of our

Big Bungalow Books

containing [illegible] of over 2000 artistic [illegible] we have built

At 3000—A corner—[illegible] [illegible] to any climate

The homes we build express style and comfort in every line, and cost no more than the old fashioned cigar box kind. 10c coin or stamps will bring you "Practical Bungalows —Book A"—showing 70 homes [illegible] $

SEND 50c TODAY for either of our big bungalow books—or 90c for both books—postpaid.

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
335 L. Hill St., Los Angeles, California

The Overcapitalization of Our Industries

(Concluded from Page 23)

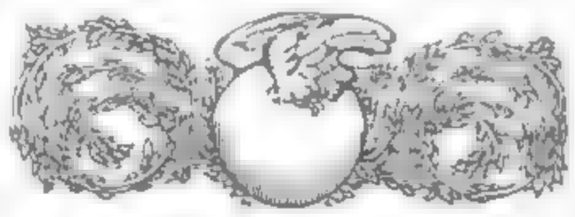
handicap progress or limit the payment of legitimate dividends, however large—simply the descendants of the sincere but stubborn, fox-hunting, conservative old English, squires, barristers and preachers, who one hundred years ago calmly prophesied the absolute failure of our Government? Are not the people who are opposing the great social movements today simply the descendants of these Tories who looked upon our grandfathers as a horde of wealth-seeking, revolutionary and socialistic demagogues? Let us not forget that every move to reduce the cost of living during the last three hundred years has been opposed by the blindness of Toryism, the stubbornness of vested wealth and satisfied aristocracy. Moreover, every act that has in any way reduced the cost of living has been held as radicalism, anarchism or socialism.

I feel, therefore, that the efforts being made by a handful of honest men in this country today to limit capitalization to actual property are in the interests of us all, and represent the far-sighted desire of the most thoughtful and unselfish students of American conditions. These men are doing something, moreover, that will prevent some future drastic measures which otherwise may rock our nation to the foundations. In conclusion I wish to quote from William Allen White:

"Society," he says, "has devoted a century to inventions having for their end and aim the accumulation of wealth; society now is turning from the problems of accumulation to problems relating to the equitable distribution of wealth. It is proper that America, having lagged behind the progress of the world in the intelligent legal treatment of property rights, should now set forth to get in step with modern progress by solving modern problems: The conservation of our natural resources; the care of the honest poor; the protection of workingmen against sickness and accident; the proper housing of the masses; the prevention of contagious diseases; the regulation of public service corporations; and a score of other problems that arise in considering the duty of him who has to him who has not.

"That there is a well-defined feeling in our hearts manifest in our private charities and our public utterances in conventions and legislature that society is not doing its duty toward those who do the world's work, no one who heeds public sentiment can doubt. This sentiment is growing. It is behind the so-called progressive movement in our politics—giving it moral impetus. When that sentiment hardens and becomes the set and fixed expression of the American people, government will respond to it. For neither courts nor constitutions can stand before public sentiment."

And what's more, I am not an Insurgent, as you may think.



MY LADY'S GARTER

(Continued from Page 22)

"Mercy"—not that he meant anything by it; it was purely an experiment.

Oh, Helen, thy hair is an aura of gold—
Oh, Helen!
Oh, Helen, thine eyes hold a secret untold—
Oh, Helen!

With a few deft strokes of his pen this had been transformed into a classical appeal after this fashion:

Oh, Mercy, thy hair is an aura of gold—
Oh, Mercy!
Oh, Mercy, thine eyes hold a secret untold—
Oh, Mercy!

Skeets regarded this astonishing product of his labors with dubious eyes, then sighed deeply and realized he was late for luncheon. As he entered the dining room with an apology, Cicely smiled upon him dazzlingly, then ostentatiously tilted her charming nose at Von Derp, who had dared to fling a

The New Westinghouse Electric Iron (Type C) With *Every* Improvement Worth While—Has a Seven Year *Registered* Guarantee And Lasts a Lifetime

YOUR old fashioned stove heated sadirons have been handed down to you from your mother and your grandmother. In discarding them for the time- and labor-saving electric iron you would like to get an iron so perfect and durable that **you** could hand it down. Up to now, electric irons have been good for but a year or two at best.

Now you can get an electric iron that will do its work for years and years. The improvements in the new Type C Westinghouse Electric Iron are worth enough to any woman to cause her to insist upon having it and to go to a little trouble to get it.

The value of an iron for fine laundry work depends upon the finish of its ironing surface. The Westinghouse iron has a natural satin finished face, which finish is only gotten by special polishing—and which in use turns out the very highest grade of laundry work.

A practical heat regulating device which cannot get out of order has long been sought by experienced laundresses. The new Westinghouse iron furnishes it in a device by which the current is snapped off by a pull on the cord—and without removing cord from socket or iron.

You can regulate your ironing heat absolutely. You never have to use an iron hotter than your work calls for; and the Westinghouse iron *always* has enough heat for the work, with the heat *always* in the proper place.

You may know the quality of the Westinghouse iron by its perfect appearance and finish, and the way we treat it in packing. Your iron is carefully inspected and comes to you packed in wax paper, enclosed in a strong wooden box, together with cord and plug **and tag by which you register your iron with us and have it guaranteed in your name for seven years.**

The Westinghouse iron is the **one iron** you will want to use the full seven years of the guarantee and many years more.

The better electric shops, department stores and electric lighting companies will sell you the Westinghouse iron. If you have any difficulty finding it send us a post card saying, "See that I get a Westinghouse iron." The price of the 6-lb. size is $5.00.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
East Pittsburgh, Penna.
Dept. H P.

Sales offices in 45 American cities Representatives all over the world

Notice who Smoke Them

After a "sharp set"—it's pleasant to be served with a Preferencia. It scores with the critical smoker every time.

La Preferencia

"30 minutes in Havana"

A happy memory cigar that you're glad to meet again. Get to know that satisfying blend—the perfection of cigar comfort.

The biggest selling 10c Cigar in the World.

Preferencia quality is always the same. All the popular shapes.

For the vacation season—tins of 25—packed for protection against climatic changes.

If you like a choice short smoke, try the 5 cent size.

HAVANA-AMERICAN COMPANY
111 Fifth Avenue New York

casual javelin of wit in his direction. There had been a time only a day or so before when Skeets would have been ague-stricken with delight at that smile; now he inquired what kind of soup they had.

"We dine aboard the Pyramid tonight," Mrs. Quain announced. "Mr. Colquhoun assures me he can seat the four of us comfortably."

Cicely, Von Derp and Skeets glanced up at her simultaneously with widely varying expressions. To Cicely had come a thought—had come, did I say? It had been with her constantly!—a thought of her conversation with Bruce on the day before. And here her mother, unconscious of the suspicions enveloping him, was about to accept his invitation to dinner! True, he might be all that he should be, and again he might be, for all they knew, The Hawk in person! There was always the chance that Detective Meredith was right!

"But—but, mother," she faltered, "are you sure we want to ——"

"I'm sure I do," was the placid response. "It threatens to be a distinct novelty. Mr. Colquhoun is the cook."

"But we don't know this man," Cicely protested. "He may be anybody, an object of suspicion! He is a man of mystery, refusing to say who or what he is! He may even be a thief!"

"I have never had dinner with a thief," and Mrs. Quain smiled. "I'm sure I should enjoy it once."

"Or—or even a murderer," Cicely went on.

"Nor have I ever dined with a murderer," said Mrs. Quain, unruffled.

"The mere fact that he saved my life," Cicely continued desperately, "doesn't place us under any obligation to eat his dinners."

There was a curious smile on Von Derp's face—a smile of toleration for the eccentricities of rich Americans, if Skeets' analysis was correct.

"What is the cause of all these suspicions?" Mrs. Quain queried of Cicely. "Mr. Colquhoun called here at my invitation, and I found him, outwardly at least, all that a gentleman should be. Why are you suspicious?"

"Oh, I don't know." Cicely arose suddenly and turned away from the table. She paused in the dining-room door and faced them. "Did any of you ever hear of a notorious criminal called The Hawk?"

"The Hawk!" mused Mrs. Quain.

"The Hawk!" echoed Von Derp.

Skeets' mind was far away, groping through a chaos of words for a rhyme for "Mercy." The only one he could think of was "Percy." Helen ran on:

"This man Colquhoun is suspected of being The Hawk and Detective Meredith is here trying to prove it. Don't ask me how I know, but I do know! I may add that The Hawk is, among other things, believed to have been concerned in the theft of my jewels."

She went out. Von Derp questioned his hostess with a glance. She smiled.

"It would be odd, wouldn't it, if it should develop that Mr. Colquhoun is The Hawk and that he did steal Cicely's jewels and later entertained us at dinner?" she asked. "If there had been any doubt as to whether or not we should have accepted his invitation it is gone now."

Von Derp's eyes opened, then narrowed. It occurred to him suddenly that romance always pictured beautiful maids as being peculiarly susceptible to the fascinations of good-looking young men who saved them from drowning; it behooved him to be up and doing. Wherefore it followed that he joined Mrs. Quain in the conservatory for his after-luncheon cigarette and then and there put the case to her plainly.

In his earnestness Mrs. Quain saw him for the first time shorn of the trivial little niceties of manner that smacked so strongly of European boulevards—and she almost liked him for it. It was refreshing to see a young man eager, ardent, human in the sway of that greatest of all emotions—love. All at once he lapsed again into that precise, stilted, ultra-courteous way she disliked.

"I love your daughter," he concluded with an odd change in his voice. "I have not told her so, nor shall I until I receive permission to pay my addresses. I realize I am speaking now of matters which properly I should discuss with her father; but he is not here, and if you ——"

"It's a matter you will have to discuss with him," Mrs. Quain told him gently. "And, frankly, I don't believe such an alliance would meet with his approval. I'm not saying this to pain you; I'm saying it merely to save you a disappointment."

Von Derp bowed very low and withdrew. A few minutes later Mrs. Quain saw his lean gray motor car swing down the driveway and go scuttling off toward the telegraph office. He was driving. It was nearly six o'clock in the afternoon when he returned.

Bruce caught his guests, one after another, staring at him curiously as he received them aboard the Pyramid—an interest born, he was certain, of something they had heard concerning him. It could only be that. Twice he looked inquiringly at Cicely and twice she looked away guiltily, her face rose-red. Suddenly she was overcome with the thought that she had betrayed his confidence—and it had been a confidence. All at once it seemed horrid and unfair to him. If she had only stopped to think!

Bruce welcomed his guests; then with a word of apology vanished into the tiny galley, leaving them alone in the cabin. There was an odd little restraint over all, a silence born of some queer psychological condition. The silence was broken at last by Skeets, who had discovered a phonograph. He chucked it over on a berth and began rummaging for the records. Finally:

"Where are your phonograph records?" he called.

"In one of the drawers of the table," and Colquhoun thrust his head out of the galley. "There beside you, Mr. von Derp."

He disappeared into the galley again. Von Derp pulled open the drawer under his hand and produced the photograph of the Countess of Salisbury's garter! The effect upon him was electrical. Quickly he glanced toward the galley, and then, as some one started to ask a question, lifted one finger to his lips warningly. When he spoke there was a queer obstruction, it seemed, in his throat:

"Here's a record, Mr. Gaunt," and he handed it to Skeets. Again with that significant command to silence he replaced the photograph in the drawer and closed it quickly. A moment passed as the phonograph whined and broke into a band concert, then Bruce thrust his head out.

"Almost ready," he told them. "Miss Quain, come and serve the soup."

There was no will-you-kindly, or if-you-please, or by-your-leave—just a plain, unvarnished command to come and serve the soup. Cicely went. It didn't once occur to her to refuse, but there was defiance in the blue eyes as she entered the tiny galley. He was going to scold her for repeating what he had said to her in confidence. She would brazen it out.

"You told them," he remarked quietly as she stood beside him. It was not a question.

"Why shouldn't I have told them?" she taunted.

"No reason at all."

"It was only fair that my mother should ——"

"Quite right," he agreed. "I don't mind. I merely wanted to understand."

The unexpectedness of his attitude left Cicely speechless for an instant, then:

"I didn't tell them all."

"Very well, I will."

The soup course finished, Bruce, with a word of apology, opened the drawer where Von Derp sat and with no sign of embarrassment or uneasiness took out the photograph and passed it to Mrs. Quain.

"Did you ever see that?" he questioned; then as he rummaged through the records: "There's a Caruso solo here somewhere. We'll have him with the fish."

With the reappearance of the picture there had come again across Von Derp's face a fleeting tenseness; in the faces of the others was only curiosity.

"What is this?" asked Mrs. Quain.

"It's a photograph of an interesting historical relic," Bruce explained. "You know the tradition of the founding of the Order of the Garter in England? That is a representation of the original garter given to the Countess of Salisbury by Edward III. For many years the original lay in the British Museum and photographs were made of it at that time. About a year ago the garter was stolen and since then the police of the world have been searching for it. It is now supposed to be in the possession of a notorious American criminal, as I understand it—one, The Hawk, or George Harrington Leigh, as he was known at the time of his disappearance six years ago." He hadn't looked up; he was still searching

Automobiling made easy

Empire Red Inner Tubes

The joy of automobiling is in the absence of tire trouble.

Empire Red Inner Tubes have been brought to such a high degree of perfection that they are always free from trouble—barring accident.

Empire "Peerless" Red Inner Tubes are extra thick—will outwear many times the ordinary tube. This tube is shipped in tube bags.

Empire "Standard" Inner Tubes are of standard thickness. Both made of carefully-prepared rubber, carefully handled. Every inch of an Empire Tube represents quality.

Empire Tubes, like Empire Tires, "Wear Longest."

Tires and Tubes for Automobiles and Motorcycles

Send for interesting tire literature

BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN ALL LEADING CITIES

Empire Tire Co.
EAST TRENTON, N. J.

Let Your Engine Pump Your Tires

The cry "flat tire" causes no alarm to the auto owner who has equipped his car with a guaranteed

"TWO-MINUTE" TIRE PUMP

—without raising the footboard, hood or removing a spark plug, you can fill your tires in a few minutes with no exertion on your part. The "Two-Minute" Tire Pump is equipped with an accurate pressure gauge, guaranteeing proper inflation, longer tire life and greater riding comfort. Saves time, trouble and tires—can be attached to all cars having exposed or accessible fly wheels

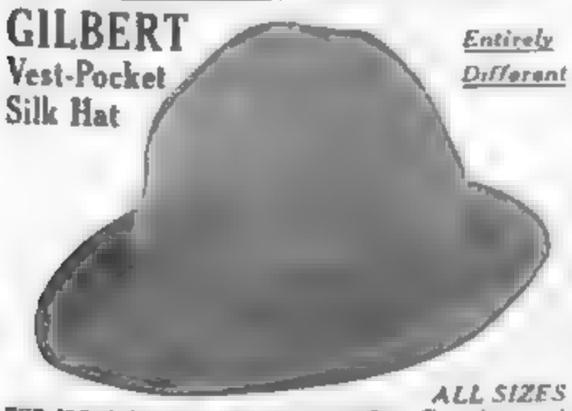
Always attached ready for use. Will more than pay for itself the first season by the saving in tire troubles.

Dealers—Local Agencies are being established. Full particulars sent on request. FREE: Write today for descriptive booklet.

Racine Engine & Machinery Company
Dept. 12 Racine, Wisconsin

GILBERT
Vest-Pocket
Silk Hat

Entirely Different



ALL SIZES

THE IDEAL HAT for Motoring, Golfing, Traveling and Business wear. Can be carried in the pocket. Weight one ounce. Made of best quality PURE SILK, strictly hand tailored. Oiled silk sweat band. Colors—Black and White Check, Black Nap, Blue, Brown, Light Grey, White. Price $1.50. MODELSHATS—wider brim and fuller crown, $2.25—worth more. Note—Ties to match above hats, four-in-hands and bows, 50 cents.) SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

GILBERT & COMPANY, Decatur, Illinois.

the records. "Ah, here's Caruso! Stick him on the machine there, Mr. Gaunt."

Bruce left dead silence behind him as he disappeared into the galley—dead silence and startled glances. For the first time the serenity of Mrs. Quain's face was disturbed. Von Derp, oblivious of all, was staring at the picture!

"I neglected to say," Bruce added cheerfully as he reappeared at the head of the table and sat down, "that there is a vague belief among the police that I am The Hawk in person. I thought it only fair that you should understand."

Again dead silence! For some reason she couldn't have explained there came a sudden change in Cicely's feelings toward this man. Perhaps it was born of his candor—his willingness to make his position clear to those about him. After all there is something admirable in the bold man, regardless of what he may be. And if it should develop that Bruce Colquhoun and The Hawk were the same! Cicely flushed, then paled at the thought. The silence seemed interminable.

"What an odd ring!" The necessity of saying something wrung the trivial remark from Cicely. The reference was to a ring on Bruce's left hand.

"'Tis curious, isn't it?" Bruce assented. "I picked it up in Russia." Then to Skeets: "What's the matter with Caruso? Won't he work?"

Skeets turned to start the phonograph and Bruce slipped off the ring and handed it to Cicely. She accepted it and examined it.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" she commented.

"If you'll accept it with my compliments I'll be pleased," Bruce replied courteously—"with your mother's permission of course. It may serve to remind you to be more discreet in dangerous waters."

Mrs. Quain arched her beautiful brows questioningly.

"In Russia, where I lived for many years," Bruce took the trouble to explain, "we give to the admirer that which is admired. If you'll permit your daughter to accept this? It's of no real value; it's only odd."

Mrs. Quain was never quite certain why she assented to the request; nor, indeed, was she certain of anything else particularly that came to pass during the remainder of the dinner. She, too, felt the curious, fascinating quality of the man of mystery. Skeets was plugging along in his search for a missing rhyme. Once he grew desperate and almost wished his name were Percy.

Mrs. Quain, at Bruce's right, became conscious suddenly of a tautening of his sinews, the rigidity of tense attention. She looked up to find Bruce staring with dead-white face at a porthole directly over Cicely's shoulder. Involuntarily her eyes followed his. There against the glass of the porthole was a man's face. It was only a fleeting glimpse she had of it, but even in that instant she seemed to isolate the foreign qualities in it. The features were of an Italian cast. And as they looked it vanished.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing." Bruce's tone was casual, but his quick eyes warned her to silence. "Pardon me a moment!"

He arose and went out on deck. For five, ten, fifteen minutes he was gone. When he reappeared her closest scrutiny of his features told her nothing, but he was dripping wet from head to toe.

"I tumbled overboard," he explained tersely. "And now if I may beg to be excused? I've received an unexpected summons to the city and I must answer it." Inquiring glances were turned upon him. "No, I haven't been arrested," he assured them. "The Hawk isn't caught yet!"

There were two telegrams waiting at Stepping Stones—one for Von Derp and one for Mrs. Quain. Von Derp's was curt and to the point:

> My daughter's hand is pledged to another.
> BROKAW HAMILTON.

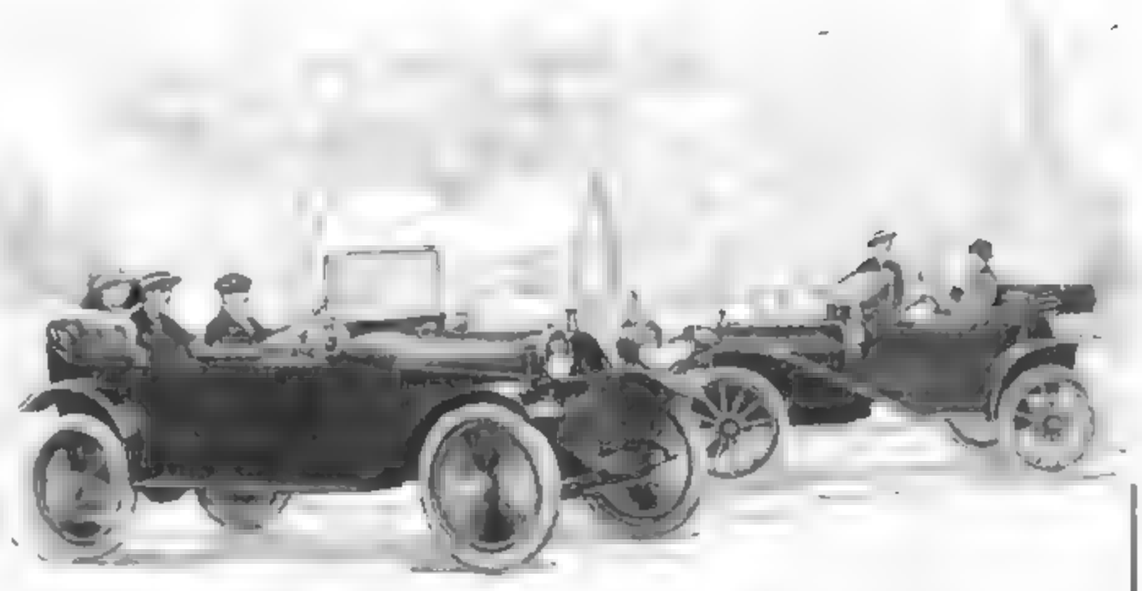
The telegram to Mrs. Quain was longer and vastly astonishing to her:

> Immediate marriage of young Gaunt and Cicely absolutely imperative. May be the only way to save me from ruin. BROKAW.

Without a word Mrs. Quain handed the telegram to Cicely who read it through twice, then sniffed.

"Well, of all the unreasonable requests!" she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, $900
F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; center control; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3⅝-inch bore and 5½ inch stroke. Bosch magneto. 116-inch wheelbase. 32 x 3½ inch tires. Color, Standard Hupmobile Blue. **Roadster, $900.**

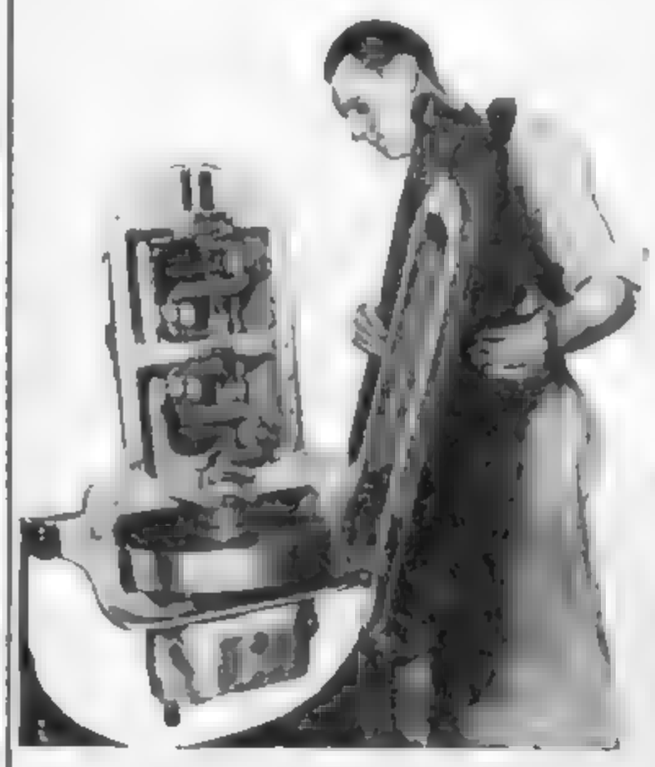
Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, $750
F. O. B. Detroit with [illegible] that [illegible] the world-touring car [illegible] wheelbase, 4 cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears. Bosch [illegible]. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps, and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster, 116-inch wheelbase $750

Hupmobile

$750—$900

We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

And the most modern machinery; the most skilled mechanics; the very best of materials; and engineering ability of the highest calibre are all enlisted in making it so.



The assembly of crankshaft, flywheel, multiple disc clutch and sliding gears requires a number of operations of the utmost skill and nicety

Without these, permanent adjustment is not to be had; and there is lacking the complete harmony necessary to smooth operation and the minimum of friction

When the assembly of these parts is completed for the Hupmobile, a compact unit is had.

The whole is enclosed in the continuation of the crank case, is fed with oil by the Hupmobile's unique and highly effective system, protected from dust and dirt, and the true alignment of the parts preserved in spite of twists and shocks.

You will find the same principles of simplicity and sturdiness dominant throughout the Hupmobile chassis—the engine entirely enclosed, the valves protected; clutch, flywheel and transmission compactly arranged; one universal joint instead of two; etc.

These are undisputable evidences of the rich value embodied in the car; they are the distinguishing marks of cars of much higher price than $900.

Hupp Motor Car Co., 1229 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario

Men who plan and men who produce

unite in choosing "Bull" Durham

"Bull" Durham is the favorite smoke of men who produce—who "do things"—who get down to action and "make good"—the real, live men of red blood!

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO

From the spider-man, dangling from a beam-end hundreds of feet in air, to the architect and the expert engineer who direct the perilous work—"Bull" Durham—that grand old smoke of three generations—comes first and foremost in tobaccos. More of it is smoked than of all other high-grade tobaccos combined.

Because "Bull" Durham is a *practical* smoke—as honest as it is sweet and fragrant—as pure as it is mild and mellow and as chock-full of real old-fashioned goodness as tobacco can be.

Practical men—men who strip things to the bone—who get to the heart of things—the men who plan and produce—it's men of this type who choose "Bull" Durham—because the tobacco in that plain muslin sack is *genuine*—because it smokes *true* and goes straight to the point, as they do.

And that's why *you too* will like "Bull" Durham. Every dealer has it.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

THE GIRL WHO WAITED

Concluded from Page 4

I didn't need any one-eyed magnifying glass to make the discovery I did the first moment I clapped eyes on that high-collared major with the phony manor up his sleeve. He was the same man who'd tried to pinch the diamond pendant that winter in Bermuda!

There was no mistake about it. I would have known him under a toupee and a ten-inch growth of spinach. He was some niftier in his get-up, and he'd broadened out a little in the matter of vowels, and he'd learned to perk his eyebrows up into a silly-ass sort of insolent who-the-deuce-are-you stare. But I knew my man. And I felt kind of relieved, after watching him for a day or two, to find that he hadn't remembered me from the Bermuda days. I soon saw that he didn't know me from a piece of cheese.

I was glad of that, because I knew now that he was, in the language of the old White Way, a con man. I knew it, as well as though I'd copped his write-up in the paper. I can't explain how it was I just felt it. And when I got wise to the fact that he was laying the ropes for my friend, Miss Julia, I watched him as close as a hawk watches a hen.

I began to abhor that Englishman so much I lost sleep over it. When he moved to my station to be at the table next to the Freibergers, I had him right under my wing. And after I heard him making fun of the deuced funny little American side-plates, I made it a point to see that he got the meanest grapefruit and the boniest fish in all the kitchen. And when I got used to the fact that he was making love to Miss Julia, right under my nose, I had all I could do to keep the lid on. He began casting and fishing for that girl, just as old man Freiberger fished for his sea bass off the pier. And when Eddie Eddinger ran down to Palm Beach for a week I could see that the major had given him a black eye with that Freiberger home circle. And when Mr. Eddinger went North, at the end of the fourth day, looking blue round the gills but not saying much, I just sat down on my bed and had a good cry, to think of him being bunked by a four-flush and too broken-hearted over it to stay round and show it.

Then I just got desperate and wrote to Mr. Eddinger himself, telling him everything I knew. I thought he might send me a telegram or at least answer my letter; but five days went by without a sign from him. Then one night I saw Miss Julia come in to dinner wearing a new ring. It was the usual sparkler, but she was more than usually shell-pink. She was flighty and absent-minded, as though she was so happy she couldn't keep it from getting over.

I knew well enough what had happened. So that night when the orchestra was going and the couples were dancing and laughing and everybody was happy, as though there wasn't an ounce of trouble in the world, I went right up to the Freiberger rooms and asked to see the two old folks. And I handed out the plain truth to those two old folks, the same as I'd written to Eddie Eddinger. When I told 'em that Englishman was a blackleg and a crook and a con man, the old man began to walk up and down and to tell me to prove it, and Julia's mother turned on the weeps, and then the old man jumped on her for trying to make the girl a title-hunting little snob. Then he swung round again and said I must be crazy, and warned me I'd said a very serious thing. I saw I couldn't do anything more till those two old nuts got reasonable. So I beat it.

What they said to Julia that night, of course I'd no way of finding out; but she didn't come down to meals the next day. Something else did come however—it was a telegram from Mr. Eddinger, and it said:

You were right I've nailed the major Watch him till I arrive on first train to Palm Beach

It sounded easy enough to watch the major; but I was a dining-room girl and not a Pinkerton gumshoe. And all that next day, while I went on with my work, I felt sure things were taking place behind my back—things I couldn't even get an inkling of.

But that dormitory of ours was always the greatest moccasin-telegraph station that ever existed. And when Annie MacPherson, the switchboard operator, told Lulu Phillips, the manicure girl, that Major Greshwicke had ordered a touring car for twelve that night, Lulu passed it on to Daisy, and Daisy dished it up to some one else, and some one else let it drop in my hearing. And that started me thinking.

First I packed my handbag and tucked every dollar I had down in my pocketbook. Then I borrowed Lulu's yellow raincoat and a long sky-blue motor veil. Then at a quarter to twelve I went straight to Julia Freiberger's door and tapped on it. When she opened it I smiled and looked wise and mysterious, and whispered that the major was waiting. And I led her down through the back way, of course, and ushered her straight into the linen room, and said she was to wait there until the major came.

Then I did the mummy act with the blue motor veil and beat it out to where the major and his chauffeur and the car were waiting back in the dark. I climbed at to the car with a "Sssss!" to keep from speaking, and warned him again with my finger up in front of the veil. And off we went.

We hadn't got past Lake Worth before he was trying to get me to say something—and that would have been my Waterloo. So I decided to break down and cry.

Then I pretended to tire myself out and fall asleep with him holding me there as though I was a bunch of greenbacks and all his own.

We'd just passed Ankona when the car got off the road and stalled in the sand, this time a little worse than usual. We all had to get out—and then I saw my chance.

The major and the chauffeur had stepped back with a flashlight to find the road again. I didn't wait. I grabbed my handbag and just faded off the map.

I circled back through the palms, cut across the worst jungle a girl ever tore her clothes on, got to a side road and beat it back to Ankona, where I wakened up a cracker with the hookworm and offered him twenty dollars if he'd get me up to Fort Pierce before daylight.

That cracker got dressed in about an hour's time, and locked up the three dozen hounds that had been poking their noses into Lulu's raincoat and giving me crawls along the spinal column. Then he led me down to the waterfront and put me aboard a motor boat that smelt of fish and had a one-horse-power engine bound up with fence wire.

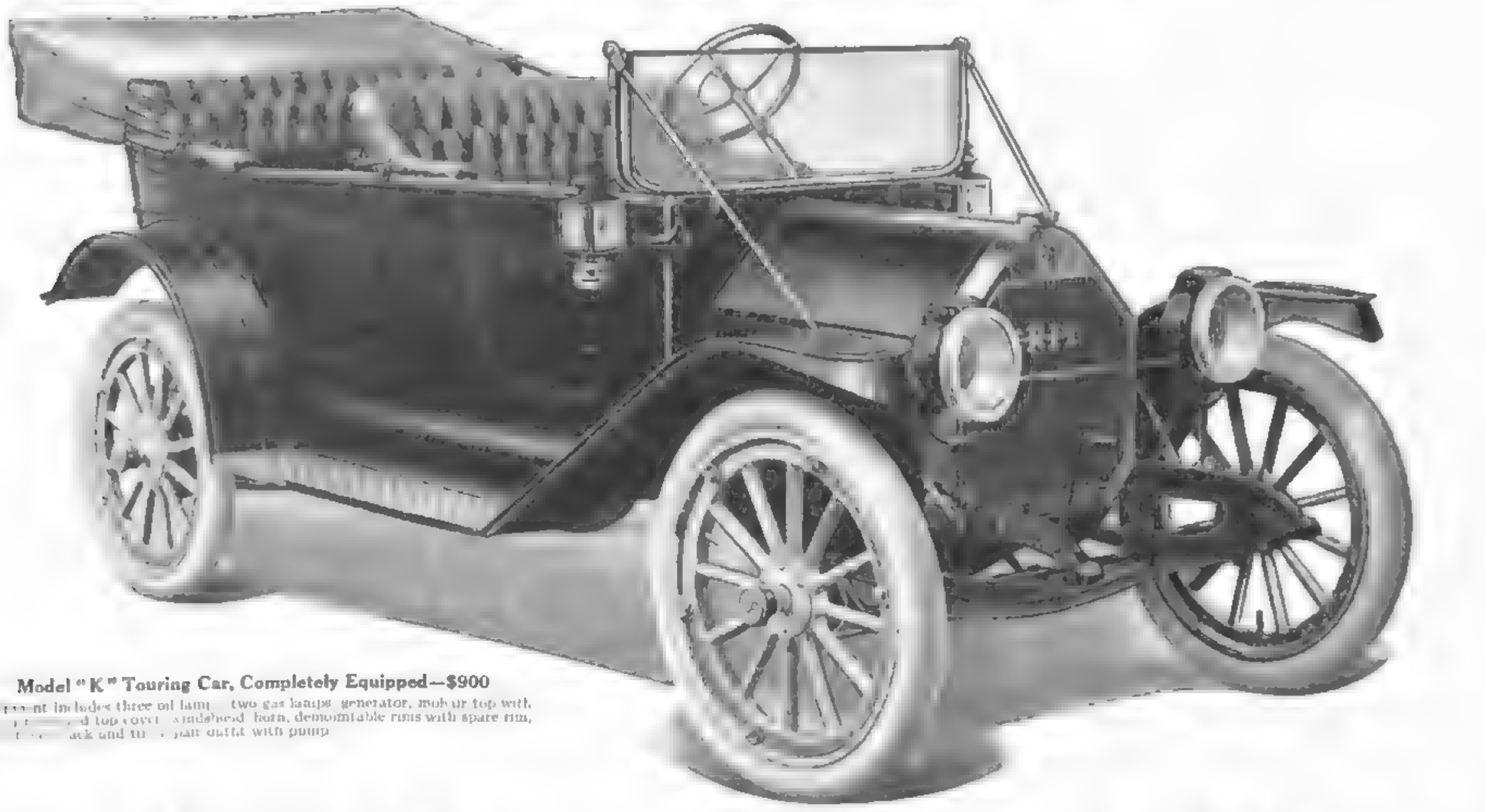
But when the eight o'clock Palm Beach Limited pulled in at Fort Pierce, there I was waiting for it as slick as a whistle. And when I went to get a seat in the second last Pullman, there was Mr. Eddie Eddinger himself, all shaved and brushed and dressed, with a time-table in his hand and a startled look in the eye.

Then I slumped. I just went *blu!* I sat down and did the sob act all over a full section, for no earthly reason except that I was tired and hungry and too happy to holler. He took me back to breakfast himself, and told me how they'd copped the major's record, for he'd been a scout—whatever that is—at Oxford, and then a ship's steward, and then a steamer card sharp, and then a hotel beat in Europe, and then a phony title pedler.

When we stepped off at Palm Beach I felt as blue as indigo, for the excitement was all over and I knew what was ahead of me. But Eddie Eddinger showed the stuff he was made of, first crack out of the box. He went right to the manager of that hotel and shut himself up with him. Then they called in the Freibergers, and when that was over they called in the head waiter and then they called in little me. And they all shook hands with me as though I'd been a fire hero, and the head waiter announced the old station would be waiting for me in the morning after I'd had some sleep.

And that's about all, except that the major slipped over to Nassau before the warrant could be served, and Miss Julia didn't come down to her meals for three or four days, and Eddie Eddinger was wise enough to keep his distance until the sore spots healed over. Then the two of them had it out together, out on the lake one afternoon. And I could tell by Eddie's face that night at dinner that it was home week again for the little wandering boy with the feathered wings. And I'd have had another crying spell if that kind-hearted old Freiberger couple hadn't announced that I was going to Europe with them as Mrs. F.'s companion at the end of April.

K-R-I-T



Model "K" Touring Car, Completely Equipped—$900

[illegible] equipment includes three oil lamps, two gas lamps, generator, mohair top with [illegible] top cover, windshield, horn, demountable rims with spare rim, [illegible] rack and tire repair outfit with pump

How K-r-i-t Character has pushed K-r-i-t sales into the thousands

The success of the $900 K-r-i-t Touring Car in the last year has been nothing more than the buying public's appreciation of real worth and full value in a motor car.

One K-r-i-t has sold another; and that, in turn, another and another; and so on until sales have multiplied into the thousands.

This state of affairs is more than gratifying to us. It is full and complete justification of our decision to put the greatest possible value into the car and set a margin of profit smaller perhaps than that of any other automobile builder.

To do this it was necessary for us to depart from the usual practice, as applied to $900 cars, of buying many parts, and equip ourselves to manufacture all the essential parts from the raw materials, by and within the Krit organization. By essential parts we mean:

The motor, complete, from the casting of the cylinders to the finest and most careful finishing operations on cylinders, pistons and piston rings, crank and cam shafts, cam, magneto and timing gears, bearings, etc.

The clutch, which is made from discs of fine steel.

Transmission, with gears forged from chrome nickel steel, case hardened and cut to perfect mesh; and with transmission drive shaft forged from chrome vanadium steel, specially heat treated and accurately ground to [illegible].

The rear axle and differential gears, the latter cut from chrome vanadium steel.

The front axle and spindles, drop-forged from vanadium steel; and the steering arms, of chrome vanadium steel.

Please keep before you, in your study of these specifications, three thoughts:

First—The number of parts produced by the Krit organization, for K-r-i-t cars alone.

Second—The character of the materials used in these parts.

Third—The importance of both parts and materials in determining value, efficiency, economy of operation and length and character of service.

The policy of manufacturing a car to this extent is restricted largely to the more costly types.

We adopted it for the $900 K-r-i-t because we believe the part maker, however conscientious and however good his work, cannot or does not have more than a perfunctory interest in the completed car; and because in eliminating the parts-maker's profit we save a considerable sum, which we pass on to the buyer of the K-r-i-t.

In materials please note the use of the words "chrome nickel," "vanadium" and "chrome vanadium" in connection with "steel."

To the engineer those terms mean metals of the greatest tensile strength, the greatest durability, the highest cost.

It is not unusual to find them in cars of $2000 and upwards; but in no other $900 car, we believe, are they employed in the proportion we employ them in the K-r-i-t.

We go even farther than that.

We mount the crankshaft, the transmission and all the moving parts of the rear axle on ball and roller bearings to reduce friction and smooth the pathway of power from motor to driving wheels; and we give the crankshaft bearings an increase of 50 per cent over the usual size in a motor of this power.

Furthermore, each separate part must pass inspection tests of the most rigid requirements before it is permitted to go into the assembly departments.

The operating qualities of a car—its length of life and its serviceability—are absolutely governed by the parts we have named.

They are the very ground-work of value and efficiency. How they are made—of what materials—determines whether you have a car that is going to return continuous and satisfactory service for years, or the opposite.

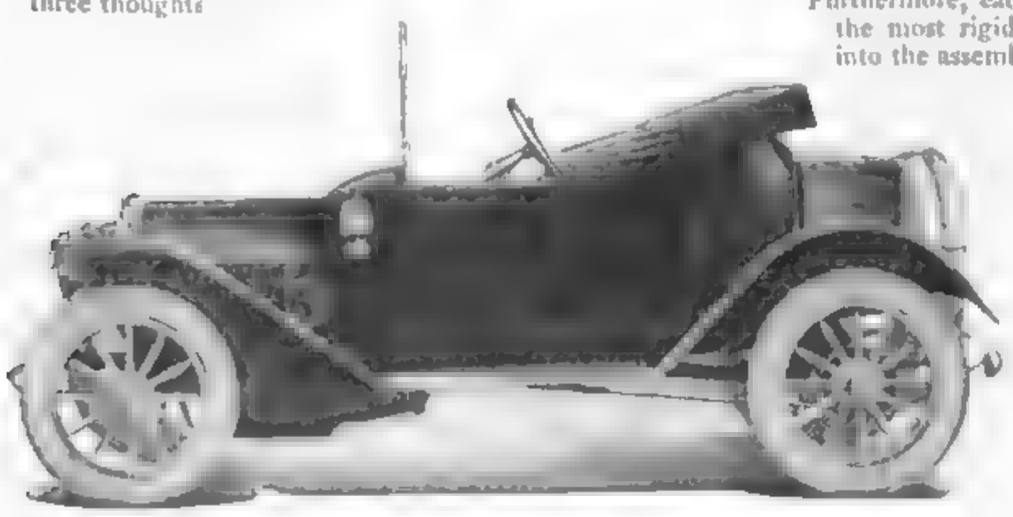
We have shown that the K-r-i-t is built by processes as painstaking and accurate, and of materials as high in quality, as larger and costlier cars.

Because the K-r-i-t is thus structurally sound, it returns remarkable power development, its sweet, smooth running and its exceptional ability on the grades and heavy roads. And you may depend upon it that its service will be long and faithful.

The man who plans to invest around $900 in a car should investigate the K-r-i-t, by all means. He will find so much in the $900 K-r-i-t that the ordinary value at that price will be dwarfed; and a demonstration of its ability will show the futility of expecting more, in anything but size and weight, in a car under $2000.

Write now for the catalog and the name of the K-r-i-t dealer nearest to you.

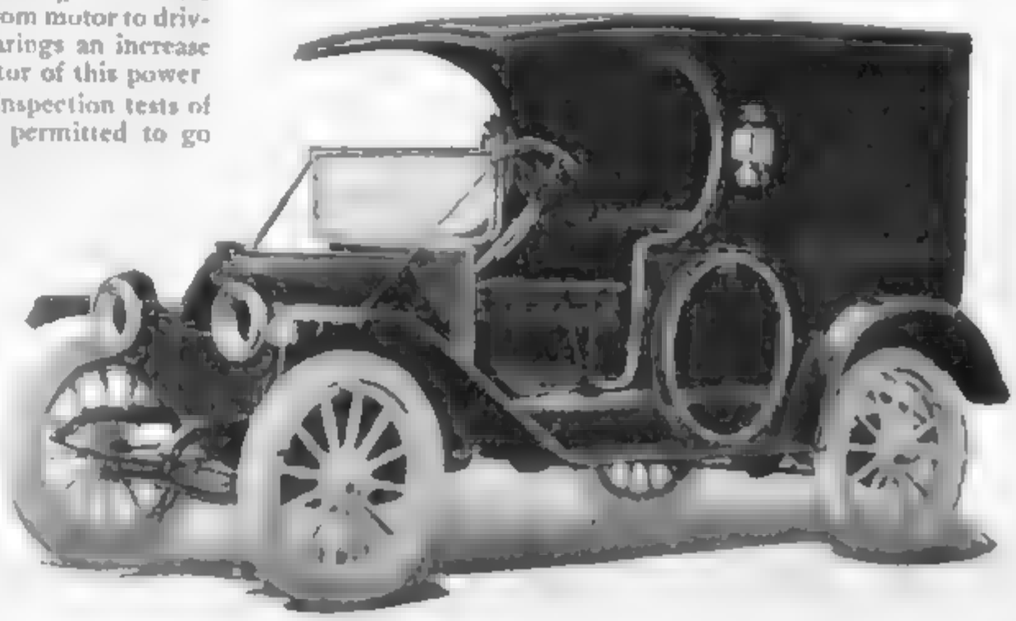
KRIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Dept. E, East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.
Dealers please address George A. Crittenden, Salesmanager



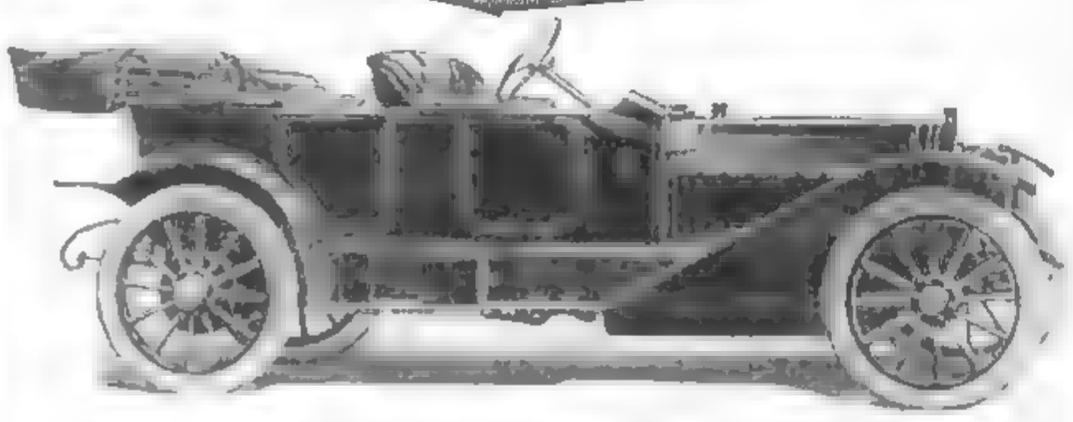
Model "KR" Roadster, Completely Equipped—$900

This car was [illegible] not yet abreast of our orders.

Model "KD" Delivery Car, Completely Equipped—$900



Mitchell



YOU probably know pretty nearly what you expect of the automobile you're going to buy; that's why you'll find it profitable to investigate the Mitchell before you make your choice. Here's a car with so many good strong points, giving such full automobile value for every dollar it costs that it's sure to satisfy you.

The material and workmanship in Mitchell cars are of the best the markets offer; they're powerful, comfortable and attractive in appearance.

The Mitchell 6-cylinder, 48 horse-power car, with its 125-inch wheel base and 36-inch wheels, costing $1750, is our idea of full automobile value.

Mitchell cars are built for the man who can't afford to make a mistake.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company
Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City Seattle London Paris

On Time— And In Good Humor

AT home or away—for work or pleasure—the Junior Tattoo gets you up on time and in good humor. It does not startle you awake with a harsh, jarring shock.

THE Junior Tattoo is hardly larger than a watch. It is handy and useful when traveling—so easy to pack. Its tuneful voice calls you gently and pleasantly—but insistently.

Junior Tattoo

NEW HAVEN

The Little Alarm Clock of Many Uses

Its cheery call peals forth every twenty seconds for five minutes unless the silent switch is turned. It keeps accurate time and will grace any room. A reliable friend for business men and business women, housewives and school children, travelers and stay-at-homes—everybody who wants to arise promptly and cheerfully.

Price $1.75 (In Canada $2.25)

With rich leather (red or black) case, $3.00.
In a beautiful satin-gilt finish, $2.00. Porcelain dial and silver finish, $2.25.

Ask your jeweler to show you the Junior Tattoo. If he hasn't it, send us his name and the price for as many as you want. We will ship prepaid at above prices.

Write for booklet picturing and describing the Junior Tattoo Family in various artistic styles and finishes—gilt, brass, silver and solid mahogany.

Established 1817 THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO. NEW HAVEN CONN. 139 Hamilton St.

Makers of clocks for all purposes

Make Fun of the Sun in Easy-Breezy B. V. D.

Let it blaze and broil! In Loose Fitting B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers or Union Suits *you* are cool, comfortable and care-free from breakfast to bed.

They are made of light, durable woven materials, soft to the skin. Quality of fabrics, true-to-size fit, careful workmanship and long wear are assured and insured by

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. April 30th, 1907) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the suit.

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

THE B. V. D. COMPANY, NEW YORK.
London Selling Agency 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

One Week in Summer

SELF CLEANING

LITHOLIN

COLLARS & CUFFS

YOUR weekly laundry bill in the warm months is a big item with the ordinary collar, to say nothing of wear and tear. Wear LITHOLIN collars and enjoy the comfort they give and benefit by the saving. Just wipe with a damp cloth and they are as white as when new—perspiration and rain proof—won't wilt or crack.

Collars 25c Cuffs 50c

LITHOLIN Collars have the correct dull linen finish and are made in the latest styles—turn-downs have a "slip easy" space for the tie.

TO THE TRADE—Litholin is now packed two dozen collars to the box, each box containing assorted sizes, 14 to 17½, the popular sizes predominating. Our selling and distributing plan explains the great advantage of this to both jobber and retailer. Write for it today. The old style Litholin packing is continued as before.

We also sell a two for a quarter collar—particulars to the trade on request.

If your dealer is not selling LITHOLIN, write, giving size, style, number of collars wanted and we will mail postpaid direct. Style booklet on request.

The Fiberloid Co.
7 & 9 Waverly Place
New York

ONE COLLAR AND A DAMP CLOTH

10 TO 15 COLLARS AND A LAUNDRY BILL

DOWN WITH GRAFT

(Continued from Page 7)

the one regret of the Colonel's life that he had not been born early enough to have aided the ill-starred but glorious Confederacy!

"It has often saddened me to be compelled to acknowledge the lack of patriotic pride in this city," he mourned with a glance of apology at the portrait of his stern ancestor, the governor. "The heroes of the Civil War on both sides were the bravest and the noblest warriors in the history of civilization, and that city which does not honor them and remind its children of their valiant ancestry should be counted traitorous to its posterity!"

"I think so too!" agreed Cordelia warmly. "Watt, let's see that the city has such a memorial. It would be such a splendid thing to leave behind you!"

The Colonel leaned forward in awe.

"You are a remarkably brilliant woman, Cordelia!" he declared. "By George, we'll do it, but I'll see that Cordelia Blossom gets the credit for it! Just formulate your plan of action and I'll push it through!"

"You dear dear!" she cried. "Now we have something uplifting to work for! It should be a great big monument, Watt, one that should have the proper proportions to be seen across a good long space, and it should not be so far away that people would have to drive out to see it. It should be right down near the center of the city and —— Why, Watt, I know!" and she clapped her hands delightedly. "The plaza!"

VI

JIM FLEECER, with equally scant ceremony, cut short an interview with a United States senator and with a crooked-nosed ward worker, and refused to go out for a conference on a matter he had previously considered quite important. He could not leave his telephone, and he sat within two feet of it until it rang.

"Hello, Tumpelly!" he said with vast relief as he recognized his wife's voice. "Is she gone?"

"Just left," returned Mrs. Fleecer. "I'm coming right downtown."

"How does it look?" he anxiously inquired.

"I don't know," she hesitated. "Everybody is favorable to the project itself, but there seem to be some very grave difficulties in the way. Jim, do you suppose it would be possible to add two hundred thousand dollars to the cost of the undertaking?"

Jim Fleecer's elbow brushed his nice fresh cigar off the desk.

"Add it!" he gasped. "Say, Tumpelly, how long will it take you to get down here?"

"I'll do my best," she promised; "but this old car of mine is so doubtful of behavior ——"

"You win," he laughed. "If we succeed in handing this gift to the people you may pick out your own car or have a new one designed by your milliner. Only hurry or I won't have a fingernail left!"

She came in with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes half an hour later.

"I was a good girl," she bragged. "I saw the prettiest new car in the window at Seventh and Broad, but I didn't stop a minute, although I did slow up a little."

"You're some wife!" he grinned. "Now tell me the news. What's that two hundred thousand for?"

"Something splendid!" she assured him. "But I'll come to that afterward. Jim, the Colonel can't be budged. He says there is graft in the plaza proposition, and so long as there is a cent of it he wouldn't alter his decision to save his own property, and of course you can't blame him."

"Certainly not," assented Fleecer with a perfectly sober face. "If I were the Colonel I wouldn't stand for a dollar of it myself. He doesn't get any of it. Where does he think he's located it?"

"In the sale of the property," returned Mrs. Fleecer. "The Colonel charges that, in anticipation of the plaza, the property has all been tied up by a Mr. Tanner, and the arrangement is so clearly a conspiracy that he will not sanction it under any circumstances."

"I see," mused Fleecer. "Well, I'll have to acknowledge that while the Colonel may be slow he's fairly certain. He's probably right, Georgia. I suppose this puts a crimp in the whole improvement. What's that extra two hundred thousand for?"

"I haven't come to that yet," she patiently explained. "Cordelia suggests, however, that Mr. Tanner might go to the owners and return their options to them. Couldn't something of that sort be done without much trouble?"

He looked at her studiously for a moment and then he slowly grinned.

"I guess so," he admitted. "It might be managed some way, but these owners are rather a grasping lot."

He was silent for a moment.

"Of course I don't know anything about such matters," hesitated Georgia; "but I've been thinking that if Mr. Tanner were nice enough to give their options back to the owners they might be grateful enough to give Mr. Tanner a contract to be their agent in the disposal of the property. Wouldn't that be fair and businesslike and unobjectionable in every way?"

"If you'd prefer a limousine, Fluff, I don't mind your ordering it at any time," he chuckled.

Her cheeks flushed a deep, rich red.

"You're laughing at me," she charged.

"Cross my heart I'm not!" he emphatically denied. "I'm holding my breath too hard for that. What you suggest is a perfectly plausible arrangement—safe and sane, and neat but not gaudy. Is there anything else to which the Colonel objects?"

"The street cars," replied Georgia. "The Colonel says that the street cars now have to pay one-half the cost of improving any street over which they run, but that, since the plaza will not be considered a street, though nearly half of it will be given up to the trolley cars, the traction company will escape scot-free; and the Colonel pronounces this another steal."

"Looks like the Colonel has been thinking," admitted Fleecer. "Does he know what half that improvement would cost the car company?"

"An enormous amount, I expect," returned his wife, "and, though the street-car company has made a lot of money, I understand that for some strange reason or other it's not very rich. Cordelia suggests that the city might own the plaza tracks and rent them to the street-car company."

"I wasn't kidding when I said that you two women were running the city," declared Fleecer, lost in admiration. "If my organization was supplied with the same kind of brains you have in yours it could run the earth; but I couldn't boss it, I guess," he added as a chuckling afterthought. "What's that two hundred thousand for?"

"A memorial fountain at the head of the plaza, to the heroes of the Civil War, both North and South!" she enthusiastically informed him. "It's Cordelia's idea. Isn't it splendid!"

He looked at her in amazement for a moment, and then he laughed.

"Didn't I tell you?" he demanded. "Didn't I say to find out what she wanted?"

VII

MRS. WYLIE MILES, who had won and retained her imposing social altitude by the same masterly executive ability and close personal attention to detail that would have made her successful in business or politics, patiently massaged away at an annoying wrinkle in her cheek while she listened to the daily report of her secretary.

"You may cancel Mrs. Hewett's name, I think, Miss Baird," she decided, rubbing industriously at the offending wrinkle. She really must discharge her masseuse.

"You mean from the D list also?" inquired Miss Baird, who was a trim, pretty girl with a beautiful complexion and a musical voice, or Mrs. Wylie Miles would not have had her round.

"From every list," directed the social autocrat decisively. "Tear up her index card and let her return to Boston or Kansas or wherever it was she came from."

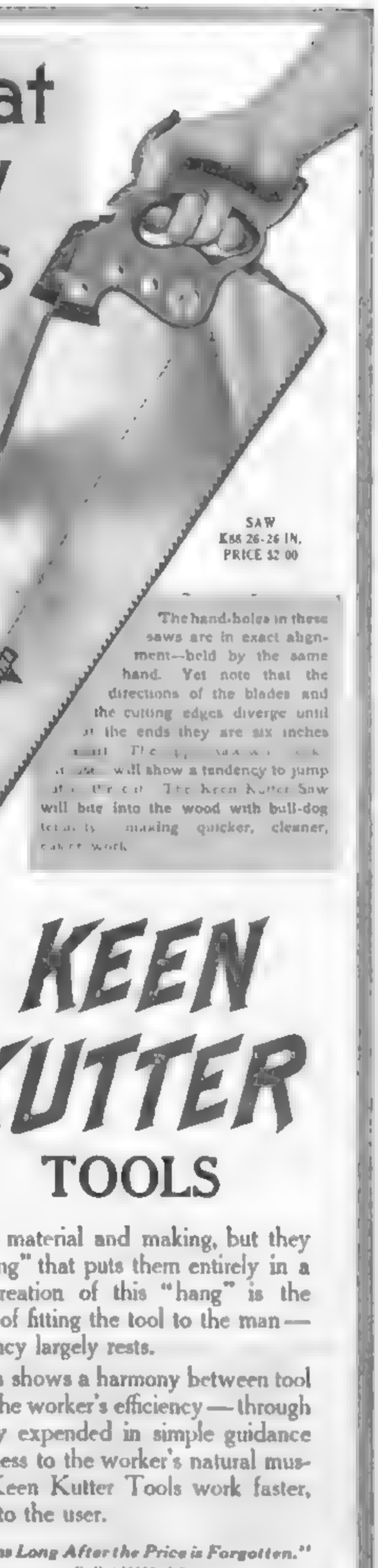
"She may as well," smiled Miss Baird, making a note of the execution.

"She's a hideous disappointment," went on Mrs. Wylie Miles impatiently, making queer grimaces at herself in the glass to measure the exact length, breadth, depth and effect of that pertinacious wrinkle. "I don't know what I'd do without you, child, to whom to speak my honest mind."

"It's a pleasure to me, I assure you," responded Miss Baird with a twinkle of humor in her eyes. "I'm going to write a novel sometime."

"Wait until I'm dead," urged her employer. "Of course you'll use me, but I won't object if you'll only give Mrs. Hewett her just deserts. She copied my new gray

Saws that see-saw and saws that don't



KEEN KUTTER

SAW
K88 26-26 IN.
PRICE $2 00

The hand-holes in these saws are in exact alignment—held by the same hand. Yet note that the directions of the blades and the cutting edges diverge until at the ends they are six inches [illegible] will show a tendency to jump [illegible] The Keen Kutter Saw will bite into the wood with bull-dog [illegible] making quicker, cleaner, easier work

KEEN KUTTER TOOLS

not only excel in quality of material and making, but they have a scientifically based "hang" that puts them entirely in a class by themselves. The creation of this "hang" is the highest development of the art of fitting the tool to the man—an art upon which their efficiency largely rests.

The use of Keen Kutter Tools shows a harmony between tool and user that greatly increases the worker's efficiency—through reducing the amount of energy expended in simple guidance and by more ready responsiveness to the worker's natural muscular actions. That is why Keen Kutter Tools work faster, cleaner, and with least fatigue to the user.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."

Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. SIMMONS

If not at your dealer's, write us.

Simmons Hardware Company, Inc.

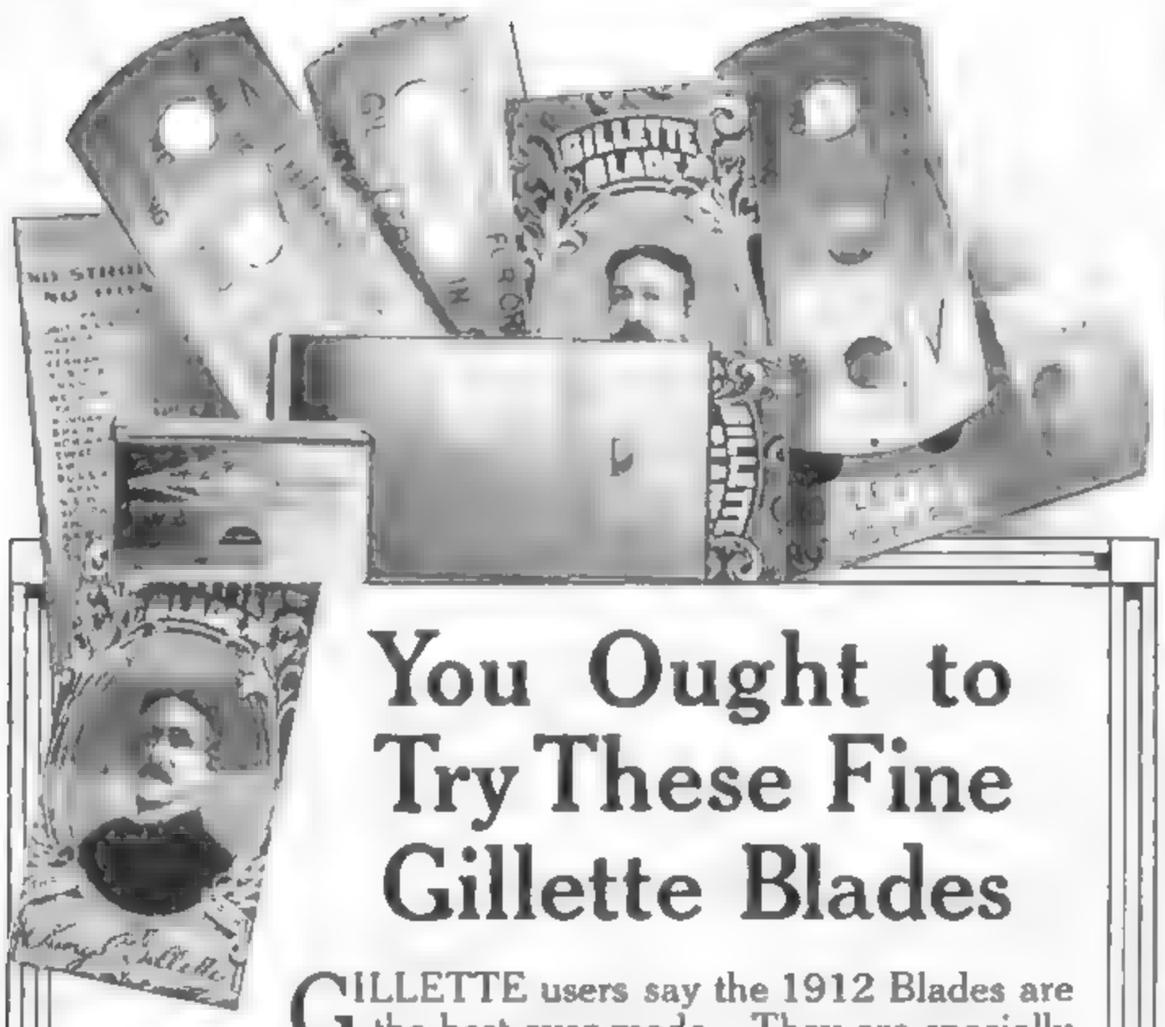
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

CHISEL
No. KSBJ
PRICE
$0 75

DRAWKNIFE
No. K8, PRICE $1 00

BIT BRACE
No. KN8
PRICE
$1 50

PLANE
No. KK4
PRICE $1.75



You Ought to Try These Fine Gillette Blades

GILLETTE users say the 1912 Blades are the best ever made. They are specially praised by men with heavy beards or tender skins. Buy a packet of these new blades today. Put one in your Gillette and *shave*. *Rub the lather in well*, soften the beard, as with any other razor. The Gillette Blade will shave you cleaner, closer than you ever were shaved before—no pull, no roughness, no smarting. You save stropping and honing—all the bother of shaving, and two-thirds the time. Each Blade is hermetically sealed in oiled wrapper—bright, sharp, sanitary. Two sizes of Packet—Twelve Blades (24 shaving edges) in nickel-plated box, $1.00; Six Blades (12 shaving edges) in carton, 50 cents.

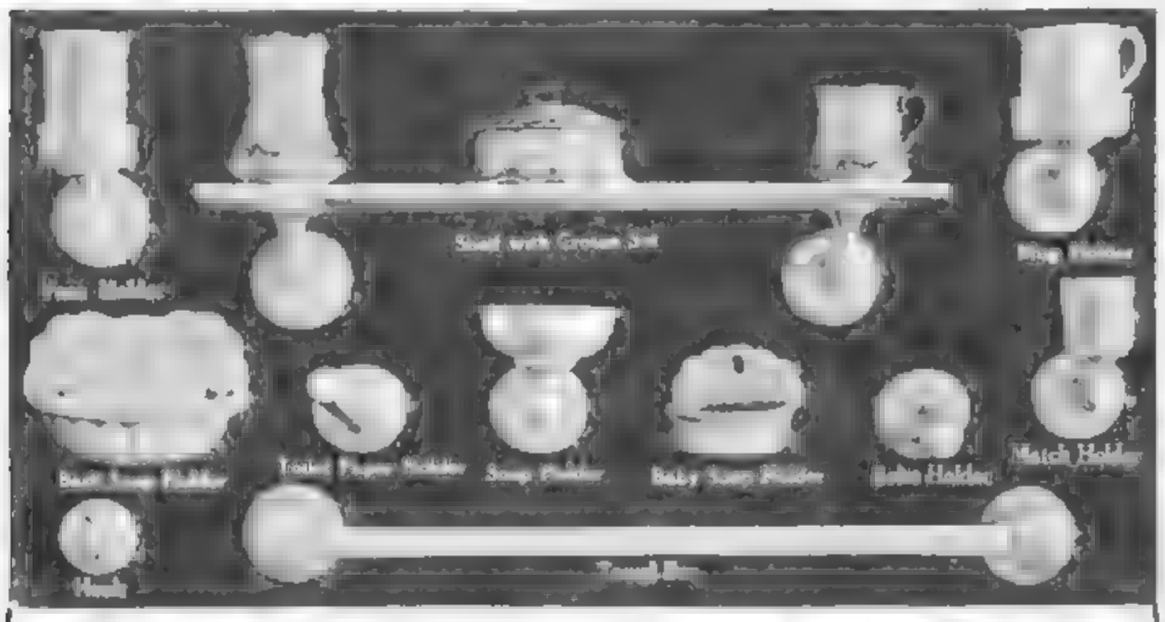
Gillette
Safety Razor

For sale in forty thousand retail stores in every part of the habitable globe

No Stropping — Gillette KNOWN THE WORLD OVER — No Honing

King C. Gillette

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY 22 West Second Street, BOSTON



The Thos. Maddock's "All White" Bathroom

Every bathroom fixture shown above is made, by us, in white china.

The white glazed surface is guaranteed to last indefinitely. Wiping with a damp cloth makes the fixtures as clean as new.

Cheaper than glass or nickel; dirt proof and germ proof; no brass or nickel to tarnish—and they do make a bathroom look so clean and white and dainty.

Easily put in place; to be had of all good dealers.

Write for our free booklet - "Why White?"

THOS. MADDOCK'S SONS CO., Trenton, New Jersey *Oldest Sanitary Potters in America*

frock, she copied my individual and personal style of hairdressing; she has adopted my distinctive little touch of lavender, and does it with no more repression than a wisteria vine! Let's talk of something else quickly. Do you see this nasty little wrinkle which is starting on the side of my nose? Mrs. Hewett put that there."

"I always save back something pleasant if I can," laughed Miss Baird, who loved her cynical mistress with a devotion born of keen artistic appreciation. "Among this morning's clippings is one which I am sure you will enjoy. Your nephew, Gerald, is mentioned as one of the three probable sculptors for a two-hundred-thousand-dollar memorial fountain, the funds for which have already been appropriated," and she spread out a full front-page article from a Middle West newspaper.

Mrs. Wylie Miles promptly forgot her massaging. She was a large lady who had successfully fought off fatness with a stern bravery and hideous self-sacrifice born of the qualities that make heroes, and that unyielding struggle had given her countenance a more or less grave cast; but now she positively beamed with delight and allowed herself to smile broadly, with an absolute disregard for wrinkles. She read the article from beginning to end and laid it down with a sigh of pleasure

"I always knew the dear boy's genius would obtain recognition," she boasted "It's so nice to have this come to him entirely unaided. Who is Cordelia Blossom?"

"I took pains to look it all up for you," replied Miss Baird excitedly. "She is the wife of the mayor, who is Colonel Watterson Blossom, of the Virginia Blossoms. His family is quite a notable one and embraces ——"

"I knew all about the Blossoms," interrupted Mrs. Wylie Miles, who was an accurate cyclopedia of all the worth-while families in the civilized world. "Who's his wife?"

"She was a Whichett, of Baltimore," promptly replied Miss Baird, consulting her notes. "Her father was Cornelius Whichett. Her mother ——"

"Why, she's perfectly eligible," declared Mrs. Wylie Miles—"that is, so far as family is concerned; although one can never tell what they will turn out to be personally. It's tremendously disconcerting to find that there are just as many impossibilities in the fine old families as in the new ones."

"She is the president of her local Isis Club," suggested Miss Baird. "She jumped from the fifth vice-presidency to the leading office at the last election."

"Indeed!" responded the aunt of Gerald Howe, seriously impressed, for the Isis Club everywhere was an organization so purely social that to hold office in it was similar to the commercial value of a good rating in Dun and Bradstreet. The trace of a cynically amused smile appeared at the corners of her mouth. "It must have been an interesting election. I wonder whom she deposed. I only need three or four more votes to justify me in making a campaign for the presidency of the National Isis organization."

"She has the positive direction of this memorial fountain," Miss Baird pointed out. "It was her suggestion to decorate an expensive new plaza the city is building, and the city council, in its appropriation ordinance, has specified that the selection of the design is to be left to a committee of the Art League of the Isis Club."

"I see," mused Mrs. Wylie Miles, returning to the wrinkle on her cheek. "Mrs. Blossom, as president of the club, will select a committee upon whose artistic judgment she can positively rely. I see that Mrs. Blossom herself is the one who states a preference for a memorial fountain of the types best handled by Herrman Schladermann or Gerald Howe or Henri Maupassant, and makes no indication of her choice among these three. Miss Baird, I wish you would arrange an interview for me with Mrs. Blossom on Isis Club matters. I think I shall take a little trip out West next week and will manage to call on her."

VIII

MRS. CORDELIA BLOSSOM, with the calm and holy triumph that might have been felt by Mohammed had he succeeded in his little idea of making the mountain come to him, arrayed herself tastefully but plainly in a close-fitting, taupe-colored afternoon gown which was so simple as to be deliciously extravagant, but she was careful not to adorn it with any touch of lavender. Her only note of color was a

SLIDEWELL

COLLARS

Join the National League of Slidewell Rooters—they know no collar troubles, no tie tieing tempers, no tie tieing delays.

15c, 2 for 25c

at live haberdashers

Ask at the same time to be shown

HALLMARK SHIRTS

They'll give you a new set of ideas on shirt values; endless variety of styles, guaranteed color fast.

$1, $1.50 and up

HALL, HARTWELL COMPANY TROY, N.Y.

Everywhere the same report

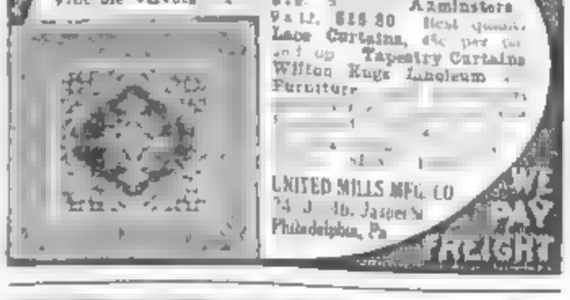
Ridge's Food

Get it at your druggist or send to us for free sample.

Ridge's Food Co., 248 Dover St., Boston, Mass.

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets

FROM THE MILLS TO YOU



UNITED MILLS MFG. CO

WE PAY FREIGHT

CHALLENGE

WATERPROOF

COLLARS & CUFFS

REAL MONEY SAVERS

The Arlington Co.

VACU-MIRROR

Attached to window by rubber Suction Cup. 6 inch Beveled French Plate $3.00 9 inch Concave Magnifying Plate $4.00. At your [illegible] we will supply you direct; express prepaid. Booklets upon request

AUSTIN SALES CO., 18 Vesey St., New York, N.Y.

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York

Write for descriptive booklet G with [illegible]

School for Nurses The Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago

Affiliated with *Rush Medical College* of the *University of Chicago*, offers a three year course. Listed by the State of Illinois. Special eight hour working day. New modern building in construction. Address

Principal, Box 102, Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

NEVERLEAK
Tire Fluid

Puts an end to all of your tire troubles. It prevents your tires from getting porous, stops all leaks, and instantly heals punctures. It's a preservative of both the fabric and rubber

Makes Tires Wear Longer
Saves Expensive Repair Bills

The sooner you inject Neverleak Tire Fluid into your tires the better. It's a positive insurance against all tire troubles and will greatly reduce the expense of keeping your wheel. A 25c tube is enough for each tire. To [illegible] an easy application [illegible] several years' puncture [illegible] with it do you at a small charge. It is used and sold by almost every enterprising managed [illegible]

Buffalo Specialty Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.

IF you have $50.00 saved, you can invest in securities via our odd lot service and partial payment plan.

Send for Circular 9—"Odd Lot Investment."

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
of Stock
Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY NEW YORK

MOTHER KNOWS!

Whitelaw Sanitary

Paper Diapers

[illegible]

$5.00 per hundred

WHITELAW PAPER GOODS COMPANY
303 Washington St., Monticello, Ills.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

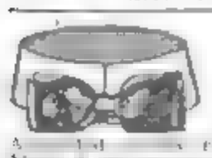
[illegible] DON'T PAY A CENT [illegible] not satisfied after

DO NOT BUY

[illegible]

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to [illegible] Do not wait [illegible] TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear [illegible]

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. S-55, Chicago



AGENTS
SOMETHING NEW

[illegible] 4 in one 4 in hand [illegible]

seller. THOMAS NECKWEAR CO 565 Home St Dayton O

SELL STORIES 2 CENTS A WORD STORY-WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL

[illegible] Free book, "Writing for Profit," tells how [illegible] NAT PRESS ASS'N Dept. 67, Indianapolis

trifling little brooch of rubies, worth scarcely more than two thousand dollars, and thus attired she went down to inspect once more the careful arrangement of the rose-paneled reception room. On the mantel-shelf stood the three carefully selected pieces of Fernwood from the excellent local pottery. On the table were some photographs of memorial fountains, including the Gerald Howe group at Baltimore. On a tabouret was a quaint little vase of delicate lavender orchids.

Mrs. Wylie Miles was reputed to have a lofty regard for promptness. Cordelia did not keep her waiting in the agreeable presence of the orchids more than a minute and a half, and she withstood, in calling triumphantly to case the keen scrutiny of estimation which the older woman bent on her.

They were both thoroughly at ease as they chatted of the great aims and activities of the Isis Club, its power for good in the land, of its steady progress, of the various new undertakings that had led Mrs. Wylie Miles to interview in person the presidents of some of the leading Isis clubs and they agreed perfectly on the necessity of having, in the national organization, officers of executive ability and of commanding social position. It was an enlivening, an uplifting, a soul-exhilarating chat, which filled both ladies with the glow of pleasant self-approbation and enabled them to take an accurate gauge of each other.

They had tea and some olive sandwiches and some salted almonds. Cordelia displayed the Fernwood ware and made an influential customer for the quite worthy local pottery, and listened raptly to a ten-minute explanation of the ancient glazes, being excellently repaid by the pleasure she gave. She led the talk to musical matters and betrayed in passing—oh, very lightly and subtly—that she knew of Mrs. Wylie Miles' authoritative position as a patroness of that art. Dwelling still on art matters, she wandered from topic to topic, and finally mentioned the new uplift movement in her own city.

"You are to be congratulated," warmly approved Mrs. Wylie Miles. "I can't conceive of any nobler work than to destroy unsightly commercial buildings in crowded city districts and replace them with monuments of artistic value. Have you selected the design for your memorial fountain?"

"Not yet," returned Cordelia. "I have, in fact, only just appointed the art committee which is to decide upon the sculptor. The chairman is Mrs. Georgia Fleecer, who was one of the Washington Randalls. She is a very dear friend of mine and a most charming woman, and I hope to have you meet her sometime. She is second vice-president of the Isis Club. Here are some of the groups I am studying with a view to selecting an artist. This one of Maupassant's is a great favorite of mine, but the one which charms me most of all is this marvelous little fountain by Gerald Howe. I can't find, however, that he has ever been entrusted with any large work."

She looked up with clear-eyed naiveté to find the older and more experienced woman regarding her with an intensely sharp scrutiny, which was relieved by the barest trace of a smile.

"You can't imagine how it delights me to hear you say such nice things about the work of Gerald Howe," returned Mrs. Wylie Miles, "because he is my favorite nephew."

"Indeed!" cooed Cordelia, who had correctly interpreted her caller's trace of a smile. "How proud you must be of him!"

I am," acknowledged the other frankly. "I've educated and mothered and encouraged him for years, and of course it's the dearest wish of my heart to see him successful. He can handle large work brilliantly when he is given the opportunity. A monument like this, if he is not too much hampered, would probably be the foundation of the international reputation he is certain to make."

"It would be his own fault if he did not," Cordelia stated with an authoritative look in her eyes which the veteran campaigner very much admired. "There are to be no hampering restrictions here. The work of the art committee will practically end with the selection of the sculptor. Mrs. Fleecer will see to it that his ideas will not be interfered with. Moreover, the fund is clear. You know how city affairs are so often conducted. Well, I am happy to say that in this city there is positively no trace of what the politicians call graft; in connection with

THREE POINT SUSPENSION POWER PLANT

Stevens-Duryea

Most of the wonderful differences between the Stevens-Duryea and other fine cars are accounted for by the Stevens-Duryea method of supporting its motor on three points.

Some of these differences are:

More power delivered to rear wheels
Greater comfort of passengers
Less strain on mechanism
Less wear on tires

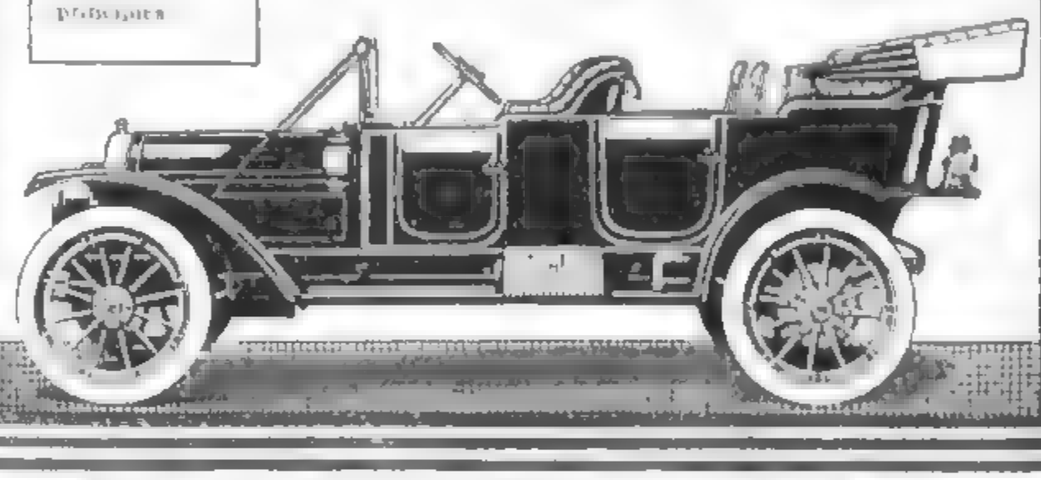
These facts are real and easy to understand. We tell you plainly in our Catalogue. Sent on request.

Stevens-Duryea Company
Chicopee Falls Mass
"Pioneer Builders of American Sixes"

Stevens Duryea History — 21 years. Three point support for 17 years. Six-cylinder motor for 5 years.

1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912

Other makers slowly coming to Stevens Duryea principles



Dan Beard Tent

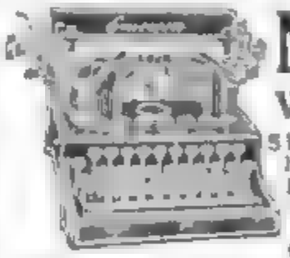
This Tent for $7.70

The "Dan Beard" tent is worthy of its name. It com[illegible]

[illegible] supplies. We lead in originality, quality and low prices. Send today for our

Catalog and Outdoor Guide No. D-3
It is a treasure house of interesting suggestions for every lover of the big out-doors

NEW YORK SPORTING GOODS CO.
15 and 17 Warren Street NEW YORK



No Money With Your Order

5 DAYS TRIAL in your own home, then 10 CENTS-A-DAY payable monthly. Many of our customers [illegible] the EMERSON the best typewriter made, wholly visible, universal keyboard, tabulator, back spacer, two-color ribbon, rapid, strong, light touch.

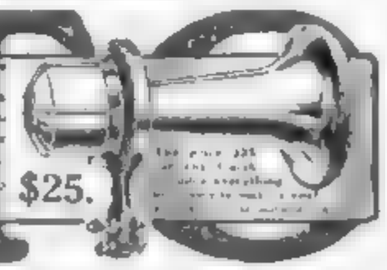
Don't Pay Even $20 for any typewriter made until after we send you an EMERSON [illegible] YOU CAN EARN ONE [illegible] EMERSONS [illegible] or MAKE BIG MONEY [illegible] Reference: Mechanics & Farmers State Bank, Woodstock. [illegible] all our offers on a postal card or in a letter to us. Mail us your offer.

The Emerson Typewriter Co., Box 208, Woodstock, Ill

"THE HORN THAT DOES EVERYTHING"

The TUTO is the only electric horn that gives a soft low tone for regular service and also a high loud tone for emergencies from one button located on the steering wheel. There is no complication or confusion. Your hands and feet are always free to operate the car. The sounding mechanism is guaranteed [illegible] Ask your dealer for a TUTO book or write us.

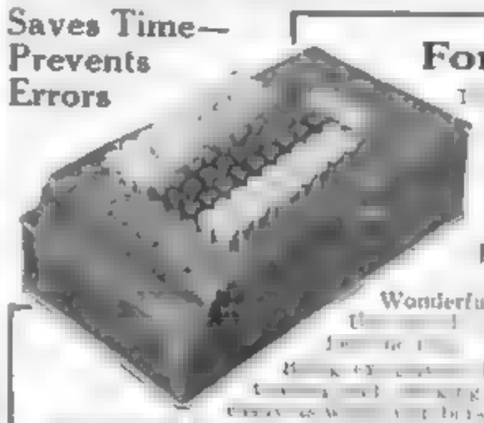
The DEAN ELECTRIC COMPANY 344 Taylor Avenue, Elyria, Ohio



$25.

2 TONE ELECTRIC

Saves Time—Prevents Errors



For Rapid Adding and Figuring

[illegible] Time spent on figure work that a machine will do quicker easier and more accurately is needless waste of mental energy

ADDS MULTIPLIES **Comptometer** DIVIDES SUBTRACTS

Wonderfully rapid and accurate on addition—anyone with a little practice [illegible] Write us how. Ask for [illegible]

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., 1709 N. PAULINA ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

REDUCE FRICTION

In the end friction destroys all motors.

Without friction your motor would never wear out.

Friction slowly but steadily wastes the power and wears the moving parts of automobile motors. This accounts for their short life.

To reduce this friction you should secure the nearest possible approach to perfect lubrication.

That involves the quality of your lubricating oil and its fitness for your motor.

Different types of motors demand different grades of oil.

The spring-strength of the piston rings must be considered; the fit of the piston ring into its recess; the length of the crankshaft and connecting-rod bearings; the feed systems; the length of the vacuum period, while intake and exhaust valves are both closed.

Before correct lubrication can be determined, these and other important considerations must be dealt with.

In producing Gargoyle Mobiloils we studied the construction of every American automobileand many foreign makes.

We have drawn up a list of recommendations, showing the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for these various cars.

A partial list is printed on the right. The complete list will be mailed you on request.

These oils and recommendations come from the Vacuum Oil Company, recognized by power-engineering circles throughout the world as the authoritative leaders in lubrication.

The oils specified will give the nearest approach to perfect lubrication that you can secure.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

A grade for each type of motor

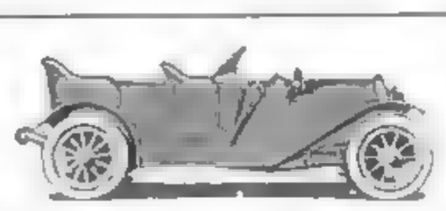
Gargoyle Mobiloils in quality establish a world standard. The various grades refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are named:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

They are put up in barrels, half-barrels, and in 5 and 1 gallon sealed cans.

All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.

They are handled by the higher class garages, automobile supply stores, and others who supply lubricants.



A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1908		1909		1910		1911		1912	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Autocar Delivery					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Autocar			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Autocar Roadster	A	B	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Autocar Touring	A	B	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Autocar Truck			E	E	E	E	E	E	A	A
Autocar Truck 2-ton			E	E	E	E	E	Arc	A	A
Austin	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Automobile Electric	B	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Limousine)	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc
Benz			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Berg Electric					A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Brisco	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Buick Touring	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
"	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	B	A						
"	A	E	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cartercar	A	E	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E
"	B	A	A	A	A	E	A	Arc	A	A
Case							A	Arc	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	E	A	A	Arc	A	A
Chandler							A	Arc	A	A
Chase	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	Arc	E	E
Chevrolet							A	Arc	A	Arc
Columbia	A	E	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A
Columbia Knight									A	A
Columbia Mark	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Columbia Mark					A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Columbia Mark	A	L	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
Columbia Knight							A	E	A	A
Crawford					A	A	A	E	A	A
Crow-Elkhart	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	E	A	A
Daniels	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	E	A	A
Davis	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	E	A	A
Detroit Electric	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dorris	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Elmore	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Empire	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Fiat							A	Arc	A	A
Flanders							A	E	A	A
Ford	A	A	A	F	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Franklin			Arc	Arc						
Gaeth	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Garford	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gasmobile	A		A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Glide	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grabowsky	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant							Arc	Arc	A	A
Hal							A	Arc	A	A
Hal Kar	A	F	A	E	A	F	A	Arc	A	A
Hal Kar							A	Arc	A	A
Hudson	B	F	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile							A	E	A	A
Interstate			B	A	B	A	A	E	A	A
Jackson							A	E	A	A
Jeffery			A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Kissel Kar	B	F	B	A	B	A	A	E	A	A
Knox							A	E	A	A
Lambert	A	F	A	A	A	A	A	E	A	A
Locomobile	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	E	A	A
Lozier			Arc	Arc			A	E	A	A
Maibohm							A	E	A	A
Marion							A	E	A	A
Marmon	B	F	Arc	Arc	E	E	A	E	A	A
Matheson							A	E	A	A
Maxwell	A	F	A	F	E	E	A	E	A	A
Mercer							A	A	A	A
Merkel							A	E	A	A
Metz							A	E	A	A
Michigan							A	E	A	A
Midland Knight							A	E	A	A
Moline							A	E	A	A
Moline Knight							A	E	A	A
Monroe							A	E	A	A
Moon							A	E	A	A
Mora							A	E	A	A
Morgan							A	E	A	A
Morgan & Wright							A	E	A	A
Mozart							A	E	A	A
Oakland							A	E	A	A
Oldsmobile							A	E	A	A
Overland							A	E	A	A
Owen Magnetic							A	E	A	A
Packard							A	E	A	A
Paige							A	E	A	A
Paige-Detroit							A	E	A	A
Pathfinder							A	E	A	A
Peerless							A	E	A	A
Pierce-Arrow							A	E	A	A
Pierce-Racine							A	E	A	A
Pilot							A	E	A	A
Premier							A	E	A	A
Reo							A	E	A	A
Rauch & Lang							A	E	A	A
Regal							A	E	A	A
Reliance							A	E	A	A
Renault							A	E	A	A
Republic							A	E	A	A
Rider-Lewis							A	E	A	A
Roamer							A	E	A	A
Rock Falls							A	E	A	A
Rolls-Royce							A	E	A	A
Royal							A	E	A	A
Saxon							A	E	A	A
Selden							A	E	A	A
Simplex							A	E	A	A
Speedwell							A	E	A	A
Stanley							A	E	A	A
Stearns							A	E	A	A
Stevens-Duryea							A	E	A	A
Stoddard-Dayton							A	E	A	A
Studebaker							A	E	A	A
Stutz							A	E	A	A
Success							A	E	A	A
Thomas							A	E	A	A
Velie							A	E	A	A
Waverley Electric							A	E	A	A
White							A	E	A	A
Willys-Knight							A	E	A	A
Winton							A	E	A	A
Wolverine							A	E	A	A
Yellow Cab							A	E	A	A
Yellow Taxicab							A	E	A	A
Zimmerman							A	E	A	A

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

General Sales Offices, 29 Broadway, New York City.

Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world.

art matters, nobody gets what is known as a rake-off. The two hundred thousand dollars is to be expended in the memorial fountain and in nothing else."

"How remarkable!" commented Mrs. Wylie Miles. "I think you must be a thoroughly clever woman, Mrs. Blossom."

"I have a clever woman associated with me," laughed Cordelia. "Mrs. Fleecer has splendid executive ability."

"I quite envy you," agreed Mrs. Wylie Miles. "Of course I am breathlessly anxious for you to select Gerald, and I'm as frank about urging it as if I were representing a new automobile. I must arrange to have you meet Gerald. I do wish you could manage to be in New York on the fourteenth. I'm having a reception for the Duke of Moreacres on that day," went on Mrs. Wylie Miles carelessly, "and Gerald will, of course, be there. I should be so delighted to have you and Colonel Blossom come."

Cordelia's heart jumped, but she held perfectly still.

"To dinner," Mrs. Wylie Miles hastily reassured her.

"We shall do so with pleasure," accepted Cordelia, her hesitation entirely vanished. "It would be so much better to meet your talented nephew socially before taking up our art problem seriously. Georgia met Mr. Maupassant at a dinner at the French Ambassador's in Washington, and of course she is very much prejudiced in his favor."

"We'll have to have Gerald overcome that prejudice," Mrs. Miles smilingly gave in. "I wonder if we could not induce Mrs. Fleecer to come with you?"

"I'm sure she can't refuse both of us," Cordelia took the liberty of stating. She paused. "Does the Duke plan to confine his visit to New York?"

The tiny line on the side of Mrs. Wylie Miles' nose flashed into view as an infinitesimal, hairlike shadow, then it was instantly gone and she smiled. She regarded Cordelia for a long, long time.

"My dear," she finally said with positive affection growing in her shrewd eyes, "I was right. You are a very, very clever woman." She leaned forward and patted Cordelia's plump hand. "My dear, I am going to send you the Duke!"

Half an hour after the departure of Mrs. Wylie Miles, who regretted so much that her railroad itinerary was so strict that she could not remain to dinner, the society editress of the leading Sunday paper called up on the 'phone. Cordelia, feeling extremely fluttery and in that state of exaltation that in a weaker woman would have found its vent in tears, excused herself from the elated Georgia Fleecer and answered.

"I've heard a wild rumor that you have an Eastern visitor," announced the society editress, who was a breezy young person and who reported the heart-interest phases of all the popular murders. "Is there an item in it?"

"Please tell me where you heard such a rumor?" asked Cordelia.

"We're not supposed to give such things away," laughed the newspaper woman.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," returned the adroit Cordelia, as careful about her footprints as ever Jim Fleecer had been.

"You did have a visitor?" persisted the society editress.

"Yes," acknowledged Cordelia.

"Would you mind giving me the name?"

"It isn't worth while," replied Cordelia, very sweet and patient about it. She would be at the mercy of this young woman when she was ready to announce her attendance at Mrs. Wylie Miles' dinner and her own elaborate entertainments for the Duke of Moreacres. "It was really nothing which I would care to have mentioned in a social way."

"All right," reluctantly relinquished the newspaper girl. "By the way, can you give me any hint of the Isis Club's Art League's probable choice of a sculptor for the plaza memorial?"

Cordelia pondered. She knew the value of a favor in this direction.

"Well, yes," she hesitated; "but you positively must not print it until the committee has taken formal action."

"Cross my heart I won't use it until you give me the word!" came the instant promise. "I'll have time, though, to look up a good story and have it set and get some halftones made; but I'll mark it all 'hold.' Who is the lucky sculptor?"

Cordelia turned to smile at the smiling Georgia as she answered:

"Gerald Howe."

"Ready!"

Everybody who works on *your* time.

Stenographers, clerks, bookkeepers, managers, all gain in readiness and efficiency by using *Blaisdell paper pencils*

They save time, patience, pencils and money. No whittling. No breaking of points. No soiled fingers, nor time wasted washing them.

Just nick the paper and pull. There's your point. And the best pencils in the world *for every use*

You can't afford to use any other if time is an object. Get them of your stationer. Get the *genuine* with the *Blaisdell* name and quanty.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co.
Philadelphia

Blaisdell
PAPER PENCILS

Makes a SAFETY Of ANY Razor

No matter how nervous you are, it is virtually an impossibility to cut your face if you use a **Best Razor Guard**. It instills confidence—makes you almost as competent as barbers. It permits that famous **diagonal stroke** makes shaving [illegible]. Fits any razor, slips on and off easily and quickly. **Reversible** and **adjustable**, permitting shaving with either hand, "close" or "once over"

"BEST" RAZOR GUARD

Nothing like it—light, simple, practical and durable—lasts forever. **Always ready**, nothing to break—cannot nick or dull blade. Any man can use it. Old style razors save the **expense**—the **"Best" Razor Guard** makes them safe. [illegible] saves $36.50 yearly. [illegible] $1.00 postpaid. FREE [illegible] Advice to Shavers. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Order now. [illegible] legal guarantee. [illegible] are not exactly your money will be promptly refunded.

GIVEN AWAY—RAZOR—With your **"Best" Razor Guard** we [illegible] $2.50 [illegible] now. You take no risk. Send $1.00.

Best Sales Co.
512 Nassau Bldg
Denver, Colo

College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago

Thirty-first Annual Session begins October 1, 1912, and continues for thirty six weeks.

Four year graded course for degree of M. D. [illegible] completely equipped buildings and laboratories situated in the [illegible] forty members and hospital bedside instruction. Students allowed to specialize in elective subjects. [illegible] Thirty five hundred members in the Alumni body. For catalog and detailed information address

DR. FRANK R. EARLE, Sec'y, Box 22, Congress and Honore Sts., Chicago

The BEST Light

Cheapest and best light for homes, [illegible] than gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Cheaper than kerosene. Over 300 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

FREE BOOKLET on how to write effectively sent on request to any business man, lawyer, sales manager, teacher, minister, reporter, student, club woman or any person who has anything whatever to write. You should read *"The Art of Writing,"* the greatest work of *George Randolph Chester, Author of the Wallingford Stories, etc.* Tells how Chester makes his writing pay and how you can do the same. Write today.

Publishers Syndicate, 389 Odd Fellows' Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio

MOVING WEST?

[illegible] Ship them at Reduced Rates [illegible] today [illegible]

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Rookery Bldg, Chicago 29 Broadway, New York
1004 Old South Bldg, Boston, Mass.

Wear Your Heels Straight

No rundown heels. [illegible] Reclaimates [illegible] [illegible] and 35 cents.

A. ASCHENBACH, 195 Elmwood Ave., E. Orange, N. J.

Chewing Gum Be our exclusive agent in your territory. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. **Helmet Gum Factory Cincinnati.** We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Private Brands.

DISSTON

TROWELS - PLUMB AND LEVELS - SQUARES - BEVELS

IT has ever been the Disston law that *any* tool to bear the Disston brand shall be the best, the most efficient of its kind. On this rests wholly the ever growing magnitude of the Disston works and organization, the long Disston history of inventive achievement, the present Disston efficiency and progressiveness.

That same high quality which has won world wide renown for Disston Saws during the past 72 years has invariably characterized every other tool bearing the Disston brand.

Disston has made trowels 53 years, plumb-and-levels 47 years, try squares, bevels and screw drivers 46 years, and a great variety of other tools for similarly long periods of progressive success.

Here are shown a number of Disston tools whose quality is comparable only with the quality of Disston saws. Only Disston-made Crucible steel is used in all Disston-made tools.

Note the descriptive details:

No. 118. Disston Plastering Trowel. Crucible Steel blade, perfectly tempered and ground to a rolling taper. Malleable iron mounting, long or short, ten rivets, comfortable leather grip.

No. 10. Postmaster Brick Trowel. Forged to size from a solid [illegible] highly tempered, accurately taper ground, [illegible] well seasoned Hickory handles. The finest brick trowel ever made

No. 30. Disston Plumb and Level. A beautifully finished tool, typical of Disston superiority. Selected Hardwood stock, well seasoned. The remarkable simplicity of adjustment features assures years of perfect adjustability — no spring tension — quickly operated by double jamb screws, easily accessible.

No. 15. Disston Try Square. Solid Crucible Steel L-shaped blade, tempered, one arm extending through slotted Rosewood stock flush with back, insuring perfect rigidity and [illegible] of getting out of true. Heavy brass face plate. Trued [illegible] and out

No. 5½. Disston Try Square. [illegible] tool [illegible] blade. Ground inside [illegible] trued

No. 3. Disston Bevel. [illegible] adjusted bevel made [illegible] patented Disston mech[illegible] plated iron stock, flush screw [illegible]

No. 30. Telegraph Screw Driver [illegible] pered, hardwood handle [illegible] through ferrule, handle and tang [illegible] prevent turning in socket.

All these are master tools. They are made for men who appreciate the finer qualifications of tools. Their users are millions, in America and all over the world

With the Disston brand on a tool or saw you can take it on honor.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc. **PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

Keystone Saw, Tool, Steel & File Works

— DISSTON —

SAWS TOOLS FILES

SOLD BY ALL HARDWARE DEALERS

THIN

But how they fool holes

Interwoven Socks are wear-proofed at toe, heel, sole and ankle by the patented Interwoven method. No seams. Fit without a wrinkle. Have a brilliant, lasting lustre.

The *thin* sock that really *wears*

Interwoven Socks are sold direct from mill to retailer only. None sold by mail. You will find them at high-class haberdashers throughout the United States and in many foreign countries. Every pair labeled Interwoven. Get the genuine.

All fashionable shades. All weights. Ladies at 25c, 35c, 50c the pair. Pure Thread Silk at 50c.

INTERWOVEN STOCKING CO., (Sole Makers) New Brunswick, N. J.

Write us Today for our Sunshine Revelation-Box—Fourteen Varieties of the Daintiest Confections you ever tasted

Ever eat chocolate cream biscuits? Made of two crisp chocolate wafers filled with richly flavored cream. Most too good to eat. The kind of delicacy that everybody likes—for luncheon, afternoon tea, dessert, or between meals.

Packed so carefully and daintily in tin that they remain absolutely fresh and delicate. Also for sale by the pound at your grocer's

Sunshine Specialties

Each Sunshine Specialty is as distinctive as each seems more enticing than another. Biscuits of such purity and rare delicacy of flavor can be made only in bakeries where sunshine reigns supreme. Every morsel has a sunshine taste. It's crisp, delicious, wholesome.

Sunshine Specialties are different from anything made in this country. They include biscuit bon-bons, wafer confections, and English style biscuits. They are the "quality" biscuits of America.

Send 10 cents in stamps or coin to pay postage, we will send our Sunshine Revelation-Box of 14 varieties of these most delightful dessert confections

Or if you prefer we will send you our Sunshine Taste-Box containing five kinds FREE.

In either case, please mention the name of your grocer.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO. 480 CAUSEWAY STREET BOSTON, MASS.

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

Makes Your Hot Water Heating System More EFFICIENT

If you are building, or remodeling,—if you had difficulty keeping your home comfortable last winter, we want to send you our FREE illustrated book, explaining the HONEYWELL SYSTEM—the most important discovery ever made in connection with hot water heating. The

HONEYWELL HEAT GENERATOR

has practically revolutionized old methods. Attached to any plant increases efficiency 25 to 50%. The Honeywell System is installed at [illegible] economical. It delivers [illegible] and provides [illegible] of water temperature [illegible] Send postal for free book. Tells what others HAVE DONE, what YOU CAN DO. Address today

Honeywell Heating Specialty Co.
124 Main St., Wabash, Indiana

Twenty Involuntary Purchasers

Each of whom unexpectedly bought this issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* from some boy, solely because the boy induced them to purchase, are invited to send us a description of the interview.

Tell us how the boy approached you, what he said, what objections you made (if any)—in short, precisely how he induced you to buy. We ask the account of the interview because we want suggestions for improving the selling-talk of our boy agents. For the twenty letters which contain the most effective selling-talk actually used by the boys who made the sales, prizes will be paid as follows:

1st Prize	$25.00	4th Prize	$5.00
2d Prize	15.00	5th Prize	3.00
3d Prize	10.00	6th Prize	2.00

7th to 20th Prizes, each $1.00

The letter should be from 150 to 300 words. It must be about a real boy, whose name and address should be given if possible. It should be legibly written on one side of the paper only (typewritten is preferred). It should be folded and mailed flat (not rolled) and must bear your name and address. Any prize for your letter will be paid either (1) to you or (2) to the boy himself, if you so direct. The awards will be made on August 5th. Address your letter thus:

"OUR BOYS," Circulation Department

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Penna.

FOR AUTOMOBILES

Do you ever blame *yourself* for big repair bills? You ought to, unless you've taken care to buy good oil.

PANHARD OIL

Is the highest quality that can be produced. Insist on getting it. Look for the checkerboard mark on both cans and barrels. Sold by quality dealers everywhere.

Our Booklet, "Motor Lubrication," contains valuable information on the care of your engine. Sent in return for your dealer's name.

GEORGE A. HAWS, 76 Pine Street, New York City
Dealers: Write for "Help Sell" plan

FOR MOTOR BOATS

Jenner Medical College

Oldest and Best NIGHT SCHOOL in existence. You can work in the day time and study medicine at night. Four years' course. For catalog address
Dr. J. D. MacKellar, Sec., Box 80, 225 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

SHORT-STORY WRITING

[illegible] Short Story
J. Berg Esenwein Editor Lippincott's Magazine

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
69 Myrtle Building Springfield, Mass.

PATENTS Inventors [illegible] for
[illegible] W. T. Jones,
901 G Street Washington D. C

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED
Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. Patents advertised free. How to Obtain a Patent. What to Invent. List of [illegible] Wanted. Prizes offered. FREE

Main Office, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS [illegible]

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
623 F Street, Washington, D. C. Established 14 years

Patents that PROTECT

For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, etc. send for our new 128 page book of interest to Inventors. [illegible] Lacey, Dept. B, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

The Adventures of Anastasius

Continued from Page 14

"At least four hundred, as nearly as I can tell," the clergyman remarked calmly. He seated himself at the table and motioned his guest to the seat opposite to him. "It is curious, is it not, Mr. Boddington, that four hundred years later the present owner of those initials should be seated under the same roof, looking at the work which a forefather wrought! It is curious to consider how sometimes the least important work of a man's hand and brain endures the longest."

As he made this moral reflection the Reverend John Carmichael's slender hand passed over his black skullcap with a gesture which to a shrewd observer, such as James A. Boddington, would have suggested the action of one Anastasius Yorke, had he been acquainted with the latter worthy; but, never having had that privilege, the gesture conveyed nothing to him. He saw an elderly gentleman, with the bent shoulders of age, seated with his back to the window, from which the sunlight was carefully excluded by a veranda outside. He saw in front of the old gentleman the delicate pink of dressed lobster enshrined in the emerald of crisp lettuce in a crystal bowl. Boddington had the national leaning toward shellfish and he suddenly felt that he had an appetite.

"My daughter and I live very simply. We have only a faithful old servant to look after us; so I trust you will pardon the meagerness of the repast," remarked the host.

Boddington murmured something about simplicity being one of the chief aims of his existence; and when he commenced upon the mayonnaise he decided that the faithful old servant was a treasure whom he would like to take back to his own kitchen.

"I did not know what you would care to drink," continued the clergyman, "but my daughter rather prides herself upon our cups; and, being a hot day, she thought the hock cup would perhaps be a suitable refreshment. You will find it quite innocuous."

Boddington found it delicious—a cup iced to perfection, full of fragrant odors that might have floated in from the garden outside and been imprisoned in the bowl, set in ice, from which Miss Ruth Carmichael ladled it.

When he had sipped and drunk and sipped again, Boddington turned to his host. "If you will add the last touch to your hospitality, sir, you will allow me to take back to America the recipe for this angelic drink; for there are people there who, for a sensation like this, would circumnavigate the globe—twice. Your health, Miss Ruth!" And he emptied his glass.

Innocuous as the beverage had been vouched, there could be no doubt that it had unlocked Mr. Boddington's tongue remarkably quickly; but he saw no reason for any exercise of caution. It was only upon himself and his connection with the Boddingtons of Harpledon Abbas that the conversation turned. And on these his host was a mine of information. He could tell of their births, deaths and marriages for six generations; and, before luncheon had ended, he had built up a family tree for the millionaire, by means of the unrecorded death of a James Alured Boddington, that would have ..tisfied the College of Heralds.

The lobster was followed by a chicken served with marrowfat peas that melted in the mouth; the chicken by a slice of home-cured ham; the ham by an old-fashioned pie of raspberries and currants, accompanied by a pitcher of the thickest cream that Boddington had ever tried to pour from a jug. And at his elbow the daughter kept his glass continually full.

The meal came to an end at last, however, with a savory—"A special invention of my daughter's to clear the palate," the clergyman had remarked smilingly. "The bitter of the Seville orange as a stomachic, the fillip of cayenne for a digestive, combined with the flesh of the mushroom and the white heart of lettuce seethed in its own juice, will no doubt be a novelty to you."

Indeed it was, and Mr. Boddington was not quite certain he liked it. The bitter was almost medicinal and the cayenne was in sufficient quantity to bring the tears to his eyes as well as to set his throat in a glow; but he gallantly refused to surrender and the savory followed the rest of the good things provided. The meal had lasted longer than Boddington anticipated, for the serving of each course had necessitated the girl's rising from the table to visit the kitchen.

"Ruth would not think of allowing any one but herself to wait upon me," her father had remarked.

"The old treasure must be pretty busy in the kitchen," had been Boddington's unspoken comment on the remark. When the cheese had been replaced by a dish of strawberries and a decanter of port placed before the Reverend John Carmichael the girl rose to leave them.

"You may bring us the coffee in ten minutes. So long Mr. Boddington will, I am sure, be able to spare before we go to my study to examine the registers and to talk to an old man who has forgotten what the world outside Harpledon Abbas is like."

Boddington looked at his watch. He saw no reason for hurry. The hour was a few minutes after two. There were up-trains to be caught at Mayfield at four-thirty and five-thirty and six-forty-two. Any of them would suit him equally well. He had lunched so well, he was so completely contented with himself and all the world, that he felt as if anything which even approached hustling would be a crime.

Meanwhile his host had poured out two glasses of port and, raising his own, bowed gravely to his guest. "To your very good health and to our better acquaintance, Mr. Boddington."

The millionaire, not to be outdone in courtesy, raised his own glass. It seemed very heavy for a single moment; but he laughed at the impression and responded to the toast in a flowery speech that would have surprised him had he read it the next day.

Then, refilling the glasses, the Reverend John Carmichael began again to talk about the inexhaustible Boddington family. James A. listened—or at least he tried to do so. For some unaccountable reason his eyes seemed strangely heavy, his attention unusually prone to wander. He sipped at his port; and once, when he set the glass down, he did not perceive that part of the contents had been spilled on the way to his mouth. If only he could smoke he felt that he would be able to resist the slumberous atmosphere of the place.

Again his host seemed to anticipate his desire. "I am afraid I have no cigars to offer you, Mr. Boddington, but if you should wish to smoke pray accept my assurance that I am not bigoted."

Pulling himself together, Boddington rose from his chair and availed himself of the permission. It seemed to him as if the somnolence had been completely banished by the action. His head was clear; a half-suspicion that the hock cup had not been quite so innocent as it tasted was immediately banished. He lit a cigar and paced once or twice up and down the room.

"Try the armchair," suggested his host gerlully.

He did so. The moment he sat down his mind wandered again. He knew the Reverend John Carmichael was speaking, but not for the world could he have told what he was talking about. His host's voice mingled with the drone of the bees among the roses and the whisper of the leaves into a lullaby that made irresistibly for slumber. The cigar fell from his hand. James A. Boddington slept.

A minute later, when Miss Ruth Carmichael entered with a tray bearing three cups of coffee, she saw her father standing beside the sleeping man and looking down upon him with a smile of gratification that harmonized badly with his clerical character.

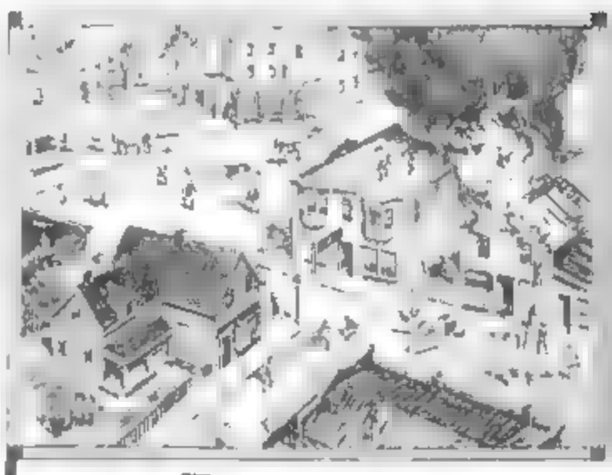
"I don't think we shall need the coffee," he remarked. "I rather fancied that the savory, with two or three glasses of port on top of it, would do the trick."

The girl placed the tray on the table. There was a frightened look in her eyes. "You are quite certain that—that nothing will happen to him, Anastasius?" she remarked.

"'Sh!" said the clergyman. "How often have I warned you that it is unusual to call your father by the Christian name of Anastasius when his baptismal appellation is John'"

The girl's mouth drooped at the corners.

The Reverend John Carmichael turned to the table. He had dispensed with his

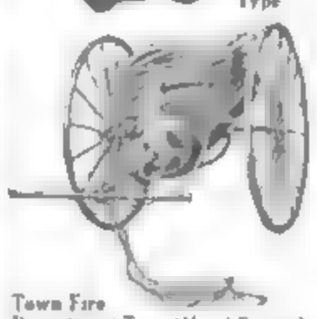


You Should Have Your Own FIRE DEPARTMENT

The Ajax Chemical Fire Engine

Factory and Country Estate Type

For Factories, Town Fire Depts., Country Estates, Public Bldgs., etc.



Town Fire Department Type (Hand Drawn)

Horse Drawn Town Fire Department Type

Hand Fire Extinguisher for Factories, Houses, etc

THROWS a powerful chemical stream eighty feet with a fire fighting efficiency equal to thousands of pails of ordinary water; extinguishes fires in oil, paint, tar, turpentine, etc., on which water has little or no effect; used by U. S. Government, Standard Oil Co., U. S. Steel Corporation, Reading R. R., Great Northern R. R., Lehigh Valley R. R., etc. **All machines are shipped on FREE trial, with privilege of return if not satisfactory after you make your own tests.** Tear out the coupon below, and mail to us, with your name and address filled in, and we will send full information free.

AJAX FIRE ENGINE WORKS
95 N. Liberty St. New York City

Test them at our expense

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINES SIGN AND SEND TO US

AJAX FIRE ENGINE WORKS
95 N. Liberty St., New York City

Please send printed matter and prices of your Ajax Chemical Fire Engines for use by

(state above whether for Fire Department, factory, country home or whatever use you have in mind.)

Name

Address

10 cents a Day Buys this Machine

The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter is the latest model of one of the best typewriters on the market. Touch is perfect, action quick, alignment absolute. Has back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon, universal keyboard. Writing visible at all times. Fully guaranteed. Agents wanted everywhere. We have a special proposition whereby you can for a small service which we will explain

Get a Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter without spending a cent

Send for our special 30-day offer—greatly reduced prices and easy terms. Write to-day and say to us in a letter "Mail your FREE OFFER."

THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Dept. 29, Union Bank Building *Established 30 Years* PITTSBURGH, PA.

Here's summer comfort for you—

One ounce per pair!

Can't you imagine how comfortable, cool and contented your feet will be in this Iron Clad No. 598—a sock practically without weight; only *one ounce per pair*, and so light and sheer that every breeze goes through.

IRON CLAD No. 598—only 25c

is the silkiest, handsomest gauze sock you ever saw at anything like its price; and the most *durable*. Light as it is, it wears as well as much heavier hose, because the heels and toes are double-knitted of Iron Clad's strongest "extra twist" yarn.

Often now the thermometer is "sizzling"—think how MUCH more comfortable you'd be in these COOL Iron Clads. Provide yourself now. If your dealer cannot supply you, just send us 25c direct for each pair wanted, stating size and colors: Heliotrope, Ecru, Wine, Light and Dark Grey, Lavender, Champagne, White, New Tan, Golden Tan, Navy Blue and Black. We mail *prepaid*.

Iron Clad

Send for our handsome new catalogue in colors, showing . . . or the whole family.

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

To-day's Ford is to-morrow's car. The buying world has at last come to understand that excessive weight in an automobile spells danger—and needless expense. To-day's light, strong, Vanadium-built Ford is to-morrow's car.

More than 75,000 new Fords go into service this season—a proof that they must be right. Three passenger Roadster $590—five passenger touring car $690—delivery car $700—f.o.b. Detroit, with all equipment. Catalogue—and name of nearest representative—from Ford Motor Company, Detroit.

LEARN SCIENTIFIC FARMING

Winona College of Agriculture. 11th year begins September 16th. Two years' course prepares for all phases of farming. Practice on college farm in growing crops, stock, dairying, fruit growing, etc. All branches of [illegible] Expenses low. Also prepares for teaching agriculture. For catalog write

J. C. Brockenridge, D. D., President, Box K, Winona Lake, Ind.

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

Learn to Swim by One Trial

Plain, 25c.
Fancy, 35c.

For Sale Everywhere

AYVAD MAN'F'G CO., Hoboken, N. J.

Millions of Fourteen-year-old Boys

Drop study before they reach the High School—not to support parents, but because the boys themselves get restive and dissatisfied and "want to go to work."

Too much theory is bad for a boy. Satisfy his instinct for something practical to do and he'll stay in school.

Selling *The Saturday Evening Post* will satisfy your boy's craving for varied training and will unconsciously demonstrate to him how essential education is to success in that work and in his whole life.

Any bright boy over twelve or thirteen years of age can get one hundred or more customers and can earn from $2.50 to $5.00 or more each week without interfering with school or other duties. Get your boy to try it. It will develop his ambition and his powers as nothing else has ever done.

Tell him to write and find out all about the plan and what other boys have done.

SALES DIVISION

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

stick and, as he now held himself, twenty years seemed to have dropped from his shoulders. He poured out a glass of port. "Now drink this, Moya," he said. "Then clear the table and go out and help the old lady who assisted you to prepare this excellent lunch to clear away. You may give her five shillings and tell her that, as our own servants are coming in this afternoon, we shall not want her to come in the morning."

The girl, however, was still gazing at the sleeping guest. "Are you quite sure nothing ——" she began.

"Nothing worse than a good sleep of twenty-four hours' duration, on my honor," remarked the suddenly rejuvenated cleric. "And now run away, and I will watch our friend like a father. When the old lady has gone come in and let me know. I shall want you to help me carry him upstairs and put him to bed; and after that we must think of going ourselves."

Moya Marston, with a troubled look in her brown eyes, withdrew, and Anastasius Yorke lit a cigarette and sat watching the man whom he had duped and fed and drugged, with an expression of perfect content. The first and most difficult part of the scheme that had flashed into his mind when his eye had fallen upon the advertisement of a country rectory to let, ten days before, had been accomplished.

It had needed hard work and endless subterfuge. It had not been easy to bring the Reverend John Carmichael into existence without leaving traces of his generation. The costume had been the simplest part of the problem; but to carry through the negotiations for the renting of the rectory, to vanish from his lodgings as Anastasius Yorke and appear in Harpledon Abbas as the elderly clergyman, had given him a great deal of trouble.

As Anastasius noted in the little red book with worn corners, "The uses of hotels for the veiling of identity are but imperfectly appreciated." Hotel rooms may be booked by telegram. The Reverend John Carmichael and his daughter had made their first public appearance at a big London hotel, for really no one had observed that they had emerged from the office of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington a couple of hours after all the typists had left, full of glee at the announcement that they had been given a week's holiday on full pay. Their luggage, deposited by a messenger boy at a railroad-station cloakroom, had been picked up en route to the hotel.

Thereafter matters had been easy. The Reverend John Carmichael had proved an accommodating tenant. He had been so delighted with the rectory that he had paid for his three months' tenancy in advance in hard cash. The real rector had departed full of joy at having secured a substantial addition to his somewhat meager living and a tenant who, if appearances went for anything at all, left nothing to be desired. Within forty-eight hours of reading the advertisement the pseudo-clergyman had been in occupation, and within an hour of being in occupation the letter had been penned which so successfully enticed James A. Boddington there in search of his ancestors. And now the American railroad magnate, unconscious that such a thing as a railroad existed, lay slumbering peacefully, if somewhat stertorously, in an armchair underneath the initials which Anastasius had spent several hours in cutting and polishing and darkening in the stone of the fireplace.

For a couple of hours Anastasius watched the slumbering man. He only approached his victim once, to loosen the collar, which he thought might interfere with his guest's repose. Moya reappeared about four to announce that the woman from the village, who had been engaged as a temporary help, had departed.

"I think we will get our guest to bed," remarked Anastasius. "He ought to be fully under the influence of the drug by this time." He went to the side of the sleeping man and raised one of his eyelids. The pupils were contracted to mere pin-points and he did not stir.

"Quite safe!" he remarked.

From the hall he procured a hammock chair, and on to this, with the girl's assistance, he lifted his victim. The chair made a most convenient stretcher. With his head on a pillow Boddington slept comfortably, and the two managed to carry him easily to the stairs. Fortunately these were wide and shallow. In ten minutes Boddington was in a bedroom and lifted on to a bed. The sleeping man had not opened his eyes. Then with infinite care Anastasius began to despoil him of his clothes. Once or twice during the process Boddington muttered a word or two, but he did not waken. When in possession of the garments Anastasius emptied the pockets. His watch, his chain and the wad of banknotes Anastasius placed on a little table beside the bed. The letter signed John Carmichael he placed in his own pocket, and a number of other papers which would be sufficient to reveal the identity of their owner Anastasius replaced in the pockets of the millionaire's clothes. Though he had no scruples about despoiling his victim of his clothes, he had no desire to rob him of his money. Then he placed Boddington's head comfortably on the pillows, tucked the blankets carefully round him, drew down the window-blind and withdrew downstairs, where he and Moya, after a hasty cup of tea, set about destroying every trace of their presence in the house. The boxes they had brought with them, weighted with stones, were broken up and consigned to the kitchen fire; and every article save the new garb into which they had changed shared the same fate, down to the sheep's clothing of the Reverend John Carmichael and the Quaker cloak and hat of the *ci-devant* Ruth.

So the afternoon passed. The sun sank; the murmur of the bees was stilled; but not until the dusk of a summer night made faces unrecognizable at a footpace distant did a young man in straw hat and gray-flannel suiting, accompanied by a girl, slip out of the back door of the rectory, cross the kitchen garden like a couple of shadows, plunge through the wood until they came to a footpath and then turn their faces toward the river. Before that had happened, however, Anastasius had paid another visit to the bedroom in which James A. Boddington lay senseless. He carried with him a piece of cardboard which he placed before the glass on the dressing table. On it was inscribed in printed characters the following reflection:

"PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN ANCESTORS

"N. B.—The wise man shares his experiences with no one, lest others benefit thereby."

III

THE newsboys in Throgmorton Street were shouting themselves hoarse—"Strange suicide of a millionaire!" In the House a babel arose from the American market, where a struggling, perspiring crowd of brokers frenziedly announced their desire to "sell Palmers." In a country rectory in Oxfordshire, looking down upon the Thames, an American with a very heavy head and a very dry mouth had just sat up in bed, wondering where the deuce he was and how he had got there. In a city office, where the name Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington was written over the door, a young man was folding a flannel suit and placing it in a bag, while on the other side of the door a girl was discarding a river hat and a white muslin frock for the blue serge coat and skirt of every-day wear.

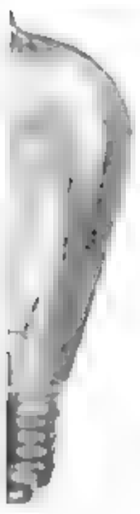
The hour was four o'clock in the afternoon as the American, his thoughts in a maze, caught sight of a carafe of water on the table beside his bed and, obeying the impulse, raised himself in bed and lifted it to his lips. He set the bottle down with a sigh of content—and at that moment he remembered!

At that very moment the House was emptying itself into the street. Throgmorton Street looked as if a faction fight were in progress. Men in silk hats, men in Panama hats and men with no hats at all would receive a nod from somebody and immediately they would catch their breath and dive into the center of the crowd, gesticulating wildly and shouting: "Sell Palmers 20!" "Sell Palmers 19!" "Sell Palmers 18!"

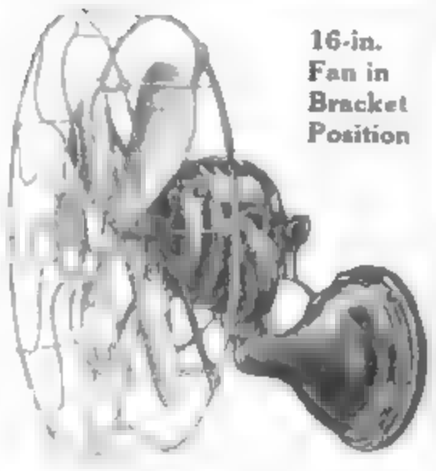
It is true they might have sold Palmers with much less discomfort to themselves if they had so desired, but the probability is that, without the excitement of the scramble and the noise, they would have gone home to their gardens and dinners and not sold Palmers at all.

Had they done so, however, not only would they have saved themselves money, but they would have robbed the newspapers of a good deal of copy describing the "Slump on the Stock Exchange!" and "Scenes in Throgmorton Street!" with which they eked out the scanty information that had come to hand in regard to the suicide of James A. Boddington.

(Concluded on Page 46.)



Uses Less Than ½ as Much Current as Ordinary Electric Light



16-in. Fan in Bracket Position

The Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" special 8-inch *home* fan actually consumes *less* than *half* as much current as a common electric light.

Built especially for homes and small offices. Long life constructed into every part. It is noiseless and remains so throughout its many years of service.

Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans

connect with any electric light socket. They run at terrific speed and throw billows of cool comfort.

Built by fan *specialists* of 17 years' experience. Ask for interesting free Fan Book. Get it of your dealer or a postal brings it from us. "STANDARD" Fans are sold by leading electrical dealers everywhere. All styles—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, ventilating—for offices, factories and homes, for either direct or alternating current.

Home Fan at Work

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.
Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Rochester and Atlanta

We are also the World's Largest Manufacturers of Small Motors—1-30 to 15 h. p.—for all purposes. (60)

No metal can touch you

You'll find the Paris Garter the best behaved garter you ever wore; stays up, doesn't slip; doesn't chafe, doesn't bind, and fits the leg.

Men who play golf, or tennis, or baseball, who dance, or run, or go in for walking, favor Paris Garters, because they stay up; new or old, they stay up.

PARIS GARTERS
No Metal Can Touch You

At all dealers in men's wear
Prices 25c and 50c

A. STEIN & COMPANY, *Makers*
Congress St. and Center Av., Chicago

For Your Spare Time We Will Pay a Monthly Salary

EVERY successful business enterprise is directly responsible for a very large number of minor successes. To attach one's self to such a business is, therefore, a long step in an upward direction.

The Saturday Evening Post and *The Ladies' Home Journal*

Reach every nook and corner of the United States and Canada. We want you to act as the connecting link between ourselves and our readers in your vicinity.

We want you to renew their subscriptions from year to year—to add new readers wherever you can. If you want to attach yourself to a successful business—if you want to be successful yourself—this is your opportunity. Write for particulars.

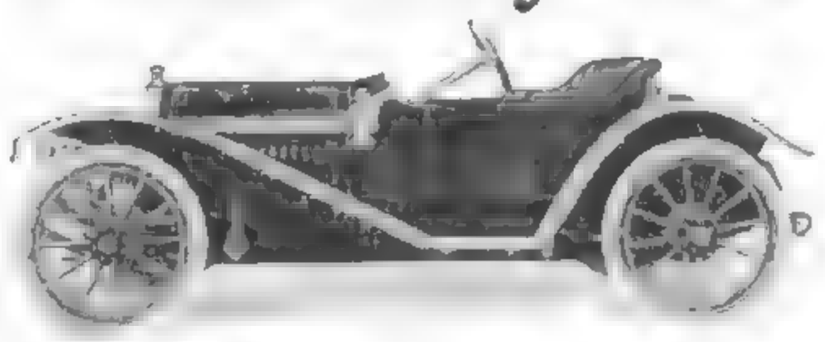
No guarantee is required as to the amount of business you will send to us. If you have some spare time on your hands we are willing to pay you a salary and commission.

AGENCY DIVISION

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ask for Welch's
It is the continuously satisfying fountain drink, and the fountain man makes many mighty good mixed beverages with it. Men like Welch's "straight" or as a Welch Grape Ball or Welch Grape Phosphate. The ladies find these pleasant, and some of the fancy drinks even more delicious
Welch's
The National Drink
Grape Juice
WELCH'S is never served from an unlabeled bottle, and is always served from the bottle. Many fountains make a specialty of the individual 4-oz. bottle at 10 cents. Try this today.
WELCH'S is always ready to serve at home, whatever the occasion. Keep a few bottles on hand for punches, sherbets, etc. Book of recipes mailed free
Do more than ask for "grape juice" ask for Welch's—and get it
If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will send a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3. Sample 4-oz. bottle mailed for.
The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.
Welch's
Grape Juice

I Shall Buy This



Regal "25" Underslung Roadster

BECAUSE primarily, it is a Regal "Underslung" and "Underslung" advantages are so pronounced that there is no doubt that this construction makes a car scientifically and practically "safe" to drive. "Economical" in tires, gasoline, wear and tear, "beautiful" to the eye, and gives a riding comfort that must be experienced to be appreciated.

This Regal Roadster is speedy—built a roadster every inch of it, and so well spoken of by several thousand owners that its record for durability and all 'round excellence is unquestioned.

And That's Why I Shall Buy It

"It will give you other convincing arguments when you call upon a Regal Dealer, and see it and drive it for yourself."

Some Specifications:

Motor 25 H. P.; 3¾x4½ Valve Head, Left Drive, Magneto and Batteries (Dual Ignition); Transmission (Selective) Hyatt Roller Bearings throughout Transmission and Axles; Three Speeds Forward, one Reverse, Morgan & Wright Tires, 32x3½; Standard Equipment, Five Lamps; Generator, Horn; Complete Tool Equipment. (Folding Glass Windshield, Mohair Top, Top Boot, $50 extra.)

Write for Booklet A of Regal Cars.

Regal Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan

Concluded from Page 44

Indeed there was not much. Mr. Boddington had left his hotel on the preceding morning and had not returned the same night. He had appeared somewhat distrait and had refused to finish his correspondence. The next morning clothes containing papers which undoubtedly belonged to him had been discovered scattered about the towing path of the Thames by a laborer going to work. The clothes had been identified by the millionaire's private secretary, who had rushed off in a motor car to the spot where they had been discovered.

The inference was obvious; and when the news reached America Charles P. Schneider rejoiced and Boddington's rival made preparations to initiate a renewal of the selling of Palmers which should enable him to seize the auspicious moment to get to cover, like a wise bear.

While the stock exchanges in two hemispheres were wildly excited over the discovery of James A. Boddington's clothes, the millionaire was equally perturbed by their disappearance. He was the one man in the two hemispheres who did not know where they were and he was the one man who needed them! After he had cooled his parched throat with the water, he had laid his head back on the pillow and thought. He remembered perfectly everything up to the point of lighting his cigar in the rectory dining room.

"It must have been that d——d hock cup!" he muttered, and then he blushed. He blushed for his country and for himself, and for his Boddington ancestors, that he should have succumbed to a hock cup and a glass or two of old port.

"A pretty specimen of a Boddington they will think me!" he groaned. "I shall never be able to face them."

He turned over on his pillow and saw his watch on the table beside his bed. He picked it up. It had stopped at twelve-fifteen.

"Funny!" he remarked. "It is still broad daylight!" He shook it. He turned the stem. The watch had run down. He sat up in bed, fully awake now, and there stared in his face the admonition: "Put not your trust in ancestors!"

Then a dim comprehension that he had been the victim of some trickery wakened in his aching head. He went to the window, pulled up the blind and looked out. The garden was just as it had been the day before—full of roses and sunshine. Boddington's bewilderment was complete. He sat on the edge of the bed dangling his bare feet, a very bemuddled millionaire indeed.

"Well! if this isn't the strangest pickle ——" he began. His eye fell on the bell-pull over the bed. He covered his nether limbs with the bedclothes and tugged at it vigorously. Far away in the house he heard the bell, but no one responded to the summons. He waited a little while, then he tugged again. He continued to tug, but the far-away tinkle was the only result.

He got out of bed and opened the door of the room cautiously. He could hear no movement. The suspicion of trickery grew stronger. He gathered a sheet about him toga-fashion and strode downstairs. The house was deserted. He went all over it. There was no sign of any one. Worse still, there were no signs of his clothes!

He returned to the room where he had slept and sat down again to think; and as he thought he groaned. He was utterly unable to make head or tail of what had happened. He realized that he had been the victim of some plot, but for what end he had not the dimmest notion. Like the smart man he was, he did not waste time in questioning the whys and the wherefores of his predicament. There would be plenty of time to pursue investigations hereafter. He bent his mind to the more immediate necessity of getting away from the rectory.

For once his active mind refused to solve the problem he asked of it. How was he, James A. Boddington, to get away from the rectory, Harpledon Abbas, clad only in a shirt, on a bright summer afternoon? If only he had a pair of trousers! But he had not; and a new and systematic search of the house from cellar to garret which he undertook resulted only in the discovery of a pair of old carpet slippers. The sun was sinking when he gave up the quest, and he was coming down the stair when he saw something in the garden that gave him an idea. At first he thought the object to be the figure of a man; but a second glance revealed a scarecrow to frighten birds from a strawberry bed.

When darkness came James A. Boddington, with his heart in his mouth, went in search of that scarecrow. He filled his legs with spikes from gooseberry bushes and braced his feet against stones, but he found it and bore it back with him to the hall of the rectory and found that it wore trousers! It is true that these had long lost any right to bear the name, but they were comparatively whole, even if the original color could not be detected; and as James A. Boddington thrust his bare shins into them he felt a glow of satisfaction. He put his bare feet into the slippers, lit a cigar from the case that had been left by his predecessor, took the money, his watch and chain and hung it into the pockets of those trousers and he sauntered out of the rectory door.

James A. Boddington was himself again—and that is to say he was fully capable of meeting halfway any difficulty which might present itself. But, as it happened, he found no difficulty in his path.

The river had given him an idea and he took the road to the river. A four-mile walk brought him to a little town. At the town he found a shop where he rigged himself out in a suit of flannels, explaining his predicament as due to an accident on the river. These operations took time however. It was not until very early in the morning that Boddington nearly frightened his private secretary into a fit by entering the apartment where that young man was hopelessly endeavoring to answer the piles of telegrams that had poured in upon him from both sides of the Atlantic.

Then Boddington heard and read the story of his suicide. He read also of its effect on Palmers—and he smiled.

"I guess," he thought, putting two and two together, "the Schneider folks miscalculated the effect of their dope by just twenty-four hours!" He dictated cables to his brokers in New York and letters to his brokers on the London Stock Exchange. Then he said to his secretary: "I guess I've had a tiring time and I'll remain dead till four o'clock tomorrow afternoon if you please." He was always courteous to his employees.

Then he had a whisky-and-soda and a dry biscuit and went to bed and fell asleep, revolving in his mind that other admonition of the host who had treated him so badly: "The wise man shares his experiences with no man, lest others benefit thereby." He read in it a promise as well as a threat—a promise that if he said nothing of his adventure it would remain unknown. He did not want it to be known. Even a millionaire could not afford to expose himself to the telling of such a story in the newspapers of both hemispheres.

Anastasius had very cleverly gauged the character of his man. He guessed also at what Boddington's first action would be. When Palmers opened series at 14 the following morning he bought for the new account as many Palmers as he could persuade every broker whom he could get to deal for him to purchase. It was the carry-over day on the Stock Exchange and Palmers made up at 14. Three days later they were at 21 and Anastasius had netted a profit on his speculation of fourteen thousand pounds. To this must be added the eighty-seven hundred and fifty pounds he had received from the clients of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington, who had received a circular announcing regret that, "owing to the unfortunate fall in the value of Palmers, due to the unfounded rumors regarding the supposed suicide of Mr. James A. Boddington, your margin has been wiped out."

"Verily," remarked Anastasius, as he handed over the proof of the circular to Miss Moya Marston, now promoted to a seat in his private office, "a man's ancestors have a quite particular value to other people!"

Her answer was absurdly irrelevant:

"I should have loved to live forever in that ducky rectory!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by G. Sidney Paternoster. The third will appear in an early issue.

FILMS DEVELOPED
10 CENTS PER ROLL
ALL SIZES
VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c;
3x3½, 3½x4½, 4x5, 4x6, 5x7 5c
Send [illegible] free sample of our [illegible] and give you better results than you have [illegible]
COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

New Typewriter
THE BENNETT PORTABLE TYPEWRITER [illegible]
Century [illegible] wide writing [illegible] to 100. [illegible] $18 [illegible]
WRITE FOR CATALOG
$18 in U.S.A.
C. N. BENNETT TYPEWRITER CO. 36 Broadway N.Y.

WURLITZER
WE SUPPLY THE ORCHESTRA
FREE
New Band Catalog
[illegible] 100 pages. Thousands of [illegible] plates. Every musical [illegible] quality and lowest [illegible] world. Easy payments. Write for [illegible]
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
123 E. 4th Ave. Cincinnati 3025 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Genuine All Hand Woven Unblocked PANAMA
From Weaver to Wearer
Can be worn in that condition by Man, Woman and Children. Easily blocked in any shape or style, [illegible] only not as fine as [illegible]
All head sizes. Brims from 3 to 7 inches. Light weight. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory
PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

FIRE Can Not Destroy Cars Kept in a RUBY STEEL GARAGE
Portable, Weather-Tight, Fireproof
The only sectional steel building with structural steel frame. Heavy galvanized steel wall [illegible]
The [illegible] handsomest, most practical [illegible] all sizes. Put up or taken down by any [illegible] with our complete numbered [illegible], Boat Houses, Storage Houses, Voting Booths, [illegible] tages—buildings any size for any [illegible] cost will surprise you. [illegible] of insurance alone.
Write for illustrated catalog and price list.
THE RUBY MFG. CO., 200 Jackson St., Jackson, Mich.

Proved 1,250,000 Times on 200,000 Cars

Remember this in the claims we make about Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires:

More than 1,250,000 **Goodyear tires have now gone into use. They have been tested out, probably, on *200,000 cars.***

Not one of our patent tires ever has rim-cut.

And the *average excess over rated size is 16.7 per cent.* Motor car owners by the tens of thousands have proved these average savings.

And No-Rim-Cut tires—because of this proving—*now far outsell* any other tires which men have ever built.

Tiredom Stands Amazed

For ten years Goodyear tires held a minor place.

Those were the years which we spent in perfecting them—in testing fabrics and formulas, methods, materials.

Those were the years when countless tires were compared, by being worn out on our tire-testing machines, to learn what methods gave the utmost mileage.

And those were the years when we were developing the No-Rim-Cut type of tire.

Then came success.

Men found these tires out, and told others. The others told others. Suddenly a flood-like demand came from everywhere for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

In the past two years the demand has increased by 500 per cent. It has trebled in the past 12 months.

Almost in a bound, No-Rim-Cut tires came to outsell all others. And all of Tiredom stands amazed at the call for this new-type tire.

Our Patent Type Saves 23 Per Cent

One reason for this great success is a tire as perfect as men ever can make.

Another lies in this hookless tire—this tire that can't be rim-cut. We control by patents the one way to make a practical tire of this type.

Careful statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined tires of the old type are rim-cut. They may be wrecked in a moment beyond repair if punctured and run flat. They are often rim-cut when but partly deflated.

No-Rim-Cut tires save this 23 per cent, for these tires never rim-cut.

Oversize Saves 25 Per Cent

Then these patent tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—are made 10 per cent over the rated size.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. That saves the blow-outs due to overloading.

This 10 per cent oversize, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—mean an average saving of 48 per cent. In addition to that comes all the saving due to Goodyear quality.

Kills the Upkeep Bugaboo

This new-type tire makes tire upkeep a relatively trifling item with the average car.

Save for misuse, abuse or accident, tire cost need amount to comparatively little.

Rim-cutting is ended forever. And the 10 per cent oversize adds immensely to the average mileage.

You, like the others, are bound to come to No-Rim-Cut tires.

8½ Per Cent Profit

Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires averaged 8½ per cent. Yet we have the largest output and most modern equipment ever known in this industry.

This very small profit is due to our quality, to the extra cost of the No-Rim-Cut feature, and to our oversize.

We state this fact so that all may know that the price of these tires is always kept at the minimum. In this business, with its fluctuating materials, no maker can live on a smaller margin of profit.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(653)

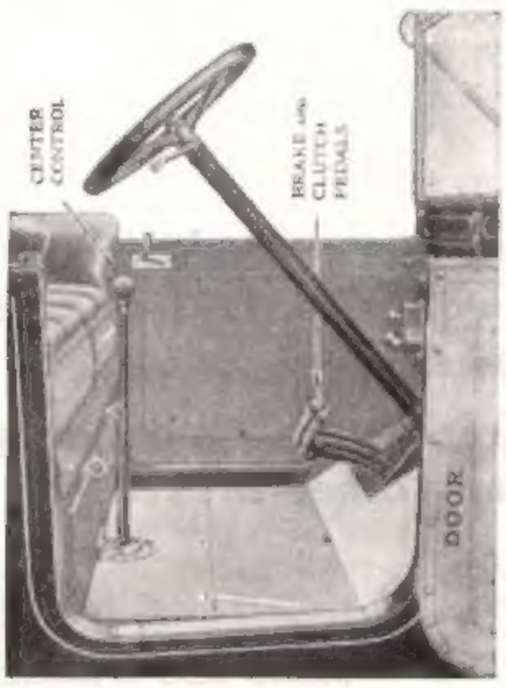
Insist On Center Control

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Most Coming Cars Will Have It

The most important change in cars for next season is the center control. See the new-model announcements.

It has come as suddenly as did the change to fore doors. Side-lever cars, in a few months from now, are likely to be as much out of date as the open fronts.



Reo the Fifth pioneered this improvement, and the car is the year's sensation. I have never before seen such a popular car in my 25 years of car building.

Now center control is demanded. Side levers are doomed. Both front doors in the future will be left unobstructed.

Be Careful

But note that center control as we make it doesn't mean the same old side levers placed between the seats.

In Reo the Fifth it means a single small handle placed close to the seat. All the gear shifting is done by moving this lever only three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So there is no reaching—nothing in one's way.

Left Side Drive

Some makers adopting the center control will cling to the right side drive. Thus the driver must use his left hand on the levers.

Our chiefest reason for the center control is to permit the left side drive.

That brings the driver close to the cars he passes. It places him on the up side of the road. It puts him where he can look behind in making every turn which crosses a road.

In electric cars, which have no side levers, the left side drive has long been universal. Now in gasoline cars, when we get rid of the side levers, we must come to this logical left side drive.

The change is expensive, for it means a new design. But safety and convenience demand the left side drive, and makers must all come to it.

From this time on, all buyers of cars should insist on these modern features.

The Best Car I Can Build

But there are other things beside center control to which cars which live must come.

Cars hurriedly built, without sufficient experience—cars skimped in the making—are fast going out.

Note the popular cars which have lost their grip because use has proved their weakness.

Note how Reo the Fifth—my 24th model—reigns in their stead today. Just because the years have taught men how my cars endure.

How I Build It

In Reo the Fifth I twice analyze every lot of steel. I test my gears with a crushing machine to know that each tooth stands 75,000 pounds.

I use no ball bearings save in the fan and clutch. Eleven of my bearings are Timken roller—four are Hyatt high duty. I use 190 drop forgings.

I use nickel and vanadium steel. My axles and transmission were designed for a 45-horsepower engine. The margins of safety are all extreme.

My engines are submitted to five severe tests—48 hours in all. Each car in the making has a thousand inspections. Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness.

No car leaves this factory until every detail marks the best we know. I take no chances on My Farewell Car.

As a result, the demand for this car is growing faster than we can supply it.

Price Still $1,055

The price of this car must soon be advanced, because of advancing materials. As every man knows, the car is much underpriced. It leaves us no margin for extra cost. It leaves us no reasonable profit.

We must add to this price every added cost, as added costs occur. But the price for this month remains $1,055. And it will always sell lower than other cars of its class.

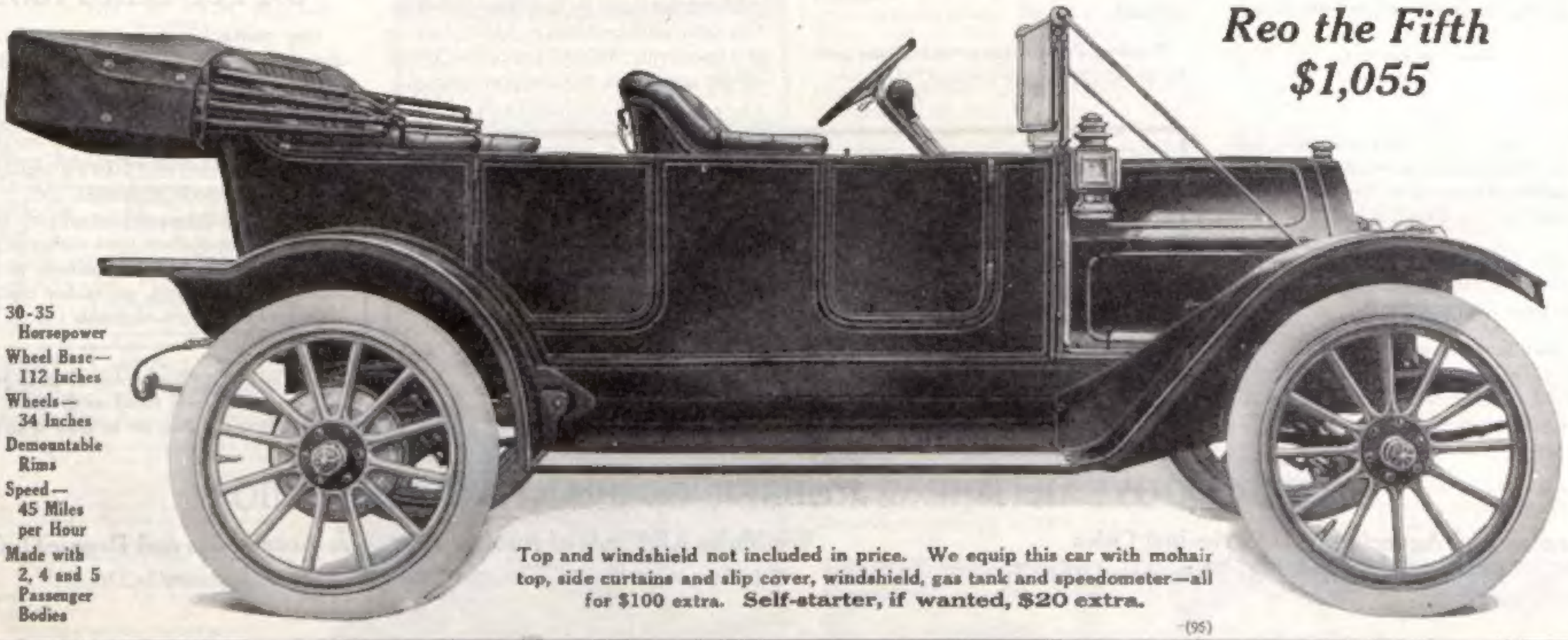
But we want none to expect that $1,055 is the permanent price for this car.

See It Anywhere

Reo the Fifth is sold by dealers in a thousand towns. Write for our catalog, showing all styles of bodies, and we will tell you where to see the car.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.



Reo the Fifth
$1,055

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.

(95)

One Secret of the Autocrat's Popularity

POWER is the very essence of motoring satisfaction. . . . The knowledge that the motor is more than adequate for any emergency, and will respond with ease to any demand, is worth far more than it costs in the Autocrat. It gives the owner a princely independence of outside conditions which delay or annoy the owners of low-powered cars.

The Oldsmobile of today is notably overpowered; not excessively so, but with a wide enough margin between the utmost power needed and the utmost power provided, to take the car, fully loaded, up any hill, on any tourable road, without motor strain or even appreciable effort. The result is not only peace of mind to the driver but long life to the car itself.

We emphasize power and its importance at this time, when body lines and equipment are receiving so much consideration, because thousands of motorists are selling cars, otherwise satisfactory, on account of inadequate motive power. . . . They have found that nothing can take the place of mechanical efficiency.

The owner of an Autocrat comes to accept as a matter of course the superb appearance of his car; its easy riding qualities and splendid equipment,—but he never ceases to rejoice in its boundless, flexible power. . . . Nor would you.

The Autocrat—an adequate seven-passenger Touring Car:

Long stroke, 5" x 6" motor. 45 Horse power—"and better." 39 x 5 in. Tires. Bolted on Demountable Rims. Dual Ignition. Luxurious upholstery. Complete touring equipment of highest quality. Price, $3500. Immediate deliveries. Catalogue on request.

Branches in Principal Cities

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

Dealers from Coast to Coast

Copyright 1912, Olds Motor Works

We've always said
"'Twas good for bread"
This tells you why
'Tis good for pie

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

is a rich flour. It makes rich delicious pastry with a natural flavor. It absorbs much water Therefore the pastry is not dry or choky

WASHBURN–CROSBY CO'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Buy Gold Medal Flour and use the Cook Book Coupon in the Sack

Washburn-Crosby Co., Largest Millers in the World, General Offices, Minneapolis, Minn.